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THE
BOOKMAN

CRITICISM AND BAD MANNERS

By Floyd Dell

WHEN I was twenty-two years old, and had just become the associate literary editor of a Chicago newspaper, I had a painful experience. The year was 1909, and in that year Hamilton Mabie, Richard Watson Gilder, and Henry van Dyke still set the standards to which American literary culture conformed; Dreiser had been suppressed and was, by all but a few, forgotten; Mencken was just beginning to be heard of as the writer of a caustic column in the Baltimore "Sun"; Sinclair Lewis had just graduated from Yale and got a job as a reporter somewhere; and Sherwood Anderson was an advertising man who dreamed of writing a novel. In those days Winston Churchill represented the sober dignity of literature to the American public. And in poetry — well, nobody paid much attention to poetry anyway, in those days; there were real poets, such as Vaughn Moody and Anna Hempstead Branch, but they were overshadowed by the colossal fame of James Whitcomb Riley. The voices of Vachel Lindsay, Louis Untermeyer, Ezra Pound, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Edna St. Vincent Millay, were yet to be heard. And it was in connection with poetry that the painful incident I am about to tell happened to me.

There was an American poet — whose name I am not going to divulge — who shared the universal neglect accorded to poetry at that time, and yet, or so it was said among those who knew, was an authentically great poet. He had been acclaimed abroad. Gilbert Murray had praised him. Foreign praise has always weighed heavily in the American scale of critical opinion; it weighed with me. Unfortunately, I had not yet been able to find in the bookshops or the libraries a single copy of any of this great poet's works; but I was prepared to be his American discoverer.

At this point, through a friend, the poet himself heard of my interest in him, and sent me a complete set of his works, each volume being inscribed:

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"From an older to a younger poet." Here I must confess that the poet had seen some of my youthful verses, and had praised them; and perhaps it was his good opinion of my poetry which made me so ready to have a good opinion of his.

Then — alas — I read his works. I shall not say here how bad I thought they were. I shall only say that I found myself in a painful situation. If I wrote what I thought about this poet, it would be bad manners; if I refrained from writing anything at all, that would be cowardly; and if I wrote anything less than the truth, I would be in league with error.

The result was that, with a feeling of desperate heroism, I wrote the whole truth, as I saw it — mercilessly, and at considerable length: two columns of damnation, as bitter and incisive as only a young critic in a virtuous mood could make it. I learned afterward that the poet, reading this review without any preliminary warning, took to his bed and was ill for two weeks. I do not wonder.

I can find many excuses for my young cruelty; but they amount to a plea of ignorance. Not that I was wrong about the poet; at least, the younger generation of critics agreed with me, and among us we squashed his hopes of immortality so effectually that it is doubtful if the new younger generation of readers would recognize his name if I gave it. I do not go back on my youthful opinions; but I do regret my youthful manners, and I make in my behalf the plea of ignorance.

I did not know how it hurts to be criticized like that, for one thing. I have learned since then. Furthermore, I did not know how great an advantage a reviewer has over an author. The young reviewer feels — at least I did — that he is St. George attacking the Dragon. But that is scarcely the case. The Dragon of Error is usually a poor, frail, well meaning old Dragon; and St. George is not merely, as he thinks of himself, a boy from the provinces who must needs exert all his powers — he has, in his newspaper, a modern machine of efficient destruction, and he is really firing from a battleship upon helpless villages. The authors haven't newspapers to fight back in; and besides, it is not their business to fight back.

I did not realize, then, that it is no crime against truth and beauty to write bad poetry or bad fiction. Goodness knows, the bad writers, no less than the good ones, are usually dedicated to truth and beauty, as sincerely as any young critic. They are doing the best they can. Who — including Harold Bell Wright — would not be glad to write a book which the young critics would place in the pantheon of literature? And who — including the late Henry James — would not have been glad to be able to write a best seller? One writes what one can.

This is not an argument for the abolition of criticism, nor for a false and sickly tolerance of bad writing. Sincerity in criticism helps to produce sincerity in creative art, and I flatter myself that my own young critical brutalities, of which I have given an instance, have had their share in the bringing to birth of a new and more sincere American literature. At the same time, I think that all criticism is motivated by jealousy and envy: the critic is a critic, usually, because he has not yet had the opportunity to do creative work himself; and he is able to be generous to creative artists only when he recognizes in their work something akin to what he wants to do himself, so that he can feel in such

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a writer an ally and not an enemy in his own prospective campaign. These motives are, of course, hidden deep below the level of consciousness; but they are there — and they have their origin in fear. The established writer fears the emergence of a new taste which will reject his work and leave him without an audience; he fears the younger generation that comes knocking at the door, and, with honorable exceptions, he sneers at the younger generation's queer and different literary beginnings. But in precisely the same way, the younger generation fears the older — fears that the public taste will never change, that its own talents will never be recognized and rewarded, and that the Old Gods will reign forever; hence, in every organ of opinion which it can initiate or capture, it sneers at the older generation, and calls the productions of that generation by every bad name in the critical vocabulary.

It is human nature to be afraid; I am not complaining of that; but what I object to is the "rationalizing" of these fears, their elaborate justification by critical theory. It would be much better if we admitted the fact, and proceeded to deal with it as we deal with other fears, by social methods which tend to mitigate them. These social processes all fall into the general category of manners.

It is desirable, in the first place, that writers should, to some extent, know each other personally. It is sometimes objected that personal acquaintance makes honest criticism impossible. That is not true; it merely makes ill mannered criticism more unlikely. One cannot recklessly impute all sorts of vicious motives to a writer with whom one may presently have lunch; one is, in fact, required to criticize, and not merely malign, his works. It is my opinion that honest criticism, of the most unfavorable sort, is consistent with a degree of courtesy which would not interfere with agreeable personal relations between author and critic. Every writer has the experience of finding that some of his best friends do not like what he writes; but their friendship usually remains unimpaired, because the traditions of friendly intercourse require that this dislike shall be expressed in a friendly way. Your friend, in giving you his opinion in private, is under no obligation — as the unknown newspaper critic seems to be — to make you out a complete ass or an utter scoundrel. As a matter of fact, you are neither, and the friendly criticism is usually far more to the point than the newspaper denunciation.

The generations move swiftly in these days, and I, who am still a member of a younger generation which has just begun to get a foothold in the citadel of public taste, find myself denounced by a still younger generation as one of that gang of tyrants and oppressors whose authority must be destroyed if literature in America is ever to come into its own. I dare say I have incurred some of these denunciations by my critical airs of owning, together with my gang, the earth and the fulness thereof; but these airs were merely intended to impress a still older gang whom I had been in the habit of regarding as tyrants and oppressors. It is also true, doubtless, that I have sneered at some of these younger writers; certainly they have annoyed me by their tricks, especially by what seems to me a wilful unintelligibility; but even so, I ought not to have sneered. That is simply a bad critical habit which, once acquired, it is hard to get over.

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In the pages of this magazine recently I was guilty of sneering at two writers of a "generation" younger than my own. I did not realize that I had done so until one of them called my attention to it in a letter. "Why", he asked, "did you say that I had no point of view?" I apologized to him warmly, remarking that when critics said that about my own novels it always made me angry. An author, of course, always has a point of view, and it is absurd, as well as ill mannered, to assert that he is such a fool as to think that he can write a novel without one. He may fail to convey to his readers, or to some of them, what that point of view is; and the critic is perfectly within his rights in saying as much. But the critic has no right to assume that a novel which seems to him an inchoate collection of materials is anything worse than a failure on the part of the author, who certainly believed that he was presenting the public with an orderly and significant work of art. Moreover, it is honorable to fail in such an attempt; and it is the critic's business, rather than to assume that the author has been too lazy to try to write a good novel, to discover why he has failed. It is merely easier for the critic to believe the worst; and it is generally the critic who is lazy, and not the novelist.

It is, of course, an imposition upon a poor devil who wants to write novels of his own to put him at a desk before a pile of other people's novels and ask him to criticize them. No wonder he is often impatient; and no wonder, either, that lacking as yet the opportunity to make himself known to the public by novels of his own, he should seize the occasion to shine at the expense of the authors whom he is supposed to be criticizing. I have done that often enough myself to have no hesitation in attributing it as a natural impulse to other reviewers. And when I read one of those reviews of one of my own novels, I address the reviewer in imagination thus: "Young man, you have my sympathy. It is a shame that you should have to spend your precious hours, which should be dedicated to your own first novel, upon a book of mine in which you are obviously not interested in the least. This is a hard world for beginning novelists. But have patience — remember that some of us have gone through the same mill. And besides — I am really not to blame for your predicament. *I* did not ask you to review my novel. And it is not quite fair of you to punish me for it. I do not want to keep you from writing your novels; all I want is the privilege of writing my own — a privilege which you seem to wish to take away from me. All right — you'll get a taste of your own medicine some day! Who do you think is going to review that great book of yours when you do write it? Several dozen young men who want to write their own books, and who will consider your novel merely one more affliction to be impatiently suffered. Then you'll see how it feels!"

The reviewing of books, regardless of the quality of the books, is likely to be for the young critic an agony that, to be endured, must be mitigated by some opportunity for presenting *himself* to the public. That's all right: if the book is not, in some sense, about himself, he has no business to be reading it; and if it *is* about himself — as the most interesting novels are — he is quite right in saying so. The most entertaining, if not always the most informative, reviews are accounts of "the adventures of a soul

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among masterpieces". But accounts of the misadventures of a soul among books that are not felt to be masterpieces can be very dreary and very offensive reading. If a book makes the critic angry, that is something; but if it merely bores him, why should he trouble to tell us so? A history of a critic's boredom is itself a bore; and the critic who is bored by almost everything in the world lacks the essential ingredient of the critical faculty — a sensitiveness so acute that the critic can become excited over things which other people are too dull to notice for themselves. A habitual falling back upon the critic's own experiences may or may not be a sign of æsthetic boredom; it all depends on whether the "I" thus placed in the foreground is relevant to the literary topic nominally under discussion. Every young newspaper man has tried the trick of handing the city editor a story of his failure to get an interview, instead of the interview. But no newspaper man has yet had the nerve to hand in a story of how he preferred to sit in the park and watch the pigeons rather than talk to the man he was sent to interview. A good deal of "brilliant" "young" "criticism" is like that.

But while there are many excuses to be made for bad manners in the young critic to whom book reviewing is an unwelcome chore, these excuses scarcely apply to the established novelist, who is presumably not reviewing books to keep the wolf from the door. The only good reason for one novelist's reviewing a book by another is a genuine desire to say something about it. And he is dealing here with an equal whom he is under every obligation of civilized human intercourse to treat with courtesy. I have already given an instance of my own failure to behave according to these standards, so I shall take the liberty of mentioning a similar failure on the part of others. One that I have in mind is the review by William McFee, in the "Evening Post", of Rebecca West's remarkable and beautiful novel "The Judge". That review was so ill mannered in so many ways that it might properly serve here as an exhibit of critical bad taste; but I have already publicly protested against it, and I feel that any further comment on it by me would be going too far; Mr. McFee has doubtless, or so I am bound to assume, seen the impropriety of his behavior and is properly ashamed of himself. Instead, I will post up for consideration some excerpts from a review by a prominent American woman novelist, whom I prefer not to name here; though for purposes of incredulous reference I don't mind stating that the review appeared in "The Literary Digest International Book Review" for December.

> I have always found ——— peculiarly interesting, for the reason that she is one of the few women writers of fiction with intellect as well as talent; and it has diverted me to speculate on what she would have been if she had married and had a brood of flesh-and-blood children, or if she had elected to study life and men at first hand after the manner of Georges Sand and other gifted ladies rather more discreet but no less thorough. . . .
>
> As I have intimated before, I have often wondered how Miss ——— would have treated sex, if, instead of being a woman of impeccable virtue, she had chosen to be a *dame gallante*. Writers of first-hand experience with the vital, but nevertheless commonplace, facts of life, generally avoid erotic scenes, partly because a suggestion and an appeal to the reader's imagination is more esthetic, partly because, their own curiosity satisfied, they have no repressions or inhibitions to gratify in the act of writing. The creative faculty takes a wider range. Sex plays its part in their work as in Life. It is a mighty force, but it is not the whole thing. Therefore, I do not hesitate to believe that if Miss ——— were as adven-

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turous personally as she is imaginatively, her striking talent would have a freer sweep. . . .

Enough!

I see that I am a member of the older generation after all. But not in my wildest youthful days as a critic would I have considered it decent to taunt a woman novelist with her presumed virginity — or a man novelist, either, for that matter! When criticism opens its gates to such personal gossip as this about living writers, anything is possible — all standards of critical propriety are destroyed — there is no longer any protection for writers from the vulgar curiosity of a public less interested in literature than in "life". And what will it all lead to, I ask, but red ruin and the breaking up of homes?

There are, as I can call to mind, a number of quaint facts alleged about the private lives of certain prominent contemporary writers, American as well as English; and speculations as to whether, if these facts had been otherwise, the prose or the poetry of these writers would be better or worse — such speculations would doubtless be more interesting to the general reader, trained in Sunday Supplement taste, than what has heretofore passed for criticism. Are we to expect this sort of thing? I hope not.

Finally, there is another innovation in criticism which I would like to speak of — again preserving my old-fashioned sense of the proprieties by leaving out names. One critic publishes an account of a luncheon conversation with another critic — a most amusing conversation; the other critic publishes an amused denial that such a conversation, or luncheon, or meeting of any sort, ever took place; the first critic then admits that, as a matter of fact, it never did take place — that it was invented in the sheer exuberance of critical fancy!

That is all. And I don't know whether that is critical bad manners or not. No offense seems to have been intended; and no offense seems to have been taken: So *I* have no right to complain! But there is something queer about it. It really puzzles me. Perhaps it is some sort of new joke, the point of which I fail to see.

TOO MANY SONGS

By Amanda Benjamin Hall

TOO many pretty songs are sung —
There is no sinew left in speech,
No burly splendor of the tongue
With power to grip or reach!

Words that were giants long ago
Are bred today of poorer bone.
They cannot lift my heart although
They strain forever at the stone.

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JOSEPHINE PEABODY, "THE PIPER"

By Abbie Farwell Brown

IN the summer of 1910 I streaked across Ireland and half England on a joyful errand. I had already crossed the Atlantic toward the same end. For it seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that the prize performance of Josephine Peabody's "Piper" was one of the significant events in modern English letters; an American triumph in a new field.

Was it not amazing that an American, and a woman, should win a prize offered by Shakespeare's own town and open to the English speaking world, for the best poetic drama? There were three hundred competitors sending manuscripts. Imagine the astonishment of those English men of letters who were the judges when they found that "The Piper" was conceived in Cambridge (Massachusetts, not England), and that the author was the wife of a Harvard professor, being indeed that fair young poet of whom Austin Dobson had written when she first visited England:

> She came to my poor garden bower,
> She bloomed like a new garden flower;
> I know not how the time was spent,
> I know she came . . . I know she went.

The prize, three hundred pounds, carried with it the promise that the successful play should be given a performance at the Stratford Memorial Festival during the spring of 1910. I think it was this promise that chiefly attracted J. P. For Shakespeare was the hero of her worship, and Stratford her Mecca, though she loved festivals for any sake. She had already in 1900 published a one act play founded on Shakespeare's Sonnets, "Fortune and Men's Eyes". She knew her Stratford well, through a lonely girlhood pilgrimage to that shrine. And she dared believe that her dramatic fancy, making of the old Pied Piper legend a beautiful, biting arraignment of materialism, might be worthy of the high company at a Shakespeare Memorial. I believe she was confident from the first that fate was with her in this dear desire. Her self-confidence was one of her strongest assets in a life of counter-circumstance.

It was a tense year for my friend. "The Piper" was already in print, though not yet published (it was written in 1907, the year following her marriage), when she heard almost by chance of the prize offer. Having ascertained that a printed book was eligible, she sent it off, just barely in time to get by. Then came weeks of eager waiting. She heard from headquarters that "The Piper" was still among the final half dozen plays in the survival of the fittest. Then, that there was but one other rival. At this juncture J. P., as usual in a crisis, consulted her Shakespeare oracle. The final judge in the contest was the Duke of Argyle. And the page chosen at random from "Midsummer Night's Dream" declared cryptically, *"All that I will tell you is that the Duke hath dined!"* This sounded promising. But when on his return that night J. P. showed the oracle to her husband, he

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turned to the page that followed, and found this, in the same speech of Bottom: *"For the short and the long is, our play is preferred. . . . And I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy!"* No more anxiety.

She resolved to be present at the performance and receive the prize in person. But the public announcement of the prize winner found her absorbed in her newest poem, a wee Lionel Marks Junior. A less spirited adventurer might have hesitated. But she took the eight weeks old baby and her tiny daughter and made the voyage alone. She confessed afterward that she almost died on the journey. But her courage never wavered.

Arrived in Stratford she met disappointment, hope deferred. For early in May King Edward fell ill, and died on the very eve of the day announced for the performance of "The Piper". All England went into mourning, of course. No chance for a spring festival at Stratford. Everything postponed till midsummer. It was to be a midsummer night's dream, after all! Meanwhile, with her two small babies, and with the gay little frocks that she loved, J. P. was obliged to go into official mourning, and to possess her soul in as much patience as a poet can summon under such circumstances.

One pleasant thing at least happened in that trying interval of waiting. Little Lionel was baptized in old Stratford church, in the very same font where Shakespeare himself had been baptized 345 years earlier. By such intimate and picturesque association between life and symbolism J. P. loved to vary the course of her earthly pilgrimage. As she once expressed it, "Every day ought to be a festival for one reason or another." Another favorite slogan was: "Let us turn routine into rhythm!" She believed passionately in life as a thrilling adventure. Tragic it might be at times, painful or cruel. But she could not for a moment have allowed it to be dull. The Piper says:

It keeps me searching. 'Tis so glad and sad
And strange to find out, What-Will-Happen-Next!

The performance itself turned out a personal triumph for J. P. as well as an artistic triumph for the play and its distinguished actors. Marion Terry—sister of Ellen Terry, who was in the audience — took the chief woman's part, and F. R. Benson, veteran actor and manager, had the title rôle and produced the play. Violet Farebrother, Eric Maxon, and other favorites shared the honors. A brilliant audience had gathered in Stratford town from all parts of England for the unique occasion. As scene followed beautiful scene in the tender, whimsical drama, Bottom's prophecy was verified. It was indeed a "sweet comedy". Gradually unfolded the symbolic meaning of the captured children and their rainbow, the little lame boy with his winged shoes, the one mother who understood, the Lonely Man, and the selfless idealist, the Piper, bent on setting things right. The Piper was, of course, Josephine Peabody herself speaking in character

For all who wear the motley in the heart
Or on the body, for all caged glories,
And trodden wings, and sorrows laughed to scorn.

Throughout her life J. P. could truly say, as she said in this play:

'Twas not the thousand guilders that I wanted —
Life, life I wanted! Safety, sun and wind!
And but to show them how their daily fear
They call their faith, is made of blasphemies

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That would put out the Sun and Moon and Stars
Early, for some last judgment! — And the Lord,
Where would He get His harpers and singing men
And them that laugh for joy? From Hamelin guilds?

I shall never forget the surprised thrill that rippled over the tense audience when, after the play was over and acclaimed, J. P. stepped out to receive her prize in its handsome silver box. She was so young and beautiful in her white wedding gown: scarcely, I imagine, the preconceived British idea of an American *bas bleu.* Amazing her poise and gracious dignity. And when she spoke her voice, with its honey sweetness, its clear inflections void of Yankee twang, must have been still more of a surprise. She made the most graceful little speech, apparently offhand, though of course it had been most carefully considered. For she had a message to deliver. She told those British folk (there were few Americans to share my pride) what most of them probably had never thought before. That she came not as a stranger to Stratford, for Shakespeare was *our* Shakespeare, too. That we had as great a pride as our British kin in the development of our common literature. (She might well have added that our country was founded by folk who left England just after Shakespeare died, bringing hither his idiom, still current in certain Yankee seaboard hamlets — and perhaps nowhere else.)

It was a new Declaration — not of Independence but of Heirship. They cheered her with rapture. And I feel sure that this acceptance of her dictum by at least one representative British audience was the beginning of a new rapprochement with American letters. Perhaps this victory made easier the way and more cordial the welcome to still "newer" poets who came flocking very shortly. Robert Frost, for instance, was hailed and understood and published there as early as 1912, before he was known in his own country. Why do we make so little of our literary assets, when we grow hysterical so easily over things that count for much less? Had Josephine Peabody been a Frenchwoman her proud country would never have let this victory be forgotten by anyone. Had "The Piper" been the name of a winning yacht, our cup defender, it would have captured the public imagination and have become a watchword. Had J. P. been a Marathon runner or a heavyweight champion, her success would have filled the daily press, and her recent passing (with half a dozen unfinished plays in her fertile brain) would have sent a nation into mourning.

She achieved the climax of her "success" with that performance of "The Piper". And few persons, I doubt, have had so unsullied a triumph. Certainly I have never seen a face so radiant with happiness as was hers that night. It was no doubt a disappointment that her plays were not thereafter sought out for stage presentation by her own country. "The Piper" had a short run in New York. This and her other nine volumes are read and loved by many. But her best dramatic work in "Marlowe", nobly conceived and skilfully handled, remains still like her "Nightingale, — *Unheard*". "The Wolf of Gubbio", a moving and picturesque drama most originally developed, "Fortune and Men's Eyes", and "Wings" — each brimming with lovely poetry and dramatic effectiveness — have waited all these years for their professional chance. "The Portrait of Mrs. W."

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(that cleverest dramatic study in prose of Mary Wollstonecraft and her circle) is still untried after the first year of its life, which was the last year of our poet.

Poetic drama was her chosen medium, and she stuck valiantly to her ideal in the face of all temptation to more popular and lucrative expression. At the end of her busy life she could "proudly boast, I never wrote just for money". For, as the Piper declares again:

> When we sell our hearts
> We buy us nothing.

The taste of her time and the physical difficulties in the way of producing the kind of play she elected to make; the prejudice of the average producer, manager, and actor, and the unintelligence of the modern audience in respect to spoken poetry — she discounted all these, and was willing to bide the renascence of opportunity for the poet with a dramatic imagination. There are some who feel that maybe the time is not distant when her plays will emerge as a fresh and delightful surprise to audiences who are tired of things so very, very different.

She was always a master of poetic technique. I don't know how or where she acquired it. But when I first knew her, a school girl, she was already publishing graceful, musical lyrics in the accepted forms. They were unusually thoughtful, if rather youthfully melancholy. She had not yet realized the power of her gayer, at times almost mischievous muse, which was quite as characteristic of herself. From the publishing of her first book "The Wayfarers", her reaction to her fellow men and women developed rapidly through a too brief but eventful life. Out of a rather detached young disciple of æsthetic and spiritual beauty, she became a passionate and militant apostle of the beauty spelled in human justice and sympathy. The whole burden of her later books was a sense of responsibility toward folk less fortunate than herself. *"You four walls, wall not in my heart!"*

Though she clung to traditional poetic forms she was no reactionary in spirit. She was indeed, as one realizes with some surprise on considering the whole content of her ten volumes, more revolutionary than many of the "newer" poets. No stanza perhaps expresses with more direct simplicity and good humor her spiritual challenge to her times than this song, again of the Piper:

> Out of your cage,
> Come out of your cage,
> And take your soul on a pilgrimage!
> Peas in your shoes, an if you must!
> But out and away before you're dust!
> Scribe and Stay-at-home
> Saint and Sage,
> Out of your cage,
> Out of your cage!

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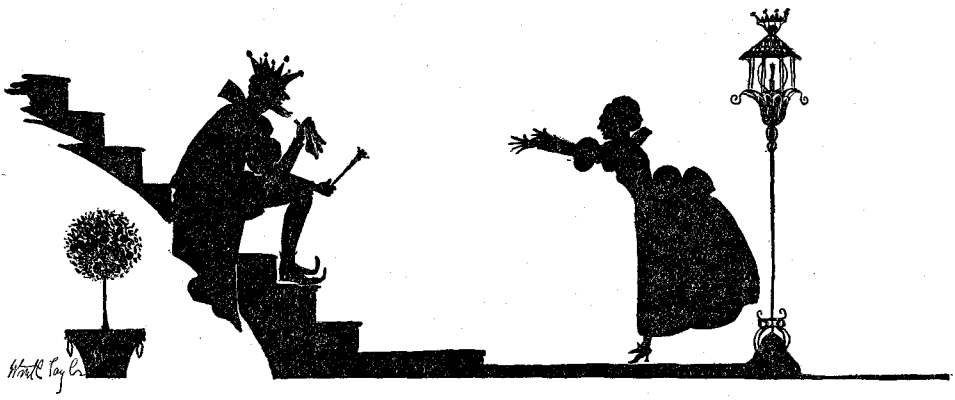

IMPROMPTU

A Play in One Act

By Dana Burnet

With Silhouettes by Ethel C. Taylor

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

A KING
A QUEEN
A YOUNG GIRL
A YOUNG MAN
AN ASTROLOGER
A POET
COURTIERS, FIDDLERS, A FAT TRUMPETER, etc.

Scene: Before THE KING'S Palace.
Time: Spring.

SCENE I

THE KING *is discovered seated upon the steps of the Palace doing nothing.*

THE KING: My God. My God. My God.

(*Enter* A YOUNG GIRL.)

YOUNG GIRL: Good morning.

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THE KING: Good morning. Though I don't know why I should say *good* morning when I'm having such a rotten time of it.

YOUNG GIRL: Are you in trouble?

THE KING: Yes.

YOUNG GIRL: Why?

THE KING *(gloomily):* I'm a King.

YOUNG GIRL: A King? How sad.

THE KING: Yes. You're right. Kings are going out. It's deucedly depressing to belong to an almost extinct species. *(He weeps.)*

YOUNG GIRL: Don't cry. I've got an idea.

THE KING: Ideas aren't for Kings.

YOUNG GIRL: Give up being a King and become a man.

THE KING: That is an idea. But I can't.

YOUNG GIRL: Why not?

THE KING *(hopelessly):* The Queen.

YOUNG GIRL: The Queen?

THE KING: The Queen.

YOUNG GIRL: What has the Queen to do with it?

THE KING: She won't let me give up being a King. I've quarreled with her on the subject.

YOUNG GIRL: Never mind her. Come with me. We'll go down the hill and around the world.

THE KING *(looking at her):* You're rather pretty.

YOUNG GIRL: You're inclined to be handsome.

THE KING: As a matter of fact, you're decidedly pretty.

YOUNG GIRL: On second thought you're very handsome.

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THE KING: I love you.

YOUNG GIRL: I love you. *(They kiss.)*

(THE QUEEN *appears on the balcony above them.)*

THE QUEEN: What are you doing down there, my royal husband?

THE KING: I'm kissing a strange girl.

THE QUEEN: You've no business to do it. . . . Wasting your time that way!

THE KING: Strange girls are sweet to kiss.

THE QUEEN: Horrible! I'll come down and pull your ears. *(She vanishes from the balcony.)*

THE KING: My God. My God. The Queen will pull my ears.

YOUNG GIRL: Let's run away.

THE KING: I'm a King. I don't know how to run.

YOUNG GIRL: I'll teach you.

THE KING: How?

YOUNG GIRL: Like this. *(She catches* THE KING *by the hand; they run around in a circle.)*

THE KING *(panting):* Are we running away?

YOUNG GIRL: No, we're still here.

THE KING: My God. So we are. How depressing.

YOUNG GIRL: That's because we didn't run in a straight line. Come on, let's run down the hill and across the meadow and over the edge of the world. Let's run and run until we find a moving picture theatre where they have Charlie Chaplin every day.

THE KING: Yes, yes! Let's run. I love you!

YOUNG GIRL: I love you. *(They clasp hands and rush down the right side of the hill.)*

THE KING: Hurrah! I'm running away! *(Exeunt.)*

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SCENE II

Enter THE QUEEN *from the Palace. She looks about; then sits down disconsolately upon the Palace steps.*

THE QUEEN: Gone! The irresponsible good-for-nothing. The shiftless royal wretch. *(She weeps.)*

(Enter A YOUNG MAN.)

YOUNG MAN: What are you crying about, sweetheart?

THE QUEEN: I'm crying because I'm a Queen.

YOUNG MAN: Come along with me and I'll teach you how to laugh.

THE QUEEN: Never. It's revolutionary. . . . How would you go about it?

YOUNG MAN: By touching your lips with mine. So!

THE QUEEN: That's nice. *(Sighing.)* But it's wrong to enjoy oneself. Life's a grim tragedy.

YOUNG MAN: Life's a sparkling comedy. I love you.

THE QUEEN: What's Love?

YOUNG MAN: Don't you know?

THE QUEEN: No, I'm a Queen.

YOUNG MAN: Love is insanity. Love is creation. Love is the voice of a

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poet reciting verses in a brothel. Love is the yowling of a cat upon a fence under the moon. Love is a fiddlestring that breaks when you twang it. Love is a dagger that man wears in his heart. Love is a dissenter who will not go to Church. Love is a truant who will not go to School. Love is a vagabond who slips out of the window at weddings to ogle the girls in the street. Love is a Reality that everyone denies. Love is an Impossibility that everyone admits. Love is a breath, a song, a dagger, a yowl, a wink, a rebellion, a desire, a fact, a dream, a reason, a madness transcending sanity. In short, Love is Love.

THE QUEEN: You're a clever young man. You may love me if you wish, but you must promise to go slow with it. I'm not used to enjoying myself, you know.

YOUNG MAN: We'll start with the primary exercises. *(Kisses her.)*

THE QUEEN: What's next?

YOUNG MAN: Next is the elopement.

THE QUEEN: The elopement?

YOUNG MAN: Yes. Come with me!

THE QUEEN: Where?

YOUNG MAN: Down the hill and across the meadow and into the next world. I'll buy you an ice cream cone and take you to see Mary Pickford in "Goldilocks".

THE QUEEN: The King will be brokenhearted.

YOUNG MAN: The King will be relieved.

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THE QUEEN: The Court will be scandalized.

YOUNG MAN: The Court will be delighted.

THE QUEEN: The people will denounce me.

YOUNG MAN: The people will be too busy looking at Mary Pickford to notice you. Come, put your hand in mine. Now let your legs fly! *(They take hands and rush down the left side of the hill.)*

THE QUEEN: Hurrah! I'm running away! *(Exeunt.)*

(Out of the Palace come two COURTIERS *in scarlet cloaks.)*

FIRST COURTIER: What's that flying down the eastern slope of the hill like a purple rabbit?

SECOND COURTIER: That's the King. He's running away with a strange girl.

FIRST COURTIER: And what's that flying down the western slope of the hill like a red and white cloud with legs?

SECOND COURTIER: That's the Queen. She's running away with a strange young man.

FIRST COURTIER: Whoopee! The King and Queen have run away. We can hit it up now. We can be human now. How wonderful it will feel to be human! Hey, in the Palace there! The King and Queen have run away!

(Enter THE COURT *in costume, which immediately it begins to tuck up to its knees. There is merriment over the revelation of legs.* A FAT TRUMPETER *appears and indiscriminately blows a horn.* FIDDLERS *come out. A doddering* ASTROLOGER *advances and peers into his crystal.)*

FIRST COURTIER: What do you see, old Glass Gazer, old Gloom Prophet, old Professional Wise Guy?

ASTROLOGER: Madness. Nothing but madness!

(A POET *pushes his way through the crowd.)*

POET: Let me look. *(He stares into the glass.)* How marvelously bright and beautiful! Madness? Liar!

SECOND COURTIER: What do you see, Poet?

POET: I see the old world fallen to ruin, and the new world rising out of it.

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I see rotten Conclusions giving birth to robust Beginnings. I see Love getting the laugh on Sacred Bunkum. I see old Majesty running down hillsides, and new Majesty cavorting on a screen. I see the people eating ice cream cones, going to the movies, and dancing. It's many centuries since the earth was made, since music was made, since legs were made, but the people have only begun to dance.

FIRST COURTIER: Hurrah for music! Hurrah for legs!

SECOND COURTIER: Hurrah for people!

ALL: Hurrah! Hurrah!

(The fiddles strike up. THE FAT TRUMPETER *blows his horn.* A CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE *knocks off* THE ASTROLOGER'S *hat.* THE COURT *dances.)*

Curtain

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THE LETTISH SAILOR SPEAKS

By Robert J. Roe

PHILOSOPHY

SHIP which puts out from port
Don't know where she is going
Un don't care, neither
But is glad.
Whatfor when all sails is set
You can hear hoops cackle against masts
Un forefoot whispers
Quick un nervous.

But in calm she rolls her head
Like she was sick doing nothing.
All tackle swears
Un forefoot makes small sad sighs
When she lifts up un down
Im groundswell.

THE BULLY

SEA is gay girl at sunset.
She is got gaudy dress
With spangles
Un she swings herself
Un looks sidewise.

Pretty soon will come night
Asking how much she is got.

DIET

MANY times when at sea
I would likeit plenty green stuff
Sour un sharp
Whatfor I getit too much fat beef.

Un when I am long time loafing im port
I wantit then something blue
Bitter un thin
Like sea.

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IN THE KINGDOM OF CONRAD

By Grant Overton

"I ONCE knew such a man," declared Marlow.

"You all know him, too," he announced. "Chap named Conrad, Joseph Conrad. Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski. That Polish sailor; writes novels. But he has a master's ticket. Got blackwater fever or something down at the Congo; he was out East before that. Then he settled in Kent, in a little house, where I once went to see him. Of course you've read 'Lord Jim'; I don't think a lot of it. Give me 'Victory', or 'Youth', or, best of all, 'Nostromo' —"

"Personally, Marlow, I always look at the end first, to see how it comes out. Since you are beginning in the middle —"

"I? I'm not, but Conrad was. Did you ever read 'Nostromo'? Talk about beginning a story in the middle!"

"Well, if you want to talk about *that,*" sighed a voice. "My impression was, Marlow, that you were undertaking to tell us about a man who knew himself — shall we say? — singularly well."

"Exactly." Marlow uttered the word with something that might have been reluctance. He repeated it, "Exactly." It was time to refill his pipe and he made a long job of it. When he had it drawing nicely and began to speak again his voice was veiled, his choice of words was frequently made with a certain hesitation, and we listened without comment or any other interruption than the occasional shifting of a foot on the deck. At least, I can recall nothing; and I know we borrowed our matches by signs — when we thought to borrow them.

"As you have heard something of him, I won't waste my breath on the bare biographical record," Marlow informed us. "I believe you all know he was born in the Ukraine in 1857; sixth of December happened to be the day. His father and mother were Polish patriots and Russian exiles and their death left the boy in the hands of his mother's brother, who used him affectionately and engaged a very capable tutor to fit the young Korzeniowski for the University of Cracow. It is pertinent, I think, that the father had been a man of scholarly tastes and occupation. He had succeeded in translating Shakespeare into Polish, or perhaps Russian, or maybe both. The legendary figure of a great-uncle, whom, however, the boy had seen, made a great impression. Mr. Nicholas B., as Conrad calls him in his book, 'A Personal Record', was in the retreat from Moscow and had the strange misfortune to share in eating a Lithuanian dog. Did you ever read 'Falk'? Mr. Nicholas B. transmuted into fiction, I should say. The one had eaten a dog, the other was credited with having eaten human flesh; but the effect is the same. Then there's that other story, 'Heart of Darkness' — the one all the authorities acclaim as among the half dozen greatest stories in English. I have heard Conrad narrate the actual inci-

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dent as it befell him down at the Congo; I have also read, and heard him read aloud, his tale. Very interesting!

"This Polish boy I am telling you about had an incomprehensible wish. I understand that nowadays there is no such animal as an incomprehensible wish. All wishes are fulfilled, or something of the sort. The boy's wish I am speaking of was fulfilled, safe enough, but its comprehensibility is still in doubt. At any rate, he wanted to go to sea. As almost all boys wish urgently to go to sea, this might not appear abnormal. Perhaps, after all, the oddity lay chiefly in the attitude of his uncle and tutor, which was strongly adverse; also, to some extent, in the fact that Poland is (or then was) purely an interior country without ships or the enticing sight of sailors to tempt a boy. A country of farmers. And he left it. He has told in 'A Personal Record' of the last stand made by the tutor and his uncle. The sight of an Englishman in the Alps had the mysterious effect of making the lad more set in his purpose than ever. Why, as I say, is not comprehensible, unless to those serious scientists who exist in Vienna and play jokes on the rest of the world.

"When he had got clean away, with a sorrowful blessing, he fared to the Mediterranean. He wanted to become not merely a sailor but a British sailor; he knew no English. French, of course, he knew, as befitted a Pole of a good family and some education. It was not so difficult to get berths on Mediterranean vessels. Being in his teens, he was looking for excitement and adventure. This, too, *mare nostrum* provides. It does not really matter, I take it, where one sows his wild oats, provided only he sows thickly; and the waters of the Mediterranean received a bushel or two from Poland (a strictly agricultural land). One harvests such a crop from the sea uncertainly and at a long interval, but the sea's return is often curious and beautiful. Fragments, if you like, but of a loveliness not yielded by the soil of the shore; mother-of-pearled, glistening. And out of that uncouth time and those bizarre experiences the man Conrad has got back certain pages in 'The Mirror of the Sea', pages that we all remember. 'The Arrow of Gold', also, is the return of those years when he was irregularly employed in smuggling and gun running out of Marseilles to the loosely guarded shores of Spain.

"There is a woman in 'The Arrow of Gold', Rita, you know . . . but it is useless to speculate about women. In a preface provided for the new uniform edition of his works, J. C. explains that the slightly demure Antonia Avellanos, in the pages of 'Nostromo', sprang from the recollection, tenderly cherished, of a young girl, a schoolmate of his back there in Poland. But I would like to know where he got Lena, in 'Victory'. If I were Somerset Maugham and came unexpectedly upon Lena in another man's novel there would be no limit to my jealousy. One does not expect a sailor to understand women and I cannot for the life of me comprehend how J. C. got in the way of knowing the sex. Perhaps, for some time, he didn't. Disregarding the mysteries of feminine nature, if he observed any, the youth persisted in his weird determination to become one of the great race of sailors. He shipped on English ships. Richard Curle's book, 'Joseph Conrad: A Study', will even tell you just which English ships. For example, the story called 'Youth' with

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its vessel, the 'Judæa', harks back to a passage on a hulk called the 'Palestine'. And so on. But what are such things to you and me? I have read Curle's book and I give you my *parole d'honneur* that I found it extraordinarily confusing when not simply rhapsodical. I did! As if J. C. were not, in himself, serious enough to require close attention and profound enough to merit it and pellucid enough to reward our most earnest scrutiny.

"Anyway, he stuck to ships, this foreign blighter. You will find all that is pertinent diffused through the pages of 'A Personal Record'. Even to the examination in which he passed for his master's ticket. What was he reading in those years? One would give something to have the tally; but certainly he did not neglect the French masters. Those who find in the earlier books, including 'The Nigger of the Narcissus', a style 'too florid', or 'too consciously sonorous', say it was because J. C. was long in understanding that English prose cannot display the crystal resonance of French. Mind you, I don't in the least accept their premise; to me, 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' is so perfect that when I came upon it I was seized with a most violent nostalgia. I wanted, in a foolish, incredible way, to be back in the fo'c's'le or on the deck of a certain squarerigger called the 'Wayfarer' which carried me around Cape Stiff in — how long ago? — in 1909. It seems a century. Youth! The splendid, the immortal time!

"The ships bore him eastward. Only the thoughtless, griped by the vain longing for empire or inflated with a nauseating self-importance, will go west. One goes east when one is in search of wisdom, and this man was. The greatest piece of wisdom is the knowledge of oneself; seek that in India or China or the ocean islands, whichever you please; the road lies eastward. You see, he had already acquired some self-knowledge; not a great deal, perhaps, but beyond the average. Or was he born with it? At a surprisingly early age he had known that he must, as the saying is, 'follow the sea'. This senseless conviction must be put down to the score of self-knowledge. When a man is not misled by that logical apparatus, his brain, it is astonishing to what clearness of perception he may attain. Do you recall that gentle, highly ironic sentence Conrad uses in 'The Rescue' about d'Alcacer? 'Mr. d'Alcacer, being a Latin, was not afraid of introspection.' Exactly. J. C. isn't a Latin but neither is he afflicted like us, who shrink from a look inward in a way to arouse the recording angel's darkest suspicion. The best advice, I believe, is that which counsels a man to look into his heart and write. The best advice extant, but it can be bettered. J. C. looked into his heart a long time before he began writing.

"All that he saw there we have had steadily reflected in the succession of novels and tales of a surprisingly varied character and a deep, a very deep, inner relevance to the discovered self within him. Externals do not matter. And yet they have taken aback visitors to J. C., persons already acquainted with the true Conrad and who should therefore have known better. They found, in a cottage in Kent, a man quitting middle age, the victim of an atrocious rheumatism (or what seemed to be rheumatism) who dosed himself with all sorts of concoctions that he had heard of, until the house looked like a laboratory of disused patent medicine bottles. Well, perhaps that is an exaggeration. Tall and broadly ample Jessie Conrad beamed

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on the very infrequent visitors and would sometimes confide to them, with a giggle: 'You know, they say in London that Conrad lives in the country with his cook!' But she, Jessie, Mrs. Conrad, was a great deal more than just an excellent cook, a capable mother, all that. She was, in J. C.'s words, 'the fortune of the house', a pair of eyes that guarded watchfully over this unhappy man when, for twenty months, hardly knowing whether he ate or slept, and sitting all day long at a table, he struggled desperately for 'the breath of life' which had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, 'Latin and Saxon, Jew and Gentile', who people the pages of that miraculous novel, 'Nostromo'. That book is unique. You may get some idea of its cost in toil and sheer creative effort from J. C.'s own words in 'A Personal Record'. Just so; but then an American editor comes along, some years later, and finds Conrad as nervous as a cat. Actually! The editor particularly noticed that Conrad would never turn his back upon him while they were together in that room and always sat so as to face, or partly face, the door. He appeared like a man who wanted to feel the wall at his back; and with his deep set eyes and the overhang of his forehead, the Slav contour of the cheek bones, the greying beard, the silences and the restlessness, the jumpiness — everything — J. C. made on the American editor a memorable and fantastic impression. That editor came away convinced that J. C. had seen some wild goings on and been in some devilish tight places in his seafaring days; and altogether was spending his later years like Stevenson's chap at the Admiral Benbow, waiting for some old, blind, tap-tap-tapping Pew to come along and tip him the black spot. Fact! But the editor carried no black spot, only large sums of American money which he was prepared to part with in exchange for the very best English fiction, both spot and future delivery. J. C. was then busy writing the novel called 'Victory', and gave it to the American to read. The next morning the American ripped it to pieces, on certain plot details. His, the American's, account of that interview is instructive. He says Conrad sat, fingers clawing the arms of his chair, speechless and infuriated, for nearly an hour, while our editor stressed the importance of the return of the shawl that belonged to Mrs. Schomberg in the story and other matters that the meticulous would find fault with. And finally, I suppose when he was able to speak at all, the editor tells that J. C. came around, ending up by quite handsomely admitting the editor to be right, and promising to make the necessary changes. What I cannot get over is the fact that after, as the story goes, Conrad had rewritten 70,000 words and added 60,000 more, in order to run 'Victory' complete in a single number the American cut out of it everything but the conversation and the shooting. The resulting skeleton was, to some readers at least, very imperfectly articulated. That manuscript had a curious history and, if it exists, deserves a place in a museum. J. C. had made alterations in black ink, the magazine editor had gashed it horribly in red; and when the book publisher came to restore the mangled corpus he could do so, intelligibly for the printer, only by an extravagant use of green ink. You see, there was no duplicate copy of the original. Always make duplicates. If you don't, and if you are a writer of J. C.'s size, your manuscripts may some day

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be priceless. Even though they are typewritten, for the fact that they are not in handwriting is offset by the touching fact that perhaps your wife got up in the middle of the night to type them off, so you could see how they would look in the neat similitude of printed words.

"But there! Let us not talk about the value of manuscripts. That is adventitious, a sort of excrescence on the process of money getting, which in turn perhaps is an excrescence on all the forms of art. Do I sound like one of those absurd persons who wail because an artist must make money? If so, I beg your pardon, I do, humbly. Perhaps you would like me to do it kneeling here on the deck. My knees are bent. I would no more absolve the artist from the urgence of making a living than I would absolve him from the necessity of drawing breath to live. After all, isn't it the same thing? So surely as you breathe, you must suffer; and what is the wage problem but a visitation, like sickness, or misfortune, or mental anguish inseparable from the act of living? If art cannot triumph over these things, if a novelist could not continue to write novels in spite of the awful pangs of rheumatism, the element of struggle would be lost and all our values would exist in a vacuum. It is their merit, and sometimes their sole merit, that they exist in the air under atmospheric pressures averaging fifteen pounds to the square inch and of only the very slightest variation. The need to make money is the atmosphere in which we all live. By a sublime law of nature, of human nature, I should say, the more we make, the more we need. Human nature abhors a vacuum. But, as I was saying —

"What a pill it would be to a man engaged in writing his first few great novels if he had seriously to consider the fact that, some years later but yet within his lifetime, these blackened pages would be worth a modest fortune. Such a consideration might well drive him quite off his head. What actually steadies him is the indisputable fact that *this* book has simply got to earn him enough to live on for a whole year, including the younger boy's annual six pairs of shoes. Then, when the book doesn't, a way is provided. Don't snort, please. I admit that, on the face of it, such a solution is improbable. The answer to that objection is: The solution arrives. Take J. C. He came ashore with the remnants of this tropical fever infesting him and a definite medical mandate enjoining him from all future notion of following the sea. When a chap is nearing forty and has spent all his life from boyhood working up to a master's ticket and a ship to command, a decree of that sort is calculated to knock him out completely. He is in splendid shape to be counted out in a prostrate condition, lying prone and never recovering consciousness. J. C. had no more idea what to do — He dug up the manuscript of that tentative story or novel he had been working on at intervals for about five years. The one which, to the extent of about the first nine chapters, he had shown to a young Englishman on a passage between Adelaide and the Cape. This was Edward Garnett, who was aboard as a passenger with John Galsworthy. You remember that Garnett handed the manuscript back and J. C. ventured to ask if the story seemed worth finishing. Garnett answered: 'Decidedly.' So the beginnings of 'Almayer's Folly' escaped being thrown overboard to puzzle the fishes.

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"Ashore, J. C. finished the thing and it got published. No appreciable sum of money rewarded him, of course, and he has told how he wondered whatever he should do afterward. He submitted his dilemma to Garnett one evening after the publication of 'Almayer's Folly'. Finally Garnett brought forth a suggestion which, in its unoriginality, was a piece of the most authentic inspiration. 'Why don't you write another?' he asked. But, of course, that is the only safe suggestion to make to a person who has written one novel. J. C. admits that from the moment those words crossed Garnett's lips, 'An Outcast of the Islands' was merely a matter of time. All the same, he had to live. Shortly, he was marrying, and at suitable intervals Boris and John were added to the family unit. Capel House was a Kentish cottage but there were rates to pay. For some years the pension provided by the Civil List was an affair of serious importance. Ten pounds sterling a month (I think that was what it amounted to) in those prewar years was a surety of bread and butter and tea. There is a man or two now living and a man or two now dead who could throw light on this phase of J. C.'s special problem. Conrad's present American publisher dropped in one day on the late William Heinemann in London with his usual question of what, or more accurately whom, Heinemann had got. The reply was: A comparatively new writer who would some day be as important as Kipling. However, it appeared that in order to attain this importance he would have to live. 'Suppose', suggested Heinemann, with every aspect of intense earnestness, 'you and I back him. He has a novel he wants to do. I think if we each put in ten pounds — fifty dollars — a month —' For a moment it seemed as if this blithe proposal might terminate the interview. After all a publisher, who has to foot the cost of a book anyway on what is often the slenderest chance, might well draw back before the prospect of investing fifty dollars a month for a year or two as a preliminary to risking as much more. But it was done. In the end, J. C. told them frankly that he could not give them the book. He had got seven eighths of the way through and he was unable to bring the story out. Stuck for an ending would be the other way of stating the case. The two, Heinemann and Frank N. Doubleday, accepted this disappointment with a most commendable calmness. J. C. went on to write other things, 'The Nigger of the Narcissus', 'Lord Jim', since so widely hailed and at the time so little heeded and so immensely unlucrative; 'Nostromo'. James B. Pinker (you knew Pinker, the authors' agent) handled the stuff. In the American phrase, Pinker 'grubstaked' Conrad; and among long-term investments of the very highest grade J. C. has been one of the very best in the world. Ah, yes! He has! No one who ever invested in Conrad and held on, held 'for the rise', has ever lost a penny — or failed to make an enormous percent. Why, take Heinemann and F. N. D. They, in effect, bought at away below par twenty year bonds that matured and were paid off at par. For after twenty years J. C. picked up the all but finished novel, put it through in triumphant fashion, and gave it to them under the title of 'The Rescue'. By that time, he was made. He was selling in America practically seventeen times as many copies as when they put their money in — maybe more. And any publisher in America or

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England would, by then, have given his upper and lower teeth to possess Conrad. The Civil List was at liberty to take care of someone else, and lucky if it found another half so rewarding.

"Do I give the impression that this result was brought about in the least meteorically? That would be inexcusable on my part. Let me see: There were 'Almayer's Folly' and 'An Outcast of the Islands' and 'The Nigger' and 'Lord Jim' and 'Nostromo' and 'The Secret Agent' and 'Under Western Eyes'. Seven novels, not counting the two he wrote with Ford Madox Hueffer, and four or five books of short stories. I am speaking now of the nineteen years that lay between Conrad's first book and his novel 'Chance'; and I am avoiding all exaggeration when I tell you flatly that in all those nineteen years not one single book — not the succession of all those books — made enough money for the reasonable needs of himself and his family. Oh, I don't say that he was entirely dependent on these books and the farsightedness of men like those investors I have mentioned. W. E. Henley serialized 'The Nigger'; in America, 'The North American Review' serialized 'Under Western Eyes'; there was a bit of money now and again from the magazine sale of one of the short stories, no doubt. I stick to my point: the income from the books was not enough. By the way, he also wrote in those years the two autobiographical books, 'The Mirror of the Sea' and 'A Personal Record'. H'm. The American publishers of 'A Personal Record' printed it from type. You know; print a few and throw the type away.

"'Chance' was published in 1914 and sold 20,000 copies in England and the long ordeal was over.

"One ordeal, that is. Ordeals, as such, are never over. After the trial by water, the trial by fire; and you are not to suppose that because one has survived the trial of the flesh he will therefore triumph easily over the trials of the spirit. Not at all. What is the malady of rheumatism beside the torture of shyness? And Conrad has always been distinctly shy. His American publisher for a long time did not meet him; J. C. backed out of it until finally a perfectly reasonable impatience seized upon Mr. Doubleday, who said to himself in a mild tone: 'Confound it all. This sort of thing has got to stop.' And that sort of thing did stop. J. C. at length was induced to come to a London hotel and shake hands — about all he did do, in fact, for at once a severe attack of shyness set in. For quite a while that interview went — very badly? Goodness knows it did not even go badly; it simply did not go at all. But then, as he knew Conrad was planning a new book, Mr. Doubleday asked a few questions natural to a person who has something at stake in a prospective venture. J. C. answered with entire willingness, began explaining what he had in mind, and — pouf! Where was that shyness any longer? They parted as very good friends and have remained such ever since. So it comes about that at last J. C. is visiting America as the guest of Mr. Doubleday. As you can imagine, lecture bureaus, societies, and every sort of outfit had been after J. C. for years to speak in public. He had always turned down such offers, but before coming to America he explained to Mr. Doubleday that he should like to tell a few people, not more than a dozen, over the luncheon table of his Congo experience, and then read to them from his story — 'Heart of Darkness' — the

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same affair as it came out in fiction. 'If I am able to interest those few', J. C. went on, 'perhaps I might try the same thing with a larger number, say fifty or even a hundred; I don't think I could ever address more than a hundred.' You see, he knew himself. He is the kind of man who is at his best in an intimate surrounding. Perhaps you have noticed the very special quality of intimacy achieved in his stories under practically all conditions. He inhabits other people's breasts. A self-conscious tendency as great as his own or greater excites his friendly compassion. I know an American novelist, at one time editor of an American magazine and then in England meeting people and questing material. Several people were present but Conrad noticed the extreme ill ease of the American editor. J. C. got up and came over and sat beside the stranger, who then lost some of his discomfort and eventually plucked up enough courage to say to J. C. that he would like to get some short stories from him. 'Ah! Short stories,' J. C. commented with that markedly foreign accent or intonation. He paused. 'I do not pick short stories out of my sleeve.' It was said with an inflection pleasantly humorous that did not conceal the seriousness of the fact. He simply wasn't that kind of conjurer. This was not the editor who handled 'Victory'. American editors, according to my impression, are a varied lot. The mixture they make is a literary cocktail which appears to go to the heads of so many American authors. I know an American editor who bought a Conrad novel as a serial when all his — confrères? — had rejected the story because of the impossible length. This man printed the 147,000 words without the sacrifice of one. This was after 'Victory'; and as the editor in question knew nothing of that case, his was an unconscious as well as a vicarious atonement. But let that pass. We are not concerned with American editors, and neither, except momentarily, has Conrad been. His preoccupation has been unbrokenly with the problem of a sufficient self-knowledge. Must he not know himself better than any other possibly could? Of course, and for two imperative purposes: in the first place to write, in the second place, to keep his courage. It is no use being able to write unless you can keep your courage. Too, the world is full of brave souls who have bravery and . . . nothing else. No gift, I mean. Nothing in the world is so cheap as courage, so common. But look you! — if a man undertakes self-examination, his courage goes. The scale of values is hopelessly deranged and either the self rises to sublime heights of despair or sinks into a hopeless, sticky complacency.

"J. C. is not an unblemished exception to this general law, or deplorable result — whichever term you prefer. He had gone to revisit Poland and was there when the Great War unleashed itself. The story of how he got out of Europe has never been told and, in fact, I don't see how it can be. Or, well, why not? What do a few bribes matter, in a good cause? Some fairly influential persons, including an American ambassador, were called upon to extricate Conrad from the extremely troublesome complications caused by the fact that he, a Pole by race and a Russian subject by birth, was a naturalized Englishman. The American ambassador, appointed in the first place because of his large personal means, enabling him to support an ambassadorship in the style to which it had been accus-

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tomed, may have used his private pocketbook; but in my judgment the matter was one to which he could quite conscientiously have devoted the public funds. Let that pass, too. They say that J. C. hates Russians and is frequently irascible. He also understands Russians, as any disbeliever may discover by reading 'Under Western Eyes'. As for his irascibility, the results of self-examination justify any reasonable amount of irritation. If it had been one of you who had written seven eighths of 'The Rescue' and found himself stuck for an ending I daresay the detonations would have been terrific. A volcano can blow its head off but an artist must not be permitted to let a little steam escape! What sort of doctrine is that? J. C., of late years, has lost a good deal of his nervousness. He has written his 'Lord Jim' long ago. He has accomplished the most satisfactory definition we possess of the novel — where he calls it 'a conviction of our fellowmen's existence strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life clearer than reality'. I call your attention to the last three words. If the 'form of imagined life' is not clearer to us than life as we observe it, there is no novel. Now, life is never clear unless we hold a little fragment of it in front of the mirror of each one of us, his own heart. Always, then, something different from what we expected is clear, recognizable. J. C. has never done anything else. The story of 'The Secret Sharer', that chap who haunted the captain's cabin and persisted in the captain's thoughts, is the symbol of all Conrad's work. I believe he has called it his favorite story; does anyone need to ask why? Giorgio Viola in 'Nostromo', Mrs. Gould in the same novel, the nigger in the story of the 'Narcissus', Haldin in 'Under Western Eyes', our friend, the anarchist, in 'The Secret Agent'; Captain MacWhirr in 'Typhoon' and Jim in 'Lord Jim'; Axel Heyst in 'Victory'; Flora de Barral and others in 'Chance' — you know as well as I do that these are simply persons we encounter and depreciate or else dismiss as incomprehensible. But Conrad holds them up to the mirror of his own heart and behold! they are reflected in new shapes, pathetic shapes, heroic shapes, twisted and tortured shapes, but shapes that are unfailingly intelligible. It is not quite the same thing as saying: 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Joseph Conrad.' It is equivalent, perhaps, to saying: 'Here, by the grace of God, is the affinity with Joseph Conrad.' The meaning of the universe is, as the Spaniards say, with God; but what we feel about it is of perpetual fascination and very real importance. J. C. has found that out, in the course of a fairly long and extremely surprising lifetime. The world is a ship that will never make port, it is fair to assume, in our lifetimes; its exact position, then, as witnessed to by the sun and the stars, is of little moment. But those who are aboard — let us have a clear understanding about them, if we can."

Marlow ceased to speak. It was beautifully dark. The river, in our stretch of it, was composed to the beauty of that darkness and won to the felicity of a nearly perfect silence. I can't speak for the others, of course. Personally I was absorbed in trying to remember Conrad's exact words — in the so long suppressed preface to "The Nigger". You may have read them:

"The artist appeals to that part of our being that is not dependent on

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wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not a mere acquisition — and, therefore, more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives: to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain: to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation — and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts, to the solidarity which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity — the dead to the living and the living to the unborn."

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I. A list of bibliographies.
II. A list of Conrad's works.
(A) Chronological list of novels and tales (with original editions). Serial publication is recorded.
(B) Alphabetical list of short stories. All of Conrad's short stories are credited to their respective volumes, magazine publication is invariably noted, etc.
(C) A list of miscellaneous writings by Conrad.
III. Criticisms of Conrad.
(A) Books on Conrad. With a paragraph of characterization of each.
(B) Articles about Conrad. With notes as to the character of each article. There is given a "first", a "second", and a "third" list, according to the estimate of an article's value.
IV. Book reviews. Described as a "partial list only", but recording fully 200 reviews in principal English and American magazines and newspapers.
V. Miscellaneous.
(A) Brief articles on the personality of Conrad.
(B) Poems to Conrad.
(C) A list of portraits of Conrad.

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THE CRYSTAL BOX

Fragments of Autobiography

By Hugh Walpole

VIII: AND NOW

ONCE upon a time — that is, only the other evening — I thought that I had the Crystal Box in my hands.

I had been spending the evening in Carl Van Vechten's rooms. I came into the street and the sky was spluttering with lights. There were the stars; and there were the lights, twenty stories high, cut off from earth, darting their way across the velvet path of heaven, twisting and turning between the paws of the Square.

As we came down in the lift someone said to me: "You know ever so many American writers, don't you?"

"Yes," I said; and I forgot at once my companion in remembering the names of the American writers who are my friends: Joseph Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, James Branch Cabell, Booth Tarkington, Carl Van Vechten, Charlie Towne, Owen Johnson, Royal Cortissoz, Don Marquis, Chris Morley, Ellen Glasgow, Tom Beer, Henry Mencken, Burton Rascoe, John Farrar, Robert Chambers, William Phelps, Avery Hopwood, Hal Rhodes — and I thought of my luck and good fortune, walking on air, so that I stumbled on a step and fell on my nose.

My friend, who is a grave fellow, picked me up and, looking at me sorrowfully, said that he would see me into a cab. I could see that he judged me wrongly so I was angry and said: "I have drunk nothing at Carl's. You must have noticed that I drank nothing. I was only thinking about the friends I have in America, writing men, and I have friends in England too: Frank Swinnerton, Arnold Bennett, Drinkwater, Lucas . . ." But there he left me, still throwing back at me sorrowful glances. It was then, in the state of happiness that I was in, that I saw the Box floating down Nineteenth Street — all its colors glittering, square and sturdy, floating toward the Square. I followed it but it melted into the stars and lights of the Square. I went home expecting to find it on my bed. The Waldorf is the best hotel in the civilized world but the Box was not there. Perhaps the Waldorf is *too* civilized. . . .

II

I walked, however, round that New York square several times before going back to the Waldorf and I thought to myself how happy I was. After S—— and Durham and being a missionary and having dysentery in Galicia and being frightened in Petrograd here I was, with "The Cathedral" a real success, and all these friends, and good health.

An old lady once said to me that I

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was foolish to take people at their face value. "They all talk against you behind your back and laugh at you," she said. Of course I know how we all behind-the-back-talk, but how little it means! And how fond one is of someone in whom there are weaknesses and how glad one is to hand one's friends one's own absurdities for half an hour if they amuse them! No, no, old lady, you are wrong about that as you are about many other things. . . . On the personal side of my life I'm rich and I don't care who knows it — I would back my friends for loyalty and humor against any in the world — but on the other side of things why, after all the experience of that I have had, after the friends that I have made, after the years that I have spent in pursuit, after the advice and counsel that I have received, why do I know that I am today only at the beginning of my novel writing?

This is a self-conscious age. Fielding and Walter Scott and Jane Austen would not have been at home in it. On the other hand Richardson, Sterne, De Quincey, Peacock, Borrow, would have known just where they were. A novelist especially is in these days driven to self-consciousness because the novel has become the public marketplace of the arts. Everyone walks there and brings bells there and drives his donkey cart. . . . It is perfectly easy for a novelist to say, "I know that I am no good as a writer. I have a knack. The public at the moment likes me. I am feathering my nest." But there are also all the novelists whose very first written word proclaims them self-conscious artists. They are trying to do well something that a number of men and women have already done superbly well before them. "Madame Bovary", "Rouge et Noir", "War and Peace", "The Brothers Karamazov", "Wuthering Heights", "The Return of the Native" — these compel them to self-consciousness. The trouble today is that the very popular novels are too stupid and the very superior novels too priggish. What we need is a Miss D—— or a Mr. A—— with better brains and more culture, and a Miss D—— or a Mr. K—— with a stronger narrative gift and less self-conscious satisfaction.

I cannot, personally, see that the novel has advanced one little step since "Clarissa Harlowe". Of course any talk about the progress of the arts is nonsense. The arts do not advance. Once in a while a star dances, genius blazes the sky, a fountain leaps, a crowd of critics are left staring skyward and volubly explaining. The arts do not advance. James Joyce can teach Laurence Sterne exactly nothing at all. As to the things that Laurence Sterne, bending down quizzically from the loftier shades, can teach James Joyce . . .

Meanwhile I have my Credo. I believe that:

1. I am a born novelist.
2. I have a narrative gift, a sense of character, a feeling for atmosphere.
3. My godfathers, Hawthorne and Trollope, are not bad godfathers for a man.
4. I consider about myself continually, but no more than any human being in constant reminder of the past, the present, the future, his digestion and his friends, must consider himself.
5. I consider the relation of the Other Life to this one so infinitely more interesting than any other question that I am surprised it is considered unimportant or even

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non-existent by so many of my friends.

6. I am in love with life — not really with myself, as some of my friends and all of my enemies consider.
7. I think it of absorbing interest that I should exist — and of nearly equally absorbing interest that everyone else should exist, so different, so persistent, so picturesque.
8. I am too inquisitive and too deeply interested to be shocked by anything.
9. My life is a constant struggle between selfishness and love for my friends. Those whom I do not love think me completely selfish.
10. I like to be liked except by those whom I hate. I hate nobody.
11. I consider myself or any other individual so deeply unimportant and at the same time so important that conceit and humility seem to me impossible qualities.

Having made this little Credo for myself as truthfully as I can, I am of course open to the charge that to publish such trivialities is a laughable matter. In these days when so much highly intellectualized autobiography is published under the thin guise of fiction such mild and innocent statements must seem to the dram drinkers like "nursery tea". But there are a vast number of persons in the world quite as simple as myself and simpler. And I wish these persons would make honest statements more frequently than they do.

In fact the pause that these little fragments of autobiography have entailed upon me — this sudden realization that the Crystal Box, of late years quite forgotten by me, does somewhere still exist — has done me a positive world of good.

I had a charming house in London, a house with amusing pictures, interesting books, a dog, five servants, visitors, and a lovely Japanese screen. It also had two telephones, and telegrams would come there. Telegrams *did* come, and people. I was very happy — happier than I had ever been before. From eight in the morning until midnight I enjoyed myself. I enjoyed working. I enjoyed seeing my friends and showing them my possessions. I enjoyed walking with my dog and seeing him swim the Regent's Park Pond. I enjoyed dining out. I enjoyed hunting for old books. I enjoyed London herself, looking at her and smelling her and slipping in and out of her embrace; and life moved faster and faster, and faster and faster again. One event turned upon the heels of another. Then one event caught up with another, linked arms with it, and the two marched along together, were caught up by a third. . . .

Telegrams and anger! Kindness and echoing voices! Telephones and invitations! . . .

I was at Andover. I was considering the sixth of these little papers. I was walking with Dr. Stearns and we climbed a hill and looked over the Massachusetts country, ruby colored, violet tinted on the horizon with a flurry of grey clouds like flocks of geese.

Utter silence, suddenly snapped by the voices of some boys, playing football —

"Yes. I'll sell it. Get rid of it," I said, turning round to Stearns.

He didn't understand me.

"Sell what?" he asked.

"Everything," I answered. "It's crowding me in. I am being strangled." We walked down the hill and he pointed out the new tower that they are building at Andover for a war memorial, and I saw how proud

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he was of his school. I was proud too through him, and was happy, feeling suddenly free, looking up and seeing the geese clouds running across the china plate sky only to tumble helter-skelter into a crimson furnace there in the west.

III

I have never before been so free in my life as I am now — I was most certainly not free at school. I was not free at Cambridge, nor as a schoolmaster nor as a journalist, nor after the publication of "Fortitude" — and of course not during the war.

The only time perhaps when I have felt as free as I do today was on that occasion in Liverpool, already narrated by me, when I looked across at the grey weltering Mersey and suddenly knew that I would be a writer, and saw books that I would write swinging like colored lanterns across the sky in front of my eyes.

And now I am free again and at the beginning once more as I was then. I have written some dozen books and there are things in them, here and there, that are not too bad; but not one of them is a good book — there is naïveté, immaturity, sentimentality, falseness in all of them — and so I am going to begin all over again.

Socrates, one of my wisest and ablest friends, thus talked with me not long ago:

SOCRATES: Why do you consider in this way as to whether your books are good or bad? In the first place the question is not of importance. In the second, it places yourself in a false position. You know that you do not in reality consider the books bad, but you wish to appear humble because there are people who have called you vain. It should not matter to you what anyone calls you, Hippocrates or another, and if you truly think your books bad then they are the last things about which you will wish to speak.

MYSELF: But, Socrates, I do not consider them altogether bad. And whether they be bad or good I have an affection for them as a father has for his children. They are part of myself. They have been with me so long. They know that I intended them to be better. And so far as that goes I am well aware, Socrates, that in the public prints and among your friends you say continually that you think nothing of your own works, that they are poor feeble things; that, were you a rich man, you would never write another line; and yet all your friends well know that there is no one so incessantly preoccupied with his own works, their histories, their plots, their adventures with others, their sicknesses and their healths, as is yourself. But this you keep secret lest you should be thought sentimental and naïve. You like to stand aloof in your irony and watch men's antics with a superior smile. But in truth, Socrates, you are as sentimental as the rest of us and as human.

SOCRATES: Thank you. There is perhaps some truth in what you say. But quite honestly I do not consider our generation of writers to be of sufficient importance that we should concern ourselves very closely with what we are doing. Had you yourself more of an ironic spirit, were you a little more subtle and a little less openly sentimental, then I think you might write of yourself and your work with safety. As it is I fear for your self-exposure.

MYSELF: That is kind of you, Socrates, but it is just this fear that is cramping yourself and your friends.

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In your determined avoidance of self-consciousness you are more highly self-conscious than I. Why should I not try and determine where I stand?

SOCRATES: True. But wherefore publicly?

MYSELF: Because it is an attempt at the truth. Because after writing for fifteen years I have made so little advance in my art that it is interesting to discover the reason, and I am beginning all over again. There are others in my own state. And I wish they too would speak of their difficulties.

SOCRATES: Is that true? Or are you saying what you would wish others to believe?

MYSELF: That is true.

SOCRATES: Well, remember . . . *et ego in Arcadia vixi*. . . .

IV

I think, indeed, that Socrates and some of my other friends have left Arcadia too far behind them. They are too clever and are laying altogether too heavy an emphasis upon the value of brains. Anatole France, most beloved of all living writers in any language today, is never the great artist more surely than when he is perfectly simple, forgets his irony, and is even what Socrates and his friends would name sentimental — as in "Le Lys Rouge" when the lights shine down upon the lovers from Fiesole, as in "Les Dieux Ont Soif" when the maker of dancing dolls gives shelter to the old priest and the prostitute: passages of so tender a nature that no one of the newer novelists would permit himself so dangerous an emotion.

Indeed when I am told, as I am so frequently in this year of grace 1923, that the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Bloom are to be accepted by us as a full revelation of life, I rebel with all the vehemence in my power. Brilliant in language and in vision "Ulysses" may be. M. Valéry Larbaud and Messrs. Ezra Pound and Murry are perhaps right when they acclaim it a masterpiece of method and construction. It may be a work of intense erudition, and of such a Medusa-like novelty that English fiction having gazed upon its face never will be the same again. All this may be true. I am not qualified to speak. But this I do know — that there is not in "Ulysses" from the first word to the last one hint of nobility, of fine feeling, of unselfishness, of kindliness to others, of virtue or any restraint. Indeed, this venture of naming nobility is, in these postwar days, a dangerous business. *Nous avons changé tout cela*. . . .

Human nature is mean, bestial, furtive, preoccupied eternally with sex, discontented and deeply ironical. No one acts today from fine motives — fine motives indeed are merely erotic emanations from some buried Freudian complex. But when I look around upon my friends — and I have a very varied collection — I cannot discover this persistent sex mania, this cruelty and selfishness and preoccupation with disordered digestion. There is A—— who is suffering from an incurable disease and nevertheless gets much amusement out of life; there is X—— named by all his friends a cynic but happy and cozy in his cynicism; there is M—— who is comfortably married but is neither stupid, stagnating, nor loathing his children; and his children, poor innocents, know nothing at all of the Œdipus complex.

Quite frankly Bloom and Dædalus and Miss Richardson's Miriam and the ridiculous gargoyles of Ben Hecht and even the worried sexual workers of Sherwood Anderson's longer stories

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seem to me as far from real life as are the heroes of Mr. Curwood and Miss Dell, the heroines of Zane Grey and Hall Caine. I am ready to admit that much that is interesting in human psychology has been discovered by the modern psychological scientists, although the Book of Genesis I fancy covers most of it — but the novel as a form of art is another thing than the novel as a photographic recorder of surface realism.

I am old-fashioned enough to believe in the art of narrative, in the creation of characters independent of the narrator's personal autobiography. And, after all, this removal of inhibitions is well enough — but is there to be no restraint, no admiration for self-negation and self-sacrifice, no picture of kindliness, love that is not bestial? Are not ideals as important as realities? Is not the dream as important as the business? Are not the elements of pity and tenderness some of the craftsman's tools? Among our younger writers have not the authors of "Jane Clegg" and "Nocturne", of "Joanna Godden" and "The Altar Steps" shown us that modern realism can be more than realistic and modern psychology finer than psychoanalysis?

Not long ago a number of English writers were asked to say what they thought of the future of the English novel. One of them, J. D. Beresford, who ought to have known better, actually stated it as his belief that the novel as an art form was worn out and finished.

Does that not show to what ends the novel is being today turned? So long as there are human beings alive on this planet who wish to tell other human beings some anecdote, some adventure, some humorous history, so long will the novel exist. That may not be for a greatly extended period. But while humans remain the tale remains. From Chaucer to Joyce the distance of time is slight. And as in art there is no progress but only a procession of interpreters, let us not disturb our souls with the sense that printing was discovered yesterday nor that, having been so recently found, it should be so swiftly silenced.

V

I am beginning again. Mrs. Seagrim has wiped her eyes, drunk her tea (laced with a drop of the Other), and already tramping in her large flat boots through the stubbly fields has all but forgotten the late departed. The sable plumes are nodding down the hill again. . . . I lick the stub of my pencil. . . . The Crystal Box is once again in sight.

MEMORY

By Percy Waxman

MEMORY is a thorny hedge
Through which events, like scurrying sheep,
Leap, one after the other,
And leave entangled wisps of thought behind.

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CHARLES VILDRAC

By Malcolm Cowley

With a Drawing from Life by Ivan Opffer

IT sometimes seems that the atmosphere of the Parisian literary world is a struggle to succeed more frantic than American business. Too often Parisian authors are climbers of talent who would climb more quickly if part of their energy were not wasted in holding back their rivals. They form little groups, bitterly gossip behind each other's back. Remarkably little of their gossip touches Charles Vildrac; he is a Parisian and a poet but he manages to remain independent of the literary quarrels which boil on every side of him.

He is confronted with the spectacle of authors who claim to despise the public and who waste most of their lives in a vain endeavor to win its approval. He does neither one nor the other; he respects the public but is indifferent to its judgment; perhaps for that very reason his public has been favorable. His colleagues who spent their careers to gain success have failed; meanwhile he achieved it without special effort.

His position is secure in France. He has been translated into German, Czech, Spanish and Italian, Danish, Russian, English. His first play was produced in London, New York, and most of the capitals of Europe, and it was performed in Paris oftener than any other piece in the whole repertoire of the Vieux Colombier. Shortly before I met him he received a letter from Russia about its favorable reception there, and another from San Francisco telling how "The S. S. Tenacity" had been suppressed at the University of California by the regent. He had almost the same smile for the two letters.

His success is out of all proportion with the quantity of his work. During the two decades of his literary career he has published two thin books of verse, of which the first, "The Book of Love", was excellently translated by Witter Bynner. He has written a book of prose sketches and three plays. The second of these, "Michel Auclair", is still running in Paris and the third will shortly be produced. With the exception of two or three early volumes, long out of print, that is the total of his work; it is about as much as an active literary hack would produce in a single year. But the quality is not the same, for Vildrac has never signed his name to anything careless.

He says, "An author should not write all the time nor every day." He does not mean that one should work only in a state of rare and inspired frenzy; he means simply that there is no use working when one's head is empty, or struggling to write fifty bad books when there is matter, perhaps, for half a dozen good ones. He has too much respect for literature to use it like a livery horse. "An author should never live by his pen," he says. If his own books have been successful, he never depended on them for a

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livelihood; he found his money elsewhere and it was often hard to find.

The question of his daily bread played a large part in the founding of the Abbey, that famous Abbey without an abbot which is mentioned so often in studies of contemporary French letters. It was in 1907. A number of writers and artists clubbed together to purchase a ramshackle building in a village not too near Paris. There they installed a linotype and a press and their own selves, and set out earning a living by publishing books. Vildrac was not exactly their leader but he was the moving spirit; the idea was his. If he had consulted the elder publishers, the publishers who are reputed to make money, they could have told him how vain was the attempt, but I hardly think they could have held him back.

Judged by commercial standards the Abbey was a failure. The next year its members returned to Paris, to their offices or families or proud garrets, and the linotype passed into the hands of a more conventional printing establishment. Yet the real life of the Abbey was immensely longer than a year or two; in fact it still endures. The Abbey is one of the influences which molded the ideas of a whole generation of writers, and lives in their books. Even today it is said of such men as Vildrac or Duhamel; Jules Romains, Luc Durtain, Léon Bazalgette: "He belongs to the Abbey group." The remark is one of those rubber stamps which make possible the life of a French hack reviewer.

But as a stamp it is hardly exact. Most of the members of the so called Abbey group never belonged to the real Abbey. Nor could the young writers who actually worked there be said to form a group, in the narrow French sense of the word. All of them were revolting against the polite rhetoric which, in 1907, passed current for verse, and they had a common ideal of life. Otherwise they never would have founded the Abbey. They had little more in common. Their ideals of literature were most diverse, and in no sense of the word did they constitute a school.

Vildrac himself dislikes to be ticketed with any group, whether Unanimist or Internationalist or merely of the Abbey. He believes more strongly each year that literature is a purely individual question, and that a book should be judged for itself instead of for its bearing on a preconceived system of ideas. His views would seem orthodox in America, but in Paris, where literature is a hierarchy of schools and systems, they have a revolutionary ring.

"In Paris today", Vildrac says, "it is orthodox to be traditional and to assume an academic attitude, whether of academic classicism or academic symbolism. Academicism means adopting a fixed formula, utilizing a civilization with pedantry. Personally I avoid the formulas of intellectualism and believe that the artist should forget or assimilate culture of every sort, so as to devote his efforts honestly and tenaciously to the discovery of himself and to the free development of his gifts.

"To read certain critics one would believe that the movement which dominates France today is an academic classicism. Such is not the case. But there exists, as opposed to works which are based like mine on feeling and sentiment, an affectation of intellectualism, of 'French culture'; a cult of the pure and heartless intelligence.

"It is an attitude similar to that of the Germans before their defeat, and

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Drawn from life for THE BOOKMAN *by Ivan Opffer and autographed by M. Vildrac*

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French writers have copied it naïvely at the same time as a stupid national pride.

"As for the neo-classicists, they have theories but few works if any, and their theories are worn with too much handling to be the basis of a contemporary literature. They call for an imitation not of the real classics but of their imitators. However, one cannot compose Racinian tragedies today, and the rhetorical Latin nymphs which they describe have only the faintest of connections with life as we lead it. The neo-classicists have adopted a purely bookish attitude."

Vildrac himself is not bookish in the least and strikes no attitudes. But, in a different and unexpected way, he could be called classical. Writing about the most daily of incidents in the language of the street, he has the ability to raise them to the level of high tragedy. His poems and his plays are simple, graceful, severe, a little in the manner of the Parthenon. If he has no kinship with the fourth-hand classicism of today, which derives from the third-hand classicism of Racine and the second-hand classicism of Virgil, he is closely related to the Greeks themselves. Like them he writes what he has to write, without theories or affectations. He is emotional but not emotionalist and simple without being simplist; if he is not a classicist he is already somewhat of a classic.

HELEN

By H. D.

ALL Greece hates
the still eyes in the white face,
the lustre as of olives
where she stands,
and the white hands.

All Greece reviles
the wan face when she smiles,
hating it deeper still
when it grows wan and white,
remembering past enchantments
and past ills.

Greece sees unmoved,
God's daughter, born of love,
the beauty of cool feet
and slenderest knees,
could love indeed the maid,
only if she were laid,
white ash amid funereal cypresses.

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A SHORT COURSE IN BOOK ILLUSTRATION

By Robert Cortes Holliday

ONE time in the long ago — on October 13, 1906, to be quite exact — the New York "Times" was provoked to comment sarcastically on a style of book illustration very much current at that period. It was in the heyday of that stuffed affair known as the "gift book". Of the making of elaborately illustrated editions of every conceivable classic of literature there was no end. Masterpieces, great and little, were illustrated at all hazards, and as often as not with comical inappropriateness. The editorial commentator in the "Times" cited as especially wonderful instances of lack of discrimination the selection of E. W. Kemble, popular as a delineator of the southern darky, to make drawings for "The Vicar of Wakefield", and of Elizabeth Shippen Green, who had gained her following by the sentiment in her drawings of children, to illustrate "The City of Dreadful Night". Hardly anything, of course, could have been more preposterous. There were other examples galore almost as ludicrous. One in particular that the memory cannot lose was the set of drawings commissioned of Howard Chandler Christy for a "de luxe" volume of poems by James Whitcomb Riley. But the book buying public of the time, or at any rate the very considerable and apparently insatiable gift-book buying public, evidently was not perturbed a jot by the phenomenon of a group of aristocratic New York types comporting themselves as natives in the neighborhood of the ol' swimmin' hole. Performances of that kind could be counted on for a great run.

And then, maybe a dozen years or so ago, the huge vogue of the "art book" of this order began to wane. Perhaps in the natural course of things it was on the road to wearing out its welcome. People, it may be, had begun to have enough of such contraptions. At any rate, with the war the flood of elaborately illustrated books of all kinds went out. Highly difficult manufacturing conditions made such volumes too expensive a publishing venture. Books of value to the discriminating student were for a while in eclipse, as well as the erstwhile merely popular picture volumes. Latterly, with the return to better publishing conditions, the illustrated book on a fairly sumptuous scale has been coming back. What, one may inquire, is to be its general tendency in this new day?

We are all very much aware of our literary renaissance. The serious biography has supplanted in popular favor the hack writer's spurious concoctions which of yore loaded the fashionable bookseller's tables — "Georges Sand and Her Lovers", and all that kind of thing. Poetry of intellectual content, the literary essay, criticism, fiction of searching social analysis, of course, are upon the town, and our old friend Pollyanna and her kith and kin are nowhere. Most happily, the trend in recently published books going in more or less lavishly for illustration

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has been decidedly in an auspicious direction. These volumes have been mainly bona fide art books: not art books of the rather superficial type which prevailed a good deal in the gift book days — a fancy affair of much picture with a trimming of gossipy text — but the ambitious productions of the historian and the critic. The several months just past have furnished, most notably perhaps, such excellent and enduring volumes as the exhaustive folios on the work of the Adams, by Arthur T. Bolton, curator of the Sloane Museum; the rich and comprehensive work on "Subjects Portrayed in Japanese Color Prints", by Basil Stewart; the study of "Goya as Portrait Painter", by Beruete y Moret, the late director of the Prado; the worthy memorial volume to J. Alden Weir, and the monograph, "Honoré Daumier", with manifold reproductions and sympathetic essays by several hands. And, by the way, another outstanding book of quite authentic art for which we are indebted to recent months is the ever delectable Max Beerbohm's "Rossetti and His Circle". So the times yield a fair enough profit for the student and the amateur of art, the wideawake collector.

But there are signs, too, that in the world of embellished books the millennium is not yet at hand. The publisher today has indicated in a way heartening to those concerned for the matter his confidence in the support of a very fair body of book buyers who are, to some degree, at least, connoisseurs. And there is, in contrast with more florid publishing days of the past, an agreeable absence of "color books" and other such truck. But aroundabout here and there in the new era one begins again to come upon a threatening survival of the most woeful ideas in illustrated editions of works of literature. And is it not one's bounden duty, when he knows them for what they are, to view with alarm the possibility of their return this coming season in greater numbers?

The reason why such senseless book illustration continues to be possible may be illuminated by the following parable. One time not long ago a person who had in youth thought to be a painter and who had directed his early education toward that end was talking for several days, in his home, with a very distinguished poet, one of the very first in rank indeed of our poets: a man of the most lofty artistic conscience in his work, firmly holding to exacting standards of craftsmanship, detesting the faintest breath of the meretricious and the shallow in literature, his life a persistent pondering of the varying aspects of beauty which he feels around him. On his wall, handsomely framed, the visitor observed the original drawing of an "illustration" which had been used in one of this author's books of poems. It was so wretchedly feeble as to make the visitor squirm in his chair to look at it.

With, obviously, a feeling of cheerful approval for the lamentable thing the poet got it down for his friend's closer inspection, and unsuspectingly asked him what he thought of it. Polite, evasive murmurs, his friend felt, in the presence of a nature of such intense sincerity would have been a shabby way out of the situation. And so the matter was frankly taken up — the matter of the appalling discrepancy between the vitality of the author's own work and the total emptiness of the "decoration" made to accompany it, to (shall we say?) "interpret" it. This very sagacious man

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of pungent verse didn't require to be hit on the head with a marline spike to get the idea; when (at last) he really looked into that picture he saw that there was nothing there at all.

A perception of the principles of decorative art does not "come natural". It does not even necessarily "go along with" a very careful belletristic education. I have known very celebrated Oxonians whose comments (innocent but firm) on "art" would drive a painter into something like delirium tremens. Any number of people who are in familiar contact with literature have little or no insight into the work of the painter and the draftsman. Paint and line do not talk in the selfsame language as literature.

An uncommonly high and sensitive intelligence in any art is not at all incompatible with a very decided blind spot in regard to another. Painters are not in general noted for their discernment in matters of literature. Nor actors, nor musicians. Indeed, a good many of them (anyone, I think, will say who has lived among them) do not read, to speak of, at all. But a painter (we'll say) does not, usually, "set up" to be an arbiter of taste in literature. A critic of literature would probably dismiss his judgment if he should presume to do so. At any rate, there would not be enough of his kind to affect the course of a work of literature.

On the other hand, I quote from the recent letter of an esteemed book loving friend of mine: "It is quite true that it seems to be more or less generally assumed that if we have something of an instructed and cultivated taste in literature we are, *because* of that, equally sensitive to art." Of course, it is an old, old quarrel between the literary man and the painter. Art is long and this article must be brief. The point of my friend's letter for the discussion in hand comes here: "I frankly admit that I am a perfect dunce as an art critic. I wouldn't think for a minute of posing as such. I do, however, think I know something about *book illustration.*"

He then goes on, it should be added, to tell of the books he has collected for their drawings; and they turn out to represent no duncelike array of art at all: Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Leech, Rackham, Hugh Thomson, and Beerbohm. But an excellent text he has left with us — the notion that one need not be concerned with the principles of some kind of fine art in museums and galleries to have good taste in book illustrations. Bad illustration is frequently furthered by cavalier dicta handed down by some of our favorite book commentators; just the other moment there flitted before my saddened spectacles such a happy go lucky compliment paid to the decorative designs made for a mediæval romance of wide publicity which æsthetically have no business there at all. Editors of publications of excellent literary quality again and again reproduce in the pages under their control illustrations nowhere in keeping with the cultural sophistication of their text — drawings which if they should see them as they see poems they would summarily have thrown out. And in justice to book publishers it should be said that some of their most peculiar offerings in the way of picturified editions of this and that are not inspired solely by an avaricious hope for quick sales. They are not unlikely to think that the stuff is all right.

Not a bad way to come to some appreciation of any art is to realize how bad some of the worst of it is. One of the most deplorable failures in il-

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lustrated editions persists with greatest regularity. More often than not the variety of book seized upon is precisely the kind of literature most difficult of all for pictorial art to reflect. There was, indeed, nothing incongruous about William Blake's setting about to make a series of designs for "The Book of Job". And Hans Holbein was in his sphere when he turned for the moment to the illustration of the Old Testament and "The Dance of Death". We need not be aghast at Delacroix's seeking (with questionable success) to interpret "Faust" and "Hamlet". And though Doré's grandiloquent mannerism fell far short of the "Inferno", there is a certain amount of logic in the combination. But such a thing (and it is likely to appear any moment) as an edition of "The Book of Job" illustrated by a young lady entering upon study in the life class at the Art Students' League of New York *is* more than likely to be decidedly worse than senseless.

A small army of illustrators of varying talent have at one time and another essayed the "Rubáiyát", but who has had the peculiar genius to catch the spirit of the magic of Omar Khayyám? Nearly all of the decorated editions are very bad. Frank Brangwyn made the poem an excuse for a set of colorful posters. Elihu Vedder, doubtless, came nearest to the spirit of the Persian philosopher, and is the standard. But, to my mind, he is pretty prosaic. I seem to feel a decided lack of wine in his nature.

Now, it takes something more than a little talent to create a picture which has any value to it of such a thing as, let us say, Morning in the Bowl of Night flinging the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight. The common resource of the journeyman illustrator who has the cheerful temerity to attack the symbolism in works of literary genius is vagueness. And when he leaves everything, so to say, up in the air, he is pretty sure to be complimented here and there upon having his work "full of feeling". In fact, this lack of clarity which is thought by some to be a mark of the imagination is much more apt to be the mark not of imagination but of the absence of it. The more farfetched the literary image, the more precise in the hands of a great artist generally has been the presentation of it. There is no feeling about blindfolded in a mist in the actually sublime "Apocalypse" woodcuts of Albrecht Dürer.

Many a profound masterpiece of literature reduced to a bare outline of its concrete action would be but a sorry story — and that precisely is what popular illustrated editions often have made of them. Edmund J. Sullivan, himself an illustrator of distinction, in an excellent volume for the student, "The Art of Illustration" (1921), cautions his reader to be diffident about undertaking to make an illustration for the line: "O Absalom, my son, my son!" Dramatic gesture alone is untrue. The drama of a broken heart becomes (in another way) more heartbreaking still when travestied by gesticulating hands, extended fingers and protruding eyes.

It is a familiar thing to find a literary work of lofty moral or lyrical exaltation accompanied by a set of what may correctly be called costume plates. What happens is that the characteristic magic of the work begins to evaporate as soon as the dramatis personæ are bodied forth to the eye in the dress of the period; the drawings convey nothing more than do the illustrations of a melodramatic novel. The story element is emphasized and the lyricism or fervor expelled — it is

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the mediocre husk alone that remains.

But enough of this side of the matter. The best way to come at an understanding appreciation of any art is to cultivate an acquaintance with the best that has been done in it. Books were illustrated from the beginning. Erudite interest in finely illustrated books has resulted in various public and private collections of noteworthy examples. A memorable collection which exemplified book illustration at its best throughout four centuries was assembled in the print gallery of the New York Public Library in 1919. An instructive little essay called "The Illustrated Book", by Frank Weitenkampf, chief of the arts and prints division, may be had of the Library for a very nominal charge. It consists of "notes" on the exhibition prepared for the Library Bulletin, reprinted together with several illustrations. Uniform with this leaflet, and likewise to be obtained, is a valuable pamphlet by Dr. Weitenkampf entitled "Illustrated Books of the Past Four Centuries", a record of the exhibition in the form of a catalogue elaborately annotated from many sources. Dr. Weitenkampf is the author, too, of a very useful little historical volume called "American Graphic Art", issued by a New York publishing house in 1912, which contains a chapter on our book illustration. All in all, the illustrative work of America is in many ways perhaps more interesting than that of any other country; at least Mr. Pennell has asserted that it is.

Though the supreme classics of literature have not always fared well at the hands of the illustrators, they have repeatedly engaged the powers of men of genius. The Dantesque illustrations of Botticelli presented a conjunction of two spirits which enriched the world of art with some enchanting designs, and gave stimulus to the analysts of the poet. The idea of the need for an artist to adjust his design to the conditions of the printer was of later date. The independent pictorial interpretation of a great literary theme, even when successful from the literary or artistic point of view, is not logically an illustration, even when bound into a book by means of "inserts" or other devices. Illustration should comport in perfect harmony with the printed page, a result which has not been achieved by many illustrious artists.

The history of book illustration from the earliest times follows, of course, the history of the development of processes for reproducing decorative designs; and the art finds an expression not only in the individuality of the artist but, naturally, in the group individuality of the nation or race. An Italian classic of the fifteenth century changes its color with the cuts redrawn in a French edition of the sixteenth century.

A very rapid survey of the field of outstanding modern book illustration may have its uses. The Pre-Raphaelites Rossetti and Millais appropriately lent their hand to the illustration of the Moxon "Tennyson" (1857), which introduces the group known as the men of the 'sixties. In this group was included Charles Keene, who stands as the equal of any of the world's master draftsmen. In Germany at approximately this time Adolf Menzel, one of the greatest illustrators of the century, was employed upon his two hundred illustrations for the works of Frederick the Great. In France, in 1863 or thereabout, Doré's "Don Quixote" and Rabelais illustrations, done with so much *élan*, were entering upon their immense vogue—now gone down the wind. And a little later in Lon-

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don John Tenniel made the forty-two drawings which probably will always stand as the rare right illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland".

Nothing more exquisitely appropriate can be found in book illustration than the drawings made early in the nineteenth century by Edwin Abbey for Herrick, "Old Songs", and "She Stoops to Conquer". If his famous Shakespeare illustrations express grace rather than dramatic force or grandeur, he at least did as well as anyone has ever done. It is to be regretted that his fellow countryman of the period, Howard Pyle, though he exercised his distinguished and versatile gifts throughout thirty years of prominent attainment, did not set himself to some work which would stand as a particular monument. In England at about this time a boy of twenty, Aubrey Beardsley, was lavishing his rich invention and the resources of his decorative line upon the five hundred and forty-eight vignettes and decorative borders which he did for the "Morte d'Arthur". And a French gift of rare talent to the art of illustration of the period was the Boutet de Monvel "Jeanne d'Arc" drawings. Many lesser though happy unions of pen or brush with classic text have of necessity in this space been passed over.

In the infant years of the present century was issued a work which in high authority is held to be the pinnacle of book illustration, the Daniel Vierge edition of "Don Quixote" (1906). In this overshadowing undertaking the most noted pen draftsman of his age, as Royal Cortissoz observes in his introduction to the volumes, rounded out his long and active life as though with a predestined felicity. Throughout his years he had cultivated the medium of the pen with close reference to modern reproductive processes. Spanish born, Velasquez and Goya his ancestors and true masters, he gives us a brilliant and worthy interpretation of one Spanish master by another.

Would that artist and publisher and general public could in this day draw more into "cahoots" — the possibilities of book illustration would be illimitable.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Jean Starr Untermeyer

A HASTY perusal of February's magazines showed little poetry of real significance. It took several readings and real searching to find verse that seemed worthy of quoting. The gem of the month appeared in "The New Republic" and was written by a poet, so far, little known. Such work of hers as has appeared, however, possesses a high distinction both in content and technique and will repay the reader for the concentration it demands to get its real meaning. The poet is Leonie Adams, still a student at Barnard College, and the poem is:

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THOUGHT'S END

I watched the hills drink the last color of light,
All shapes grow bright and wane on the pale air.
Till down the traitorous east there came the night,
And swept the circle of my seeing bare.
Its intimate beauty like a wanton's veil
Tore from the void as from an empty face.
I felt at being's rim all being fail,
And my one body pitted against space.
O heart more frightened than a wild bird's wings,
Beating at green, now is no fiery mark
Left on the quiet nothingness of things.
Be self no more against the flooding dark:
There thousandwise sown in that cloudy blot
Stars that are worlds look out and see you not.

Leonie Adams
—*The New Republic*

Here the emotional stuff of beauty is strained through a fine sieve of the intellect and molded again into a strong and delicate design.

The lady in the justly celebrated "Patterns" might be speaking again after a lapse of turbulent years in this poem of Amy Lowell's:

NUIT BLANCHE

I want no horns to rouse me up to-night,
And trumpets make too clamorous a ring
To fit my mood, it is so weary white
I have no wish for doing anything.

A music coaxed from humming strings would please;
Not plucked, but drawn in creeping cadences
Across a sunset wall where some Marquise
Picks a pale rose amid strange silences.

Ghostly and vaporous her gown sweeps by
The twilight dusking wall, I hear her feet
Delaying on the gravel, and a sigh,
Briefly permitted, touches the air like sleet.

And it is dark, I hear her feet no more.
A red moon leers beyond the lily-tank.
A drunken moon ogling a sycamore,
Running long fingers down its shining flank.

A lurching moon, as nimble as a clown,
Cuddling the flowers and trees which burn like glass.
Red, kissing lips, I feel you on my gown—
Kiss me, red lips, and then pass—pass.

Music, you are pitiless to-night.
And I so old, so cold, so languorously white.

Amy Lowell
—*The Double Dealer*

In the same number of "The Double Dealer" there is a pointed bit of contrast (more or less in the manner of Edgar Lee Masters), called "History", but I prefer to quote of Malcolm Cowley's his whimsical "Three Hills" from "Poetry":

THREE HILLS

Fontaine-les-Dijon, August, 1921

There is a beauty for some
In this country cut into tiny squares,
Like peppermint candy, by garden walls;
With grape-vines growing against the walls,
And stunted fruit-trees—pear and plum,
Each fruit picked off before it falls.

There is a beauty I have seen.
Today I view it with a question,
Tired of a too, too brilliant green,
Too brilliant whites against the green.
Perhaps, from eating their plums, I have
A slight attack of indigestion.

At least my stomach is turned against
This landscape of carefully rounded plum-trees.
I long for a landscape where briars sprout
Under the twisted, fantastical gum-trees;
For a perverse, untutored country,
With all the gardens inside out.

In my own country the great pines grow
At the edge of the woods, in the heart of the woods,
Wherever it pleased the wind to plant them;
Not in formation, row by row,
In space the needs of men could grant them.
And in my country chestnut-trees
Blossom and bear wherever they please.

About my country is nothing grand:
Three marching hills in minuscule;
Two valleys that I could hold in my hand;
Eight farms; a crossroads store; a school
Which, like the hills, is dusty green;
A church where I was never seen;

A trout stream—so I catalogue
The beauties of my country:
Item: A grove of hickory;
Item: A hollow maple log;

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Item: An island in a bog;
Item: Damn my memory —
You can imagine the rest!

But sometimes when the candles sputter,
The trees outside, lost in the utter
Black darkness of the night, croon songs
Like those of my own country.
And sometimes when in bed I see
Three hills against the canopy,
Three mischievous little hills that lie
Side by side, in a narrow bed,
Kicking their feet up at a muslin sky.

Malcolm Cowley
—*Poetry*

There is in this poem a little of that dryness and more than a hint of ennui and disillusion that is so characteristic of the later — or is it latest? — intelligentsia, but it is relieved and lifted into lightness by its fancy — its well tamed fancy, to be sure.

"Poetry" also prints an interesting sequence by Marjorie Allen Seiffert. It is the record of a romantic encounter of an experienced woman. She feels the lure of love, but analyzes and distrusts its magic — a woman, however, who can partake of or renounce at will. The fourth poem called "If Loving Me" is the crux of the series and recalls, a little by its rhythm, especially the cadence of its last line, the characteristic verses of Anna Wickham; but the American poet is less torn, more self-sufficient and spiritually secure than her English sister.

IF LOVING ME

If, loving me, you pour
Your love into my spirit, and discover
Its shape and its design,
You cannot alter it. There is no more
Shaping to be done, for it was made
When long ago it was filled with fire;
And now it is unalterably mine.
I still desire
Love, but I am unafraid —
The days when it could shatter me are over.
I hold it as a cup holds wine,
But emptiness cannot destroy me, O my lover!

Marjorie Allen Seiffert
—*Poetry*

The last issue of "The Lyric" is devoted, with a few exceptions, to the poetry of Lizette Woodworth Reese. Of the poems printed here I select the sonnet called

A PORTRAIT

Behind the plaintive weather of your smile,
What crumbling Aprils, what frayed tumults lie,
You, that are gone from us a many a while,
Beyond the fall of leaf, or change of sky?
What phantom thing went by your half-lit pane,
Some long since dusk, and in the going wept
Its ended loveliness? In the pale rain,
The tall house shook, and ever after kept
The look of tears. A dream may pass,
And love be bitter-brief. From dreams cut free —
That love is fleet as flower white or blue
Unpetaled down a yard of village grass,
You knew. I know, and break the heart in me.
Count me the years till I shall smile like you!

Lizette Woodworth Reese
—*The Lyric*

and the sharply packed and not unsympathetic

A PURITAN LADY

Wild Carthage held her, Rome,
Sidon. She shook to tears
Tall, golden Helen, wearying
Behind the Trojan spears.

Old Antwerp knew her well;
She wore her sober gown
In some tall house in Oxford grass,
Or lane in Salem town.

Humble and high in one,
Cool, certain, different,
She lasts; scarce saint, yet half a child,
As hard, as innocent.

What grave, long afternoons,
What caged airs round her blown,
Stripped her of humor, left her bare
As cloud, or wayside stone?

Made her as clear a thing,
In this slack world as plain
As a white flower on a grave,
Or sleet sharp at a pane?

Lizette Woodworth Reese
—*The Lyric*

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Somewhat in the same spare manner but radiating more emotional heat is this poem of another gifted and younger poet:

OCTAVE

The wine that we drank was vinegar,
Our bread was heavy as stone,
Yet we sat to eat like friends well met,
Though each rose, anhungered, alone.

Then we fed on the roots of bitterness,
And cracked the nut, despair,
The husk whereof was cunningly wrought,
But the kernel too small to share.

Babette Deutsch
—*The New Republic*

But, lest this résumé seem a too special pleading for women, I must add these slight but singing verses of Joseph Auslander which please me more than anything I have seen of his. Here he evokes a drowsy music, especially in the lulling last line. It gives one the effect of drifting into slumber on a warm summer afternoon, half smiling, with the drone of insects and the warm smell of grass ascending. Of course this mood may be a kind of self-hypnosis, but why analyze too closely? Here is the poem:

THREE THINGS

Three things filled this day for me,
Three common things filled this day;
Each had, for me, a word to say;
Said it in beauty, and was done:
Cows on a hillside all one way,
A buttercup tilted seductively,
And a lark arguing with the sun.

These three things, merely these three,
Were enough to cry the world
Out of my heart: the buttercup curled
Where some gorgeous ruffian plundered;
The skylark's dizzy flag unfurled;
The placid cows pensively
Wondering why they wondered.

Joseph Auslander
—*The New Republic*

I wish there were space enough to quote Alfred Kreymborg's sonnet sequence, "Savonarola Burning", from "Prairie" — a continuation of "The Milwaukee Arts Monthly" under a new name. That archchampion of new forms, Alfred Kreymborg, apprentices his muse to one of the most classic of verse forms. She is, apparently, an obedient and accomplished handmaiden, and sings with dignity and dramatic effect at the behest of her master. If I could decide which to choose, I would quote one of the series, but as they seem to me to form a pattern with their ever ascending interrogations, I can't bring myself to the vandalism of disturbing their effective arrangement.

Now that my allotment of space is nearly filled, I find myself wanting to quote, but must be content to catalogue, "Memory of Cape Cod" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Capriccio" by Babette Deutsch, both from "Rhythmus", and to whisper, because of family modesty, "Child and Her Statue" by Louis Untermeyer in the same issue; also to call attention, in "Prairie", to "Ghetto Prostitute", in which Mr. Untermeyer experiments, successfully I think, with concealed rhyming and achieves a jagged, painful impression of hurry, noise, and the broken interplay of soul and sense. No need to mention "The Nation's" prize poem, "King David" by Stephen Vincent Benét, which succeeds in being Benét's own in spite of some overtones of Vachel Lindsay.

I find my enthusiasm rising and my volubility gaining by its own momentum, but a frugal conscience bids me await the offering of another month.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XIX: *ROBERT FROST*

With a Caricature by William Gropper

ROBERT FROST is what the bucolic Virgil might have been, had Virgil, shorn of his Latinity and born of Scotch-New England parentage, spent most of his life where thermometers remain near and often below zero for three months of each year. If Mr. Frost had lived in classical Italy or Greece, he would probably have tended sheep. And only his flocks would have heard many of his poems, so seldom does he write and so much of his poetry is little more than contemplative conversation. He is a poet of mountain land and of pasture; but how foreign to him would be the mellow temperament of a Virgil! His farms are on rugged hillsides, his meadows too filled with stones. He knows the orchard wall and the mountain, the barn and the birch tree, the Vermont farmer in the fields at haying time or on log roads in winter. All these are not only the properties for his stage set. They are the tools with which he has worked. He *is* a farmer —Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, what state you will — but a farmer! A poet of the minutiæ of a locality, a singer of Yankee moods, he yet succeeds in being both national and universal because of his intuitive understanding of the stark motivation of simple minds. His "North of Boston" is a series of dramatic portraits of New England farm folk; but it is more than that, it is an epic of the lives of isolated and lonely people, wherever in the world they may be.

Frost, the man, gives an impression of great force, combined with a sort of tentativeness. Perhaps this is because thoughts are so vital to him. He thinks slowly. He acts slowly. Sensitive, upright, dignified, Mr. Frost is a *good man* moving in a world of wickedness. His New England consciousness of the wicked, he has tried to lay over with a gloss of tolerance. His extreme gentleness of spirit has resulted. He has determined to preserve this gentleness, this freshness of viewpoint in the face of all disillusionment. Consequently he has few prejudices. A tolerant, wise man, with less pity for mankind than willingness to observe people and accept them without superimposing an emotion. His close friends, though not many, are diverse. Among them can be found such contrasting personalities as the brittle minded Louis Untermeyer and the blunt souled Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Mr. Frost's life has been filled neither with the physical indecision nor the moral ramblings of undisciplined genius. His ethical firmness partakes of the nature of the hills. His adventures are those of a soul carefully tempered by corporeal decision. Many of the things that are most important to most men are not important at all to him. Of pride of possession he has none. His ambition is the development of his art, not the successful understanding of writing as

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Robert Frost

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a possible business. His home is important to him. So is his family. So is his poetry which, in its essence, is a simple facing of the facts of life. Beyond this, he does not go. He fights no glorious combats with existence. He is not a propagandist for God or Puritanism — no, not even for the back to the farm movement.

Frost's body, which is sturdy and square, makes little impression on one who meets him for the first time. It is the eyes: bright blue, steady, gentle yet canny, two vivid lights in a face that is otherwise grey. There is the loose, coarse, now almost white hair, the full but finely cut lips, the nose that is a trifle too broad to allow the characterization "Greek" for the whole head, which is indeed a noble one. Physical movements are casual. In old age, they may become soft and shambling. Loose clothes become the poet. If he were to wear a Snappy Cut suit, it would take on the appearance of homespun. He is a dignified figure as he sits on the back porch of his stone farmhouse on a rise of the road near South Shaftsbury, Vermont. One or two of his four children are usually there with him, and Mrs. Frost, a quiet, beautiful woman of steadfast purpose. A mood of calm industry prevails in her household. The family have made a fountain in the back yard, which slopes by bushy meadowland away to the Green Mountains. Frost works late into the night and sleeps far into the morning. He likes to walk. He likes to sit watching that fountain and letting his mind play along its rising and falling waters. Occasional visitors there are, hospitably received.

For a part of the year now, Frost travels, and lives for some months during the winter on the campus of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. He speaks occasionally in public, does it well, but does not enjoy it. If he had his own way, he would spend his time alone with his family, thinking and, from time to time, writing. He has never taught himself to write when occasion demands. Apparently he indulges his moods and waits upon them. He has taught his soul to listen too long, to express itself too seldom. In this, he is more poet than journalist. The charge of laziness which has been brought against him seems false. He prefers to write only well, and consequently makes firm demands of his inspiration and his intellect. His control is sometimes a little too studied, his intent too often philosophical rather than lyrical. The body of his work is dryer than need be. You feel that he has often intended a lyric which turned out an eclogue.

The only note of bitterness in his make up is his attitude toward the writer who despoils his art, and the public which does not countenance comparative indigence in the artist. He feels, perhaps, that the leisure of poets is misunderstood, that periods of contemplation seem times of drought to the average intelligence. The sound of literary claques is annoying to him. If he is intolerant of anything, it is of a certain type of literary personage chiefly to be found in New York clubs.

At various times in his life he has been a teacher; once at Derry, New Hampshire, where his grandfather, despairing of his grandson's business acumen, had bought him a farm. Later he was at the Normal School in Plymouth, New Hampshire, and at Amherst College. His connections with colleges, however, seem irksome. He practically ran away from Dartmouth where he attempted an undergraduate career, and subsequent studies in Latin at Harvard pleased him little. Teach-

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ing, in so far as it does not interfere with his real work, is apparently palatable; but the restrictions of academic life beat sadly upon him and he stands puzzled and amazed in the presence of professorial bickering and arraignments. On the campus of a great western university he is ill at ease, though grateful. Not worldly enough to cultivate the manners of a lion, he yet understands those who would lionize him. Though he could actually despise no one, he is at a loss before the self-conscious hero worshiper. Contact with real talent he doubtless enjoys, and as poetry reader for a publishing house he has shown wisdom as a critic; but the merely determined aspirant to literary honors must necessarily fill a true poet with despair.

His ten years in San Francisco, where he was born, seem to have made as little impression on the body of his work as those spent in Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, England. He commenced writing poetry at fifteen, and American magazines published his work, but it was during his English stay that his first volume, "A Boy's Will", appeared. "North of Boston", too, was published in England before American publishers awoke to the worth of Mr. Frost. This fact, however, seems to worry him not at all. He has no quarrel either with publishers or public.

There is seldom easy and facile grace in the poetry of Robert Frost. An almost rigid adherence to the colloquial prevails; where Lowell and Whittier observed and reported the New England peasant, Frost has become one. He writes stories of their most vivid moments with unswerving power of dramatic presentation. Some of his best pictures are of grim and terrible events, and the whole body of his writing indubitably shows a decaying and degenerating New England. That he fails to see the other side of life is untrue. Passages of great beauty shine from drabness. His events and his characters have moments of warmth and of happiness. Always, however, is manifest the sense of fairness to events as he sees them. He is seldom, if ever, the protagonist. His characters speak for themselves. If he prefers one to another, he conceals his preference with care, as in "Snow", where the reader must be judge between Meserve's impetuosity and the narrowness of the Cole family.

He is a natural dramatist: he sees things as pictures rather than hears them as music. He has written short plays and intends to write longer ones which are still slowly germinating. Soon these projected dramas will become actual plays in Frost's mind. Whether they emerge upon paper or not really matters little to him.

Frost's humor, often of satirical intent, is clumsy. It is intended to catch the dryness and drollery of the Yankee, but it succeeds often in being only very dry. His truest moments of humor are probably accidental and spring simply from his deep understanding of humanity. Like most realists, he is occasionally unconsciously funny. He can write a quatrain that matches Wordsworth's most grotesque ruralism —

> She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow
> Along a stretch of road;
> But she always ran away and left
> Her not-nice load.

And this is the same hand that pens the following superb lines:

> I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
> And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk

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Toward heaven, till the tree could bear
no more,
But dipped its top and set me down
again.

From "The Black Cottage" there is a passage which typifies Frost. Here is the realist groping for truth, letting the world as it is play upon the character of his work; yet after all fundamentally aware that even the realism of the present may come to be the romance of the future, the truth of the past fade out in the light of new discovery. This would be profound pessimism were it not for the fact that Mr. Frost apparently believes that he has discovered the secret of rotating events. He has found stability in this unstable course.

It will turn true again, for so it goes.
Most of the change we think we see in life
Is due to truths being in and out of favour.
As I sit here, and oftentimes, I wish
I could be monarch of a desert land
I could devote and dedicate forever
To the truths we keep coming back and
back to.
So desert it would have to be, so walled
By mountain ranges half in summer snow,
No one would covet it or think it worth
The pains of conquering to force change on.
Scattered oases where men dwelt, but mostly
Sand dunes held loosely in tamarisk
Blown over and over themselves in idleness.
Sand grains should sugar in the natal dew
The babe born to the desert, the sand storm
Retard mid-waste my cowering caravans—

While Frost permits the world to mold his work, the world can never leave its imprint upon his personality. Let it call him what it will, shiftless, irresponsible, lazy; his primary purpose is as firm as the rocks in his own back door yard. If Mr. Frost starts out to think a deep thought, the house may burn about his ears, but he will think his thought to the conclusion that satisfies Mr. Frost.

REALISTIC CREATOR

(*Dedicated to Mr. T. S. Eliot*)

By Maxwell Bodenheim

AN intimate and playful accident
Common to life had placed him on a bench
Beside an old and stiffly wounded wench.
With erudite and careful eyes he sent
A sneer to tear away her feeble mask,
And snatch the battered dulness of her heart.
He spied her only in the scheming part
Of soiled flesh, bickering with some trivial task.

The lacerated madness of her soul
And delicate emotions kicked by life
Did not invade the swift tricks of his mind.
Regarding her, he could not see the whole,
Or catch the psychic lunge behind her strife.
His eyes were savagely adroit, and blind.

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THE LONDONER

W. H. R. Rivers--Henry Bryan Binns--Michael Sadleir--The Sitwells--"The Literary Review"--Sinclair Lewis--Gardiner's Life of Harcourt--Four Liberal Editors--Douglas Goldring--Rose Macaulay's Rag (A Red One).

LONDON, MARCH 1, 1923.

THE first essay in Arnold Bennett's new book, "Things That Have Interested Me (Second Series)", is devoted to a short study of the personality of W. H. R. Rivers, whose death occurred last year. There have also been published here two books by Rivers which have been prepared for the press since his death by friends. They are of very great importance, and those who have appreciated the quality of this remarkable man should turn to Arnold Bennett's essay. It casts a strange light upon the exceedingly quiet man who wrote "Conflict and Dream" and "Psychology and Politics". Rivers did a lot of early work upon primitive anthropology, and he was a really distinguished anthropologist; but latterly he had devoted himself entirely to psychology, and it was as a psychologist that he was becoming known to a larger circle of readers at the time of his death. He is a real loss to workers and learners in this field. He is an even greater loss to his friends, for he was one of the few people who give immediately the sense of ease and untroubled intimacy. Bennett speaks of meeting Rivers through the intervention of Siegfried Sassoon. I must have done the same, although not necessarily at the same time. But once or twice I ran into him alone, and it was on those occasions that I felt the comfort of his unaffected agreeableness. He was not a tall man, was, indeed, an unimpressive figure; brown, and modest in carriage. He wore what I remember as black rimmed glasses, and dressed with a sort of inconspicuous shabbiness. Always, across his face, there spread a wide smile. He had, I believe, all his teeth; but the smile had a geniality which obscured his teeth, and made him appear to have no teeth at all. He took a great interest of course in Coué, and in the visits to England of Baudouin, and that teacher of auto-suggestion. There was one point, however, in the treatment of children which caused him the liveliest dread. He thought it very dangerous. This lay in the "influencing" of children by the parent during sleep. He thought that it would inevitably sap strength from the child's character, so that he or she would be faced later in life with a most unfortunate duality of impulse. There would be the conflict between personal desire and the secondary personality introduced by this — so to speak — nocturnal voice. The point distressed Rivers a great deal. He went so far as to draft a letter to the "Times" pointing out the danger to be apprehended. But he had never before written a letter to a newspaper, and he prided himself upon the fact. The letter, therefore, was never sent. I suggested to him that possibly letter writing to the press was his "suppressed wish". He laughed, but did not agree. I doubt whether he ever

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accepted any idea without considering it with the grimmest care. His mental digestion must have been in perfect order. Bennett says that Rivers's physical digestion was faulty. This may have been so; but at least Rivers never showed any temperamental or intellectual sign of the misfortune. He gave the impression of being one of the most even tempered and kindly creatures I have ever met; and this with no suggestion of softness. Moreover, as he was not ridden by a theory and was not afraid of reality, he was doing work in psychology which would have given the study a new and improved direction. He is a great loss.

* * * *

I have expected in vain some sort of notice to be taken of the death of Henry Bryan Binns. Nobody has appeared, however, to be aware of this event. Binns was a writer somewhat in the Edward Carpenter vein, a poet and philosopher. His name may have been against his wide acceptance in either realm, but he was a sincere and able man. I met him several times a dozen years ago, when he was dressing in a light grey suit and was living upon a vegetable diet. He and I were in company with a number of very superfine young men, all of whom thought in terms of pure art, and in the idiom of Oxford. One of them said to Binns: "What are you working on now?" He answered, "Beans, mostly." It was feeble enough, but it served to disconcert his interlocutor. So I think there must have been something good in Binns.

* * * *

I see that Michael Sadleir's new novel is out and creating the sort of attention that indicates wide and pleasurable reading and discussion. Sadleir caused some excitement a little while ago by rushing to the defense of A. S. M. Hutchinson's literary method. It was a bold and boyish gesture, and I think Sadleir deserves credit for it. After all, there is more snobbery in the love of really affected literature and the condemnation of sentiment than there is in many other things, and most decent people are rather tired of the general lofty disdain of Hutchinson upon the part of the highbrows. I must admit that I discovered a passage in "This Freedom" of which I could make neither head nor tail. "You're not reading it properly!" cried a listener. "Read it yourself, then," said I. She began to do so. Confidently she started out. But her voice wavered. Modulations remained, but no intelligence. However, that did not alter the fact that the success of a book is no reason why it should be regarded as rubbish, and therefore Sadleir's tumble into the arena was most timely. I gather that he does not write books quite in the Hutchinson vein himself. Meanwhile, he is one of the few author-publishers who have their works issued from the offices in which they spend their days. He "discovers" books by other men, including Robert Keable, during the day, and at some time known only to himself writes novels. The rest of the time he apparently plays games and collects Victorian authors in their original editions. I do not know if he does anything else; but it is quite likely that he does. One has only to look at him to see that Sadleir is crammed with energy. His movements are rapid, his manner extremely assured. It appears that he is likely to visit America in the near future, so American readers will have an opportunity of seeing the author of "Privilege" and "Desolate Splendour" for themselves.

Other early visitors to America, I

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learn, are the Sitwells. I must tell you about the Sitwells. They are three in number, and they have been referred to in a burlesque poem as "infant Sitwells baying at the moon". Nothing of the kind. There are three Sitwells, as I have said; and one of them is one of the most distinguished woman poets in this country. This is Edith Sitwell. Her brothers are unlike her in many things, but even they do not bay at the moon. They spend their time, it would appear from innumerable squibs, in baying at the Georgian poets. As will be realized from that, the Sitwells are not Georgians. They are Sitwells. They are the creators of a sort of rival to "Georgian Poetry", called "Wheels" (to which Aldous Huxley and others have been known to contribute), and Osbert Sitwell has issued a book called "Argonaut and Juggernaut" (published in America by Knopf), while Sacheverell Sitwell has issued here through Grant Richards a comparable volume with the title of "The Hundred and One Harlequins". I do not think this book has yet been published in the United States, and this impression is confirmed by a sentence in a recent number of "The Literary Review" which shows that Kenelm Digby has been allured by the title but that he has not seen the book. But the Sitwells are not merely authors. They are a microcosm, a world in little. They survey London, and Italy and Germany and all other countries, are intimate with everybody, and are either liked or greatly disliked personally. They go here and there, and fear no foe. They are responsible for a number of barbed sayings which get repeated, first by themselves and then by everybody who hears them. They unite Socialistic — or rather, democratic — views to a manner which is that of Pure Blood. That is, they are fundamentally aristocratic, and merely toy with political thought. And it must be admitted that they have a King Charles's Head. This head is Georgian poetry. Most people in literary London are thoroughly tired of the squibs which the Sitwells have launched against the leading Georgians; but the Sitwells do not tire. They gather together fresh material for further squibs. If it is true, as I am assured, that they are coming to America, then they should provide much amusement for all those with whom they come into contact. That they will find amusement for themselves, I do not doubt.

* * * *

I mentioned just now the contributions of Kenelm Digby to the "Literary Review" published by the New York "Post". May I say that this paper is now my favorite reading? I do not subscribe to it myself, but I have a kind friend who passes his copy on to me when the apparent vagaries of the postal service allow them to reach England. There is a freshness about this paper which must give great pleasure to all who take it up. If it were all as outspoken and as free from the dread of the big reputation as the best of it is then the paper would be even better. But as it is, it is very well, and I am grateful every time a number is suffered to reach me. Kenelm Digby has no more earnest and admiring readers upon your side than he has in this house. His touch is charming, and his modesty delightful. Moreover, I see good contributed articles appearing in "The Literary Review" by all sorts of admirable persons, including my favorite American poet, Elinor Wylie. More power to the paper, and long may it continue at its present high level. If it can go

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yet higher, and I expect no editor is ever really satisfied with what he has achieved, may I be there to see.

* * * *

Many Americans are in London, shedding their radiance upon a sunless and rainy land; and many more are coming. I gather as much from my own correspondence, which is full of information upon the subject. If they are here, of course, I see some of them, and hear of others. And coming events even bring their shadows (I do not of course mean that they cast any shadows) before them. Last night, for instance, when I was fast asleep, and dreaming that I had written this article before going to bed (which was not in fact the case), I was awakened by the violent ringing of the telephone. It was a strange noise to hear in the dead of night, in the midst of a dream. I slowly awoke, rolling my head upon the pillow. I scrambled out of bed. I stood in my beautiful blue pajamas shivering in the frosty gale which blows through the bedroom. In a feeble, sleepy voice I murmured, "Hullo!" Out of the darkness came another voice, as brisk as football, and it said, "That Mr. Simon Pure?" My teeth chattered an admission, and inside I swore like a character in a woman's war novel. The voice proceeded: "Can you tell me where Mr. Sinclair Lewis is?" "Good God!" said I. "You don't mean to say you've lost him?" "Well, we understand he's in London, and we thought you might be able to tell us where he is." Of course, I knew nothing about Sinclair Lewis. He doesn't write to me. I didn't even know who was speaking to me. So I rang off. However, I see that he actually is back in London, and that he has brought a bacteriologist with him. No doubt for the purpose of analyzing the bacillus infecting the English writers, which makes them so half alive and quarrelsome, which Lewis noticed when he was here last, and which he commented upon so freely when he reached America.

* * * *

A. G. Gardiner's life of Sir William Harcourt has just been published here. It has had a most tumultuous press, very enthusiastic and very lengthy reviews appearing in all the dailies upon publication day. I ran into the author this afternoon, and found him calm in the face of so much excitement. He assured me that he was very pleased, but he took occasion to refer to the present state of reviewing in England, which led us into a long conversation not to be recorded here. Gardiner, as all the world knows, was for a number of years editor of the "Daily News". His articles throughout the war, signed "A.G.G.", made him many thousands of great friends among the people of the country. When he left the "News" I believe his going had its immediate effect upon the circulation of the paper, and it was amusing to notice that when he wrote to the paper about the adverse criticisms which Shaw's play "Heartbreak House" had everywhere received, the "Daily News" issued a special placard announcing a contribution by "A. G. G." This is not Gardiner's only ground for popularity, however, for he writes regularly for the "Star" a short essay which is a really marvelous piece of journalism. Here his pseudonym is "Alpha of the Plough", and the essays are upon casual gossiping subjects, ranging from conversations in the train to Jane Austen, cricket, and bee keeping. Bee keeping is not actually Gardiner's own hobby, but his daughter, I believe, is a most accomplished bee keeper. Cricket, however, is his consuming interest.

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He is an enthusiast. He can talk back to the days which I cannot remember, of Lohmann in his prime, and Richardson and Lockwood and Grace (I do not name them in order of greatness or age) and others equally unknown to the later generation. It is said that upon one occasion a group of four distinguished men, none of them very ample or thrilling conversationalists, had sat without speaking through a luncheon and through some minutes after the luncheon. Things were getting desperate, with these four distinguished men more silent and more shy every instant. Suddenly up came Gardiner. "Hullo!" said he, and joined the fidgeting group. "Hullo," said the others, hopefully, noticing a light in Gardiner's eye. "I see", he announced, "that Hobbs was not out at lunch time. . . . Not out, fifty-three. I remember . . ." At this one of the shy and distinguished men pricked up his ears. Words trembled, unaccustomed, upon his tongue. He began to talk. He had them all in fits of laughter in a few minutes, with anecdotes of his own cricketing experiences, of how Augustine Birrell, playing for the first time in many years, had the misfortune to break his bat, and how, at this misfortune, he turned to the pavilion and cried, "Hi! Send me out some more bats!" That gathering became one of the most delightful parties in which these distinguished men had ever engaged, for the man who had been stirred to narrate his cricketing exploits was none other than J. M. Barrie.

Speaking of Gardiner reminds me that the news of the purchase of "The Nation" is confirmed. The new editor is a man unknown to me, a certain W. D. Henderson. The result is that H. W. Massingham will be the fourth distinguished Liberal editor to lose his paper within the last five years. In order, the editors have been Robert Donald, who edited the "Daily Chronicle", Gardiner, who edited the "Daily News", Spender, who edited the "Westminster Gazette", and Massingham. Donald upon his retirement acquired several newspapers of his own; Gardiner has been writing for a paper called "John Bull" (to which Arnold Bennett also contributes regularly) and has been busy upon biographies of Sir William Harcourt (already mentioned) and George Cadbury (to be published later this year by Cassells); Spender is writing the life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; and Massingham simply *must* write a book of his experiences. All these men are able journalists; and almost all of them are first-class writers into the bargain.

* * * *

The latest book to make a stir here is "Nobody Knows" by Douglas Goldring. It is a burlesque of the ways of the ultramodern young men and women who lead, or are said to lead, a life which goes over the edge of decorum. As Mr. Goldring is a young man who has seen a great deal of the bohemian methods of existing from sensation to sensation, and always without ceasing to observe the funny aspect of what he saw, he is peculiarly qualified to write this burlesque. I think the book should do good. Mr. Goldring has had a long and varied career as a journalist and writer. He was for a time in the office of "The English Review", at a time when that journal was edited by Ford Madox Hueffer. He then edited a monthly journal called "The Tramp", and when that paper died he transferred his energies to a publishing business which, newly started, had yet the good fortune (æsthetically speaking) to publish some of the early

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work of James Elroy Flecker. Mr. Goldring, by the way, published last year a sort of sketch-biography of Flecker, which I have not seen. He has written several novels, a volume of essays upon modern writers called, rather mischievously, "Reputations", and several books which come in publishers' and booksellers' catalogues under the heading "Topographical".

One thing that has amused me in reference to "Nobody Knows" is that this book has brought Rose Macaulay into the field armed with what threatens to become her obsession. This belief of hers first made its public appearance in the "Times" during the last months of the Northcliffe régime. She had an article asking what claim the young of the present day had to be regarded as of a different breed from the old. Her article was gently satirical, and poked fun at a good deal of the current sentimental celebration of the young by the aged. I do not know whether Miss Macaulay really comprehends the rise of this attitude of mind, but in case she does not, I will reveal it to her in these words. During the war, old men in clubs said, "I wish I were young enough to go" (i.e. to the war as combatants); "but *this is a young man's war.*" There accordingly arose among the men who were *not* too old for service with the armies a saying that this was "an old man's war" (in the sense that the old men had been forced into the war which the young men must fight for the whole of the nation). This led to the saying, "Never again" (i.e. never again should those be allowed to make war who were not to risk their lives upon the battlefield). While the young men were in training and at the fronts, those who remained behind were stricken with the sense that they ran no risks, whereas the young men were unlikely to survive the fighting. Accordingly the young men were told, and began to believe, that there were none so good as young men. The old ones, by their morbid self-blame, heightened the vividness of the notion. The young women, true to their impulsiveness, promptly shared any kudos that was going to their generation, and the phrase arose, "The women are splendid" ("young women" being understood). It was resolved that the world should be altered when the war was over. Miss Macaulay comes along with her dogmatic assertions that we are as we always were, that no generation is any different from any other generation, that time stands still; and she is surprised that what seems so plain to her is not instantly plain to everybody else. She begins to look in books for the new pathetic fallacy. She finds it even in books in which it does not appear. She is confronted by a puzzle, and thinks that by very satirically saying that novelists are myth makers, and that these things are not so, and that the novelists only make them up, she will destroy the fallacy. It will take stronger methods to destroy any fallacy. Miss Macaulay would not herself be convinced if I were to give her chapter and verse for every character in some of the novels she condemns as untrue. Why, therefore, should the young believe Miss Macaulay when she tells them that they are exactly like their elders, no better, no worse? I think that what Mr. Goldring says in his book is probably true of the particular section of society of which he is writing. I cannot understand, in fact, what fault Miss Macaulay finds with Mr. Goldring. Her assertions about ways of life at the present time seem to me to be merely wayward.

SIMON PURE

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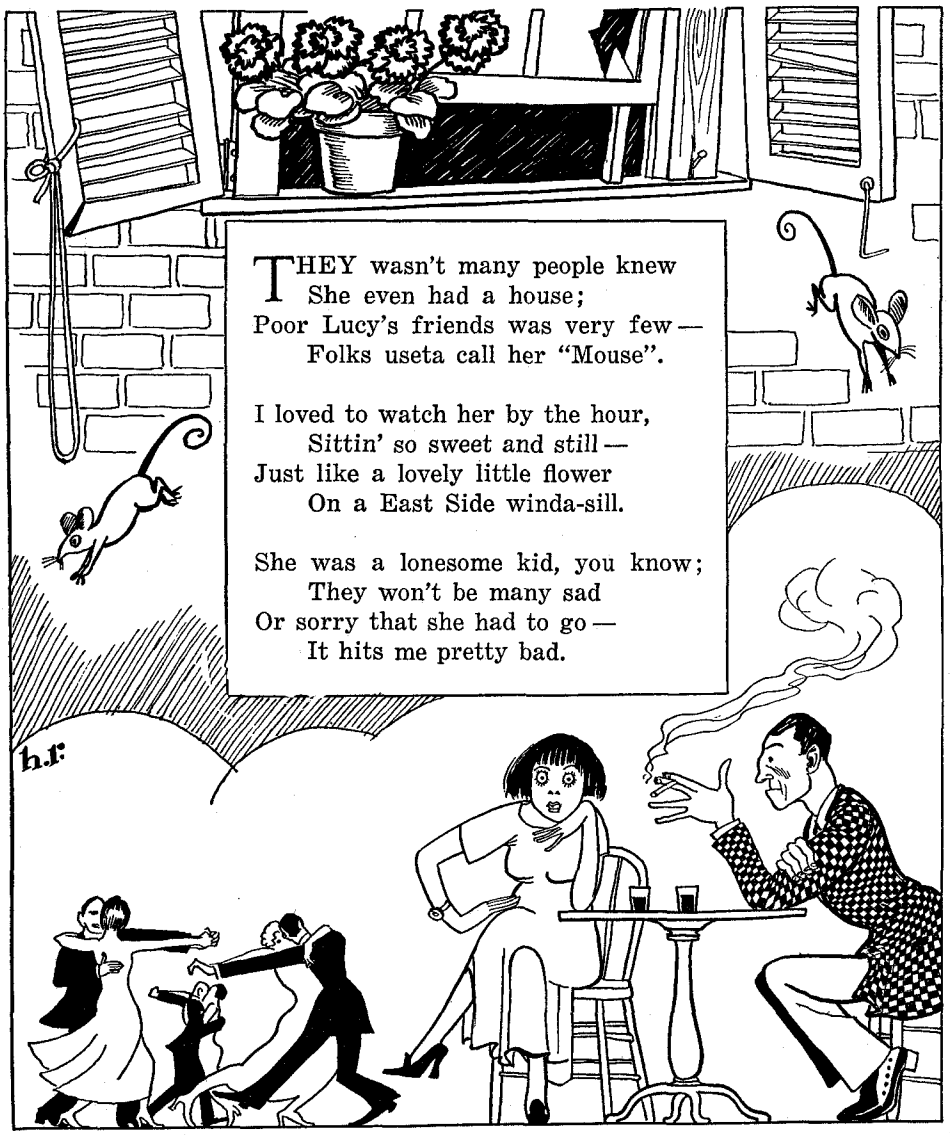
THE PARODY OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

VI: SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS*

By John V. A. Weaver

Illustrated by Herb Roth



**As rewritten from Wordsworth's classic in the style of Mr. Weaver's "In American" and "Finders". This is the sixth instalment of the series in which various American authors, using well known tales, attempt to parody themselves.*

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

Plays and Motion Pictures of the Month

By John Farrar

THE following plays are those which, if one were spending only ten days in New York City, one might care to see:

1. ICEBOUND: *Realistic and humorous study of New England family life finely acted. (Reviewed below.)*

2. KIKI: *Lenore Ulric in a colorful French character sketch aided at every point by Mr. Belasco.*

3. MERTON OF THE MOVIES: *Satire so cleverly mixed with sentiment that the resulting character as portrayed by Glenn Hunter is irresistible.*

4. PEER GYNT: *An intelligent and beautiful production of Ibsen's expressionistic play.*

5. RAIN: *Religious mania, sex, exotic background give Jeanne Eagels a superb emotional part in a dramatization of a Somerset Maugham short story.*

6. THE LAUGHING LADY: *Ethel Barrymore always sparkling in a Sutro comedy that sparkles only now and then. (Reviewed below.)*

7. THE LAST WARNING: *New thrills in a mystery play whose novelty leads one to forgive its occasional lack of coherence.*

8. THE OLD SOAK: *Sentimental comedy with moments of rare Don Marquis humor which warms the anti-prohibition heart.*

9. YOU AND I: *Smart American comedy, exquisitely produced and acted with something like perfection. (Reviewed below.)*

10. *For musical comedies we recommend* LITTLE NELLY KELLY, *a simple story with fine music and dancing;* CAROLINE, *an old-fashioned operetta well sung; and* THE CLINGING VINE, *a good comedy with Peggy Wood and a real male chorus.*

THE Moscow Art Theatre has achieved a notable success in America. This is quite right. There were undoubtedly enough Russians in New York City to accomplish the result. Italian opera flourishes, and the line around the corner of the Metropolitan Opera House is marked by many a dark and roving eye. A German opera troupe gave a season of Wagner and their audiences were well salted with Teutonic visages. Maurice Swartz and his Yiddish Art Theatre exist without difficulty in the old Garden Theatre and his productions there last year of "The Dibbuk", this season of "Anathema", are comparable, I believe, to the work done by the Moscow group. This is New York, this is Cosmopolis! But where are the Americans? When it became socially necessary they sat somewhat restlessly through performances at Mr. Gest's Moscovite Jolson Theatre. They would have preferred Mr. Jolson, himself. They will welcome Max Reinhardt

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with equal interest, doubtless, when the same Mr. Gest imports him. The Theatre Guild, with its foreign accent, presently to build a theatre, has been criticized for producing so few American plays. Are its members not, perhaps, simply good showmen? Possibly they have realized that the American section of our theatregoing public is nothing more than an absurd goose, stretching its absurd neck to see which way the foreign population will jump. What will be labeled "Art" by the cloak and suit trade whose superior intelligence, they, alas! recognize? Why doesn't the benefactor of Mr. Gest's enterprises step in to save a fine American play like "A Square Peg" which failed miserably a few weeks ago? The critics agreed on its merits. The public did not even fill one of the smallest of our playhouses for the brief time during which the play ran. Why doesn't the American National Theatre start its undertaking with an American play and an American cast, instead of "As You Like It" played by a certain number of Americans and a certain number of Englishmen? The American National Theatre, good heavens! It sounds like a celebration at Stratford-on-Avon. Can it be that among native Anglo-Saxon Americans there is no public that makes possible experimentation in a theatre which deals with the problems and manners of Anglo-Saxons as does Mr. Swartz with Yiddish ones on the East Side? It is a stupendous thing for the development of our art that we are the great melting pot. We welcome the rich inheritance of Europe with joy; but must our own soul go naked and penniless unless it is clothed in the more exotic garb of some eastern civilization?

In the latter days of this unusual season, we have had two excellent new American plays, "Icebound" and "You and I", both of which you can see with the feeling that you are aiding the American theatre and yet having a pleasant evening; a revival at matinées of Harry Wagstaff Gribble's "March Hares" which is a brilliant piece of high comedy; and two American attempts at the sublime, "Roger Bloomer" and "The Adding Machine".

"Icebound" is by one of our mellowed playwrights, Owen Davis, wise in the technique of the theatre, while "You and I", handicapped by the fact that it is a Harvard Prize Play, was written by a newcomer, Philip Barry. Both have the same fault — sacrificing of sincerity for effectiveness. Mr. Davis has perhaps learned too much of the theatre by experience and is forgetting slowly; Mr. Barry has learned too much from Harvard's Professor Baker and has not had time to forget. The Davis play is a New England version of the prodigal son story, cleverly interwoven with that of "Cinderella". Robert Ames, as the son, and Phyllis Povah as the Cinderella, give two of the best and most honest performances of the year. The thoroughly disagreeable family of Jordans form the backbone of the play. In the first act they sit waiting Mrs. Jordan's death. Mrs. Jordan dies; but she remains the deus ex machina of the play and its strongest character, even though she does not appear either in the flesh or reincarnate. To one who knows New England most of this play is tragic. As such, I fancy Mr. Davis wrote it, depicting the cruel greed of these people, narrowed by the long strain of winter months, by the continuous pinch of needs of one sort or another. It is a play that Robert Frost might have conceived and written. Mr. Davis's dialogue is faithful. His mood is good. His realism is per-

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haps too often furnished by the taking off and putting on of overshoes. Unlike the Russians, whose characters seem continually on the lookout for vermin, Mr. Davis permits only one of his personages to itch — and then only once! He departs from the path of honesty and truth seldom. When he does, it is to allow a character to become a caricature, as in the case of the maid Hannah, or to let one of his people talk *about* himself instead of as himself. This is particularly true of Henry Jordan, one of the dutiful sons, who, several times during the course of the play, has lines directed at the family which bring much laughter, but which I am confident Henry Jordan would never have said. This device is technically good theatre as long as it fools; but, even so, it takes away from the greatness of a play. "Icebound" is a fine drama. It has appealed to New York audiences as a work of the "Shore Acres" type. Mr. Harris has naturally capitalized this misunderstanding of the true mood of the play; but that does not detract from its essential fineness. Not so artistic in some ways as "The Detour", Mr. Davis's first attempt at realism, it is better theatrically and is as definite a contribution to the American theatre as Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon" or Lewis Beach's "A Square Peg".

It was inevitable that the American dramatist would sooner or later discover that American society could not always be represented by a Long Island estate and the sort of persons found there. Jesse Lynch Williams gave us a comedy which, if I remember, was set in Stamford, Connecticut. Miss Sears chose Stamford as setting for "The Clinging Vine". Mr. Barry is less definite. The White country home is in Westchester County. To be sure, that's between here and Stamford. Unfortunately in some ways, and fortunately in others, we are at times forced to feel that, on the whole, Mr. Barry's drawing room is an English one. That, however, is not the playwright's fault. Several members of the practically flawless cast are English, several others have English accents. After all, what does it matter? There are many English accents in Westchester County. Here, as in the case of "Icebound", the author has intended to write a tragi-comedy, and the public has warmly accepted the product as comedy. "You and I" is the story of Maitland White, who wanted to be an artist but became a business man to support his wife, and who sees his own son facing the same problem and sacrifices himself again for the sake of the ambitious offspring. The plot, which is a little tidy, is not quite good enough to support the excellent idea. But no comedy dialogue quite so good as Mr. Barry's has come to my ears this season. The critics found some of it pasted on where it did not belong. Mr. Barry, like the good painstaking young man that he apparently is, promptly went through the play and used a blue pencil on some of his best laughs. This was praiseworthy; but not so much so as his attempts since the opening night to insist that his ending is tragic. "So many people", he tells me, "refuse to believe that Maitland White, facing the comfort of a thirty thousand a year job, is really facing defeat." Ah well, Mr. Barry, most of the people who will pay to see your play are seeing, in one way or another, their own tragedy. That they do not recognize it cannot entirely be your fault. Here is a good American comedy, and one that promises much for its author's future. The Maitland White of H. B.

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Warner is admirable, as is also Lucile Watson's performance as the wife. Again as in "Icebound" the weakest point of "You and I" is furnished by a vaudeville-like maid who, though she does not belong in the story at all, at all, yet adds much to the hilarity of the occasion.

The Equity Players and the Theatre Guild have been adventuring in American expressionism. The adventures proved not without pitfalls. The Theatre Guild, as usual, had better luck. Thomas W. Lawson, Jr. in "Roger Bloomer" has wildly attempted to analyze the sex problem of a somewhat unusual young man. The result is a long series of scenes through which Henry Hull, an actor of ability, plowed his way. Not without moments of poetic beauty and good satire, "Roger Bloomer" is weak chiefly because of Lawson's seeming inability to understand his hero, or at least, to give his audience the impression of understanding him. The vulgarity of certain lines we must pass over, I suppose. Apparently, now that we have had our fill of naturalistic fiction, our young men intend to shout bad words at us from the stage. In a good play, this can perhaps be forgiven. That there are those who say "Roger Bloomer" is a great play makes one pause for thought. It bored me; but, after all, it was an attempt to do a great thing; since it has failed, we can only mildly applaud the effort.

Elmer Rice, when a very young man, wrote a play called "On Trial" which netted him a fortune. This year he wrote "It Is the Law" which was not so successful. He has now turned his attention to expressionistic satire. "The Adding Machine" is still about murder; but it is an attempt to picture the mind of a murderer, a murderer who is at the same time so much

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Shakesperian Synopses" by J. Walker McSpadden (Crowell). A new edition of this Shakespeare in exceedingly tablet form.

"The God of Vengeance" by Sholom Ash (Stratford). An old edition of this striking play revived with recent interest in Rudolph Schildkraut's English production of it.

"Set the Stage for Eight" by Doris F. Halman (Little, Brown). Very short, harmless, and sometimes fantastic little plays perfectly suitable for amateur presentation.

"The Flower in Drama" by Stark Young (Scribner). Some wisdom and good writing offset Mr. Young's fatal tendency toward lyric enthusiasm in these brilliant collected papers.

"The Best Plays of 1921-22" by Burns Mantle (Small, Maynard). Mr. Mantle's usual potpourri of facts, statistics, outlines of, and quotations from the season's plays which rural followers of the drama doubtless appreciate.

"The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play" by Percival Wilde (Little, Brown). A simply written, intelligent book by an expert craftsman. Not the least interesting feature is the excellence of bibliographical material.

"Chief Contemporary Dramatists" edited by Thomas H. Dickinson (Houghton Mifflin: Cambridge Edition). A thirteenth printing of this standard anthology used in countless drama courses, and deservedly so used.

"Magic Lanterns" by Louise Saunders (Scribner). Mildly satirical little plays which tend to be fantastical.

"Plays, Third Series" by Jacinto Benavente, translated by John Garrett Underhill (Scribner). Four later plays, in a somewhat new manner, by the famous Spanish dramatist; fittingly published on his arrival in this country for a lecture tour.

"The Beyond" by Francis Rolt-Wheeler (Lothrop, Lee, Shepard). A mystical satire which moves cloudily among the clouds of immortality.

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of an ineffectual as to provoke, not the pity, but the scorn of heaven. The Theatre Guild has given Mr. Rice an excellent production; Dudley Digges as Mr. Zero and Helen Westley as his wife give the best performances of their respective careers. But after the fourth scene, a triumph of its kind, a court room monologue by Zero which is thrilling and filled with magnificent satire, Rice attempts to prove his points by carrying Mr. Zero to heaven. Obviously he has perused Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight" and Molnar's "Liliom"; but heaven cannot stand the elephantine tread of Mr. Rice's philosophizing. Just what he is trying to prove, I don't know. Perhaps he is a trifle too afraid of being obvious. If he himself knows what he's seeking to express, all right. I was sure that he did in the scenes where the hard pressed recording clerk Zero is undergoing the soul strain that finally leads to madness and the murder of his employer. I was sure that he knew in the party at Zero's house, with its Sinclair Lewis feeling; but what the wanderings of Shrdlu, the gentleman who killed his mother, mean, I do not know, and I'm really anxious to understand just why it is that a soul may remain forever in the Elysian Fields but must be sent back to earth from another celestial place to begin again as a baby. Is this Mr. Zero's idea of heaven? Obviously it is not that! Is this the author's idea of heaven? Obviously Mr. Rice does not believe in heaven at all! Then why, Mr. Rice, satirize several persons' ideas of heaven in the same play and expect us, who may have our own ideas of that place, to understand?

Other American plays this month there were. Two of them departed quickly. Fanny Hurst's "Humoresque", with a remarkable first act and a fine performance by Laurette Taylor, passed into oblivion largely, I believe, because the public chooses to regard war with eyes other than the sentimental. "Rita Coventry", Hubert Osborne's dramatization of Julian Street's novel, failed for an excellent reason. It was dull, as a play, and its pace was in no way speeded by the producer or his company. "Barnum Was Right", a play all about a buried treasure, which becomes a burlesque of the prevailing mystery play, could have been exceedingly good and does succeed in being pretty funny. Mr. Cohan, who had a hand in the production, has winked at or perhaps insisted on the waving of a few heart-throbs (to mix his own metaphors) in the first act. Donald Brian here takes up the spoken drama and one does not miss his songs. "Anything Might Happen" as written and staged by Edgar Selwyn is an American farce, with a couple of amusing situations and an awkward last act. Roland Young, however, saves it from mediocrity by a really brilliant performance.

Two Sacha Guitry plays were presented on Broadway recently. Unfortunately the better of the two, a finely moving, delicately fashioned presentation of the life of Pasteur, has since closed. Perhaps this was inevitable, since it dealt with a hero so little appreciated generally and, the wise heads say, since there were no women in the entertainment. However, those of you who missed seeing Henry Miller's at times moving and at times electrifying performance as the great French chemist, failed to see one of the finest pieces of acting of the season, of several seasons. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., the translator, is without question the best hand we have at his game. He has intelligence, taste, a sense of

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rhythm in language, and an understanding of the French temper. "The Comedian", a Guitry comedy adapted by David Belasco and played by Lionel Atwill, is a heavy monotonous piece. It concerns the disillusioning romance of an aging and egotistical French stage hero, who interprets a young girl's enthusiasm for the stage as love of himself. The play gives a chance for a Belasco rehearsal in which Mr. Atwill and others parade up and down the aisles. The idea is amusing enough, and the picture of back stage life might be alluring; in fact, if played with vivacity and movement, it might be vastly entertaining. I received the same impression of ponderosity that came over me at Mr. Belasco's production of "The Merchant of Venice". Everything was there except that curious sparkle of sheer charm that was needed — the sparkle that was present in an earlier production this season of a poor play, "Shore Leave".

From the French also comes "The Love Habit", an amusing and unmoral farce, capably adapted by Gladys Unger and capably produced. "Morphia", a drug play from the Austrian, is based on a false premise — that it is possible to cast off the habit in a trice by mere force of will — and is awkwardly contrived. Lowell Sherman, whom Mr. Woods is starring in this trembling vehicle, gives a remarkable interpretation, adding another somewhat morbid portrait to his growing list.

The Alfred Sutro comedy, in which Ethel Barrymore returns to dinner gowns and good manners, has some good lines and one situation, but it allows Miss Barrymore the chance to be thoroughly personable through three acts. It is a play in which a lady sacrifices herself for the sake of the two families she thinks she would ruin if she married the man she loves instead of remarrying the husband who has just divorced her. There are complications, of course; for example, the gentleman she loves is the judge who has read a bitter indictment of her in the public divorce courts. No matter. So far the play is good. It is in the final scene that the audience refuses to believe. Why? Some say that it is because we all want the beautiful lady to have her handsome judge. Isn't it rather because the playwright has made her do the stunt with a sort of beautiful halfhearted gesture? She should have put some emotion into it. We have not yet learned to like the more serious moments of life treated, on stage, with the easy graces of actual living, as done by the English aristocracy according to Sutro.

To complete the month, "King Lear" was played at matinées by a company of goodly actors. Mr. Hazlitt has said of "Lear", "It is, then, the best of all Shakespeare's plays, for it is the one in which he was the most in earnest." The performance as played and directed by Reginald Pole proved the actors to be in earnest. Sheridan's "The School for Scandal", also revived at matinées, I did not see; but it is said to have been capably performed. What a feast this season must have been for students of the drama!

"Jack and Jill" was the only musical comedy I saw this month. It is as beautiful as any section of the Arabian Nights, and upon this John Murray Anderson is to be congratulated. Ann Pennington, dancing to banjo music, is something plus ultra in personality. But, oh Mr. Anderson, someone should chain you to a sense of humor! Incidentally, I saw Barnum and Bailey's circus. Am I growing old, or is this year's circus dull?

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The Motion Pictures

A poor moving picture bores me more than any other single thing in heaven or earth; but there have been so many excellent ones this winter that anyone must confess that for great beauty the American motion picture is equaling if not surpassing the theatre.

Sea pictures are suddenly the fashion: the best of these so far is "Down to the Sea in Ships", which has the glamour of Conrad, the mystery of Melville, and the melodrama of London poured into its several reels. The story is well enough — the old one of love and jealousy, of whaling captains and their wives and daughters — but the scenario is badly handled. Captions too often take the place of action. However, it is silly to quarrel with the story, which is accidental, as was very probably the climax of the reel, when a harpooned whale turns on the boatload of sailors being dragged by the harpoon rope and overturns them. A thrilling picture, with moments of great beauty, and with details of life on a whaling vessel which are perfect because they are actual. "Java Head", from Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, was produced with intelligence, and held up in story interest until the end, when it sent you away somewhat restless and dissatisfied. The director who solves the problem of a motion picture ending properly is one in a thousand. Here is one place where the spoken drama is supreme: the tag line at the end is always possible to give a new twist to a shopworn situation. "Java Head" was filmed in old Salem, and the revivifying of Colonial streets with silks and satins was as satisfying as the sight of elm shaded Colonial doors. There was some excellent grouping and beautiful photography.

"Fury", with Richard Barthelmess, seemed like a toy ship in a bathtub after "Down to the Sea in Ships". That isn't quite fair to Henry King, who is one of our best directors. His schooner was a beautiful and trim ship, which is what it should have been. Barthelmess as a sensitive neurotic boy, son of a sea captain, who is called on to revenge his father, plays with charm and power. It is a picture of stirring incidents, and the scenario moves with rapidity in developing a plausible story. Alice Brady in "The Leopardess" is exceedingly beautiful both in a storm at sea and when terrified by an angry leopard; but the story furnished her, though interesting, is too melodramatic for one who is the best of our female character actors for the screen.

"Othello" as presented by the Germans proves to be a dull picture, except for the temptation scene, which Emil Jannings plays with a growing doglike fury almost as good as the interpretation given here last year by the Sicilian Grasso. No hesitancy is required before pronouncing "The Covered Wagon" the best picture I have ever seen. Beautiful, moving, patriotic, exciting, it sweeps along with Homeric qualities that make it far superior to the novel from which it was drawn. I am sorry that there was not more of human detail pictured, that the drama did not move from the sweep of wagons to the tiny incidents that must continually have happened en route as men from state after state in the union joined the great wagon train toiling across the American Desert. Perhaps, however, this would have spoiled the scope of the whole. A great product of American art, "The Covered Wagon". You should walk miles to see it, and be happier and better for the seeing.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

DAMNED—Anonymous—*Macaulay.* A lurid book that strives hard for sensationalism. For a review the title suits us.

*BLACK OXEN—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright.* Mrs. Atherton achieves a journalistic coup and does it with as much taste as is possible under the circumstances.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A historical romance of Benjamin Franklin, authentic as need be and thoroughly charming.

BLIND CUPID—Josephine Daskam Bacon—*Appleton.* A bouquet of preludes to "Memoirs of a Baby". In each of the stories the little love god wins.

*THE HOUSE OF THE FIGHTING-COCKS—Henry Baerlein—*Harcourt, Brace.* Has all the earmarks of a book upon which the author spent many devoted years. Even so, his labor was gloriously worth while.

THE DIM LANTERN—Temple Bailey—*Penn.* Much weeping in this simple story of a maid loved by two men. In fact, when we reach the conclusion, even the hero succumbs: "She nodded and could not speak. They clung together. He wept and was not ashamed of it!"

FLOWING GOLD—Rex Beach—*Harper.* Oil wells bubble about the old romances, thereby adding another type to yarns of the open spaces.

*THE POOR MAN—Stella Benson—*Macmillan.* A careful study of a man so unsympathetic as almost not to be worth studying. Fascinating reading, withal.

GATES OF LIFE—Edwin Björkman—*Knopf.* Fictional biography of a Swedish adolescent. Notable for its minuteness of external detail, and its assiduous application of current psychology to the spiritual quests of youth.

*THE TREE OF THE GARDEN—Edward C. Booth—*Appleton.* A long and well written account of youth struggling with love and other complications.

KAI LUNG'S GOLDEN HOURS—Ernest Bramah—*Doran.* Idioms of circumlocution and an exaggerated politeness are employed for the purpose of fantasy and occasional satire.

PUTTER PERKINS—Kenneth Brown—*Houghton Mifflin.* A scientific golf story that has nothing to do with the science of golf. It was written to amuse, and does.

*ROUGH-HEWN—Dorothy Canfield—*Harcourt, Brace.* A long and carefully developed story of the evolution of two sane young Americans which shows how they happened to fall in love with each other.

LASS O' LAUGHTER—Winifred Carter—*Scribner.* The Cinderella story with the Pollyanna smirk.

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* A story of a young man's soul, beautiful in part, and in its war chapters beautiful if true.

POOR PINNEY—Marian Chapman—*Boni, Liveright.* The detailed story of a commonplace family told with a whimsical twist.

PAINT—Thomas Craven—*Harcourt, Brace.* A modern painter and his struggles with the conventions, moral and æsthetic, in New York.

THE TYRANNY OF POWER—D. Thomas Curtin—*Little, Brown.* A timely story of the coal fields in which the serfs of West Virginia throw off the yoke of the coal barons.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* A dog story surrounded by much love in the very wide open lands.

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THE SPECKLED BIRD—Robert Cutler—*Macmillan.* A most unlovable heroine, bred of Brahmin Boston and old Ireland, sows selfishly and reaps unhappily.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR—Lee Wilson Dodd—*Dutton.* Being a love story safe for all unmarried daughters and worth while for all who enjoy unobtrusive but also undeniable style.

GOING TOGETHER—Louise Dutton—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Sally Belle stands in relation to Penrod as Penrod does to Huck Finn.

*THE ENCHANTED APRIL—"Elizabeth"—*Doubleday, Page.* An escape novel in which several ladies run away from love or husbands to Italy only to find that, after all, love or husbands aren't so bad.

MAXA—Robert Elson—*Small, Maynard.* Glittering episodes from the multicolored life of an actress.

FLAMING YOUTH—Warner Fabian—*Boni, Liveright.* A study of the moral freedom of the new girl. False in our opinion, and in bad taste.

THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE—J. S. Fletcher—*Knopf.* Mr. Fletcher very nearly if not quite at his best with still another mysterious disappearance.

TIGER RIVER—Arthur O. Friel—*Harper.* The adventurers of "The Pathless Trail" return to the vast swamps of the Amazon and again escape countless dangers.

*FAINT PERFUME—Zona Gale—*Appleton.* Half way through this story of a distressing family is fine. Then, Miss Gale becomes involved in love scenes which are less sentimental than they are ethereal. *(See page 327.)*

THE WOMAN HE DESIRED—Louise Gerard—*Macaulay.* As trashy but not so racy as it sounds.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD—Philip Gibbs—*Doran.* Problems of life, marriage and reconstruction brilliantly set forth in fictionized discussion.

THE STEP ON THE STAIR—Anna Katharine Green—*Dodd, Mead.* More painstaking than most recent stories of the mystery type.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Zane Grey—*Harper.* "I will pay with my body that I may save my soul!" cries the hero in the midst of an excellent desert background.

CINEMA CITY—Ranger Gull—*Harcourt, Brace.* An Arctic explorer beguiles the wait between two explorations by unmasking a powerful band of scoundrels.

WISDOM'S DAUGHTER—H. Rider Haggard—*Doubleday, Page.* The mystery of the beginnings of the famous "She" and "Ayesha" is cleared up in a final splendid tale.

COLE OF SPYGLASS MOUNTAIN—Arthur Preston Hankins—*Dodd, Mead.* Good stuff—science for a foundation, the west for excitement, and a first-rate plot besides.

A DAUGHTER OF ADAM—Corra Harris—*Doran.* Back to the land for all red haired Nancy McPhersons who can save the soil, make money, and win lovers, like this one!

*THE BRIGHT SHAWL—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* A Cuban revolution gives Hergesheimer a chance to revel in the psychological struggle between the love of woman and of an abstract idea.

HOMELY LILLA—Robert Herrick—*Harcourt, Brace.* An understanding portrait of a woman who drew a blank in life.

THE BIG BLUE SOLDIER—Grace Livingston Hill—*Lippincott.* An old maid, a young maid, and a returned soldier. You can let the children have it.

THE FLIGHT—Muriel Hine—*Dodd, Mead.* Italy is a haven of rest for a talented Englishwoman oppressed by a beefy husband.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* An astonishingly long suffering and long selling hero still charms thousands of readers.

*THIS FREEDOM—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* Woman's freedom discussed without much chance for the lady to have the last word.

LITTLE LIFE STORIES—Sir Harry Johnston—*Macmillan.* Sir Harry's stories always show good taste, even when his characters are displaying a deplorable lack of it.

PERADVENTURE—Robert Keable—*Putnam.* A young man's struggle to find God in the midst of life's staggering disillusionments.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* The war furnishes sexual adventures to a spiritual man.

CONTRABAND—Clarence Budington Kelland—*Harper.* A woman newspaper owner outwits bootleggers and crooked politicians.

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*Babbitt — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* The name of the hero of Mr. Lewis's excellent satire has now become slang for the middle class business bore.

Fair Harbor—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* Lincoln at his genial best in a special type of old ladies' home—sea atmosphere, of course!

The Meredith Mystery—Natalie Sumner Lincoln—*Appleton.* In the witching hours a blind man stumbles over the dead body of his host; how he clears the name of the victim's niece whom he loves is well worth reading.

Teodoro the Sage—Luigi Lucatelli—*Boni, Liveright.* Intellectual titilants of exceptional merit. Essays or short stories—one neither knows which, nor cares.

Man's Country—Peter Clark Macfarlane—*Cosmopolitan.* The conflict between business and love told in rapidfire manner.

The Seven Ages of Woman—Compton Mackenzie—*Stokes.* Mr. Mackenzie scans woman over a long period of time with some degree of sympathy.

Four of a Kind—J. P. Marquand—*Scribner.* Short stories that might be banal, but manage to be clever—almost fantastic.

Skeeters Kirby—Edgar Lee Masters—*Macmillan.* A sequel to "Mitch Miller", which brings his old comrade into manhood. A study in the development of style, as well as of character.

An Heir at Large—John T. McCutcheon—*Bobbs-Merrill.* When Bacon inherits fifteen millions he assumes the name of Rasher, which proves he didn't have a sense of the ridiculous—but what need of that when you've fifteen millions?

Blowing Weather—John T. McIntyre—*Century.* Old-fashioned adventure in early Philadelphia which really does kick the heart into occasional turbulent beating.

The Barb—William J. McNally—*Putnam.* A novel of the coed college dominated by the Greek letter fraternity system. A good story, which almost spoils itself trying to be a social document.

Mr. and Mrs. Sen—Louise Jordan Miln—*Stokes.* A colorful tale of interior China, built around the marriage of an English girl to a Chinese diplomat. A later novel may be expected, dealing with the future of the children.

Corduroy—Ruth Comfort Mitchell—*Appleton.* A hidebound New Englander and a real cowgirl enage in a clash of temperaments, to the reader's satisfaction.

The Stumbling Herd—John Moroso—*Macaulay.* These East Siders stumble through crime and poverty to emerge at last fullfledged citizens.

The Convalescents—Charles E. Nirdlinger—*Century.* The old story of the patient who marries his nurse is told in a novel manner with nonsense and pathos and fancy.

*Certain People of Importance—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* Mrs. Norris examines closely the lives of generations and generations of Crabtrees, a San Francisco family. Much good writing and several heartthrobs result.

The Best Short Stories of 1922—Edward J. O'Brien—*Small, Maynard.* A collection which yearly proves the excellence of the American conte.

Trodden Gold—Howard Vincent O'Brien—*Little, Brown.* In the lives of two sisters the gospel of work is contrasted entertainingly with financial success.

The Holy Tree—Gerald O'Donovan—*Boni, Liveright.* This tree is love and it grows in an Irish background conversationally and psychologically convincing.

The Dancer of Shamahka—Armen Ohanian—*Dutton.* If "The Sheik" eaters would take this they would bite into just as many thrills, but well written and garnished with authentic and intimate Near East pictures.

The Seven Conundrums—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* Seven crime mysteries partly solved by a vaudeville troupe who help a secret service man.

The Vision of Desire—Margaret Pedler—*Doran.* Just a he-man wanting his girl and having to have it broken to him, as Gilbert says, "through a set of circumstances".

Randolph Mason: The Clients—Melville Davisson Post—*Putnam.* Reprinted after thirty years, these tales of the law's loopholes are as engaging as ever.

The Lost Discovery—Mrs. Baillie Reynolds—*Doran.* Little girls who *will* accept invitations to country houses from people they know only slightly should read this

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book and learn how to get safely out of the icy dangers and desperate plots likely to surround them.

FOURSQUARE — Grace S. Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* A teacher and a writer, editors, and a great many ideals.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran.* How one man finds his real self by facing the past he has forced himself to forget, told in a thrilling mystery story.

INTO THE DARK—Barbra Ring—*Knopf.* The modern Norwegian treatment of the theme of unhappy love: frank, bitter, and pitiless.

DRUMS OF DOOM—Robert Welles Ritchie—*Dodd, Mead.* Two interfering young Americans appear in Lower California and retreat rapidly, with all the accompanying thrills that can be expected under the circumstances.

SIR OR MADAM—Berta Ruck—*Dodd, Mead.* An English "Mademoiselle de Maupin", guaranteed innocuous.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* Spanish ships and red cloaks make a story of adventure with dagger flashes here and there.

THE SNARE—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* The Napoleonic war as background for another Sabatini thriller.

GLADIOLA MURPHY—Ruth Sawyer—*Harper.* A charming girl, born and reared in a filthy hovel, through innate ability comes to the top of the tree.

"OUR LITTLE GIRL"—Robert A. Simon—*Boni, Liveright.* A too long first novel presenting the intricacies of the concert world with enjoyable clarity.

*ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS—May Sinclair—*Macmillan.* An excellent psychoanalytical novel which suffers occasionally from too great compression.

PONJOLA — Cynthia Stockley — *Putnam.* Rhodesia with its gold mines and deserts and perpetual consumption of ponjola (fiery drinks) is the scene of thrilling experiences for a girl garbed as a man.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Arthur Train—*Scribner.* Parents and children adjust themselves one to the other in a rich New York setting.

THE BARGE OF HAUNTED LIVES—J. Aubrey Tyson—*Macmillan.* An ingenious mystery story, told somewhat after the manner of Richard Harding Davis's "In the Fog"—unimportant but interesting.

THE BRIDAL WREATH—Sigrid Undset—*Knopf.* A story of unhappy love told in the spirit of an old Norse saga.

CHANGE PARTNERS—Horace Annesley Vachell—*Doran.* Two tired business men get as far as Brittany, by an unfortunate oversight neglecting to take their wives with them, whereupon . . .

*THE CATHEDRAL—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* The downfall of a pompous man who happens in this case to be a functionary of the Church of England. Rare psychological understanding and colorful background.

QUEEN OF THE WORLD—George Weston—*Dodd, Mead.* One of those frothy, impossible stories that you are surprised to find yourself enjoying.

THE WAGON WHEEL—William Patterson White—*Little, Brown.* Law and love prevail in the struggle of cattle thieves and crooked Indian agents to gain the upper hand.

FIGHTING BLOOD—H. C. Witwer—*Putnam.* Ring fighting and soft drinks don't often figure together, but here the world's light-heavyweight champion is introduced as a soda clerk, fighting his way up until he ends as the inventor of the "Judy" punch.

MOSTLY SALLY—P. G. Wodehouse—*Doran.* Without Jerome Kern's music and with a dash of seriousness, in moments.

JACOB'S ROOM—Virginia Woolf—*Harcourt, Brace.* Like a beautiful cinema, with constantly changing snatches of life, held together by the barest suggestion of plot.

THE INVISIBLE GODS—Edith Franklin Wyatt—*Harper.* A leisurely chronicle of a Chicago family, remarkable for its clear cut character studies.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Faint Realism

THE first half of "Faint Perfume" (Appleton), except for the fact that Miss Gale's style is becoming less rhythmical as it becomes more telegraphic, is as good as any piece of American fiction that has appeared this year. In characterizing the middle class family of Crumbs, selfish, respectable, humorless, thoroughly human, Miss Gale is more successful with individual portraits than is Sinclair Lewis. She has a superb gift of painting a character by one revealing line of dialogue. The first act of a possible play emerges here almost entire. I suspect that Zona Gale, the dramatist, is overcoming the more artistic novelist. This is more drama than novel; but what a bad drama it finally becomes. Leda, the poor relation of the Crumbs, who is forced by circumstances to live with them, is a prude, a prig, and a pest. Her doctrines of sweetness and light are as annoying as the Crumbs' banalities. She is a born old maid looking for an ideal mate. She finds him, only to sniff the "faint perfume" of love and to sacrifice herself upon some strange altar of justice back of which Cupid lurks, smiling a hint of a possible happy ending. This dialogue of lovers moving in celestial plains is too ethereal for me. I can think of no character in recent fiction quite so unpleasant as Leda, except Carol Kennicott. The only possible solution in life for either of them, intellectual snobs that they were, would have been to fall in love with a prizefighter! There is no question of the ultimate popularity of "Faint Perfume". It will fill a need in many an aching breast. It has been called a work of art by able American critics. It exhibits Miss Gale at her best and at her worst.

The Greatest Publicity Man

SHOWMANSHIP is one of the flashy characteristics of the real American. A publicity sense, being somewhat akin to the wiles of the canny, springs up unbidden in the breast of the Yankee. P. T. Barnum was the greatest publicity man of them all. Unscrupulous in a sense, he yet very nearly always gave the people what they wanted, and he enjoyed his own shows as much as they did. Proud, vain, with an unerring sense of the effective, he has always seemed to me the perfect expression of the brash spirit that rules in circus tents and dime museums. His life was as full of incident as that of Napoleon. His curious impulses were as varied as those of Savonarola. M. R. Werner in his new biography of Barnum (Harcourt, Brace) has given us an intelligent picture. It is a book of racy incident. It moves along logically. But with a character like Barnum's we must naturally wish for a Strachey or a Van Wyck Brooks. Werner's "Barnum" does not seek to be deeply interpretative. There are stories of the midgets and the circus, of Bridgeport days, and of the wit of Barnum's autobiography. Best of any passage in this rich book, I like the story of Jenny Lind's first appear-

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ance, led up to by stupendous publicity efforts on the part of Mr. Barnum:

> There was a breathless moment of silent anticipation. The doors at the back of the stage opened. Jenny Lind, in a white, virginal dress, came gracefully down between the music stands, escorted by Julius Benedict, while Barnum watched nervously in the wings.
>
> That placid face, with its thick nose and heavy Scandinavian features and its oval simplicity, stared out with frightened, earnest, blue eyes at this immense gathering, which rose to its feet in tumult, cheered as if for the foundation of a republic or the downfall of a monarchy . . .
>
> The wild scene, accustomed as she was to enthusiasm, frightened her into an approach to panic, and the hysteria of the audience communicated itself in some degree to the star, who trembled and wavered in the first notes of Bellini's "Casta Diva", until those who listened anxiously feared that she would break down completely. But she soon regained confidence and the control of her nerves, and she finished her song in loud and clear tones that indicated complete self-possession. The last notes of the air were drowned in the appreciation of the audience, and at the moment of her conclusion a shower of bouquets hit the stage in front of her, while handkerchiefs waved, and the men cheered hoarsely.

Good Reporting

"STICKFULS", the account of Irvin S. Cobb's newspaper experiences (Doran), will probably be read by every young person intending to enter the writing business. If the general public do not find it out, they will miss a rare treat; for it is as human, as genial, as entertaining a bit of autobiography as one could wish. Mr. Cobb claims to be a good reporter. He proves himself that; more than that, he has never lost his youth, which after all is perhaps the first essential of a good reporter. The reporter must look at life as a fine adventure, filled with new thrills, filled with new events. When life becomes an old story, he must stop reporting it. He can then philosophize — but what's a philosopher in comparison with a good story teller? Irvin Cobb can tell a funny story better than any other man I know. He writes better short stories than most of the other American writers. His career has been romantic. It will always be romantic. There is the seed of romance in every one of his many pounds. I like best the story of his boyhood newspaper days, the breathless excitement that he puts into the tale of his first "scoop". Luck, he says, attended him; but what's the line between "luck" and "ability" in a good reporter? The chapter on newspaper ethics is so wise, so tolerant, so revealing, that every editor and reporter in the world should read it.

Another O'Brien

HARRY L. FOSTER hasn't the poetry in his soul that makes Frederick O'Brien superlative as a teller of travel yarns; but he is almost as good. "A Beachcomber in the Orient" (Dodd, Mead), the story of walking trips hither and yon, is as varied as a travel picture and far more entertaining. Mr. Foster's incident is good. His humor is fair. His women are beautiful. His sense of color is adequate if not inspired. His trick of jumping from the purely beautiful to the informative in the same paragraph is a weakness, to me; but it is probably one of the strong points of the book, since it permits him to give information with only an occasional moment of dulness. His characters met along the road — the poet, the kid, Jimmie — have all the traits of comedy fiction gentlemen in the pages of Dumas or Jeffery Farnol.

— *J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

GEORGE SANTAYANA'S "LIFE OF REASON"

By Burton Rascoe

Mr. Rascoe's review is the fifth of a series of longer book reviews to be published each month in THE BOOKMAN. *The books discussed will not necessarily be new nor will they be books which have never before been reviewed in the magazine. The aim of the editors is to present, in the selection of volumes and reviewers, articles which shall constitute solid pieces of criticism.*

GEORGE SANTAYANA is a gifted Spaniard who succeeded to a chair of philosophy at Harvard, began to write when he was forty, got fed up with the Harvard atmosphere, and fled to Paris where he is now writing what are certainly the finest contributions, from the point of view of style and ideas, to philosophic thought since Remy de Gourmont's death. To say that Santayana is the Emerson of his era is far from flattering to Santayana who is a logical, clear thinking psychologist, dissociator of ideas, and æsthetician as against Emerson's confused and impalpable transcendentalism, Unitarian freedom of spirit, minor parish breadth of vision, and suburban æsthetics; but Santayana occupies or is beginning to occupy with his generation in America a position analogous to that of Emerson in his. By fleeing to Europe he has been able to perform a pedagogical service of vaster importance than was permitted him when he was irked by the formalism of collegiate education, the petty academic fussing and narrowness of his colleagues, and the discouraging stupidity prevalent among students seeking mass instruction. He is now the one spar to which educated youths are able to cling amid the perpetual flux. He is the only remaining philosopher writing in English who is not a specialist in something or other — psychiatry, education, single tax, Manchester labor, Chinese history, or what not; hence he is the only one who can see things in the round, criticize freely with an unbiased and open mind, and offer ideas and suggestions not tinged with Utopian pink or parti pris. He is a free spirit, with all that that felicitous French phrase connotes. Philosophically he is a man of the world; spiritually, scientifically, literarily he knows his way about; he is nobody's fool, not Lenin's, Balfour's, Freud's, Cézanne's, Rolland's, Shaw's, Morgan's, or God's. What is rarest among his coevals in his clan, he has taken the trouble to learn how to write.

You will not get the finest flavor of his style in the books listed here, of which, in a new edition, these remarks are apropos. When he wrote "The Life of Reason", Santayana was still struggling with his technique of expression in a language alien to him by birth and temperament. He was still occasionally mixing his tenses, achieving an uneasy idiom with a foreign accent, and escaping only with the greatest difficulty from the jargon of the professional philosophers.

It is not that he is difficult to read in his earlier work, but that it is

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sometimes quaint reading, as if he were overwhelmed by the importance of what he had to say and was taking infinite pains to say it slowly, deliberately, distinctly. With "Winds of Doctrine" he had become at ease with his medium and familiar with his ideas; when he wrote "Soliloquies in England", he had perfected the most charming address imaginable in English — subtle, smiling, cultured, allusive, witty, cadenced and nuanced. All traces of the old constraint had gone; his fancy was liberated to dance gaily and in rhythm with his thought; the data of his experience and the residuum of his reading had lost the blighting touch of the treatise and become the materials of an amiable and exquisite discourse.

But, nevertheless, it is important for the reader who is charmed and stimulated by Santayana's later essays to know something of the foundation upon which this charm is builded. He will get that in "The Life of Reason", wherein Santayana applies the intelligence test to the aspects of human progress observable in society, religion, art, science, and common sense. What he attempted to do, and succeeded in a great measure in doing, was to examine the concepts involved in those terms and pick away from them all the fallacious excrescences which have grown up and surrounded them. He sought the reasonable, the intelligent idea expressed by those terms. He pursued the Socratic method of elimination of the false by question and answer. He applied the rule of common sense to matters of belief, doctrine, theoretical ethics, personal conduct, artistic expression, and social theory — and by common sense he means an understanding arrived at by intelligent analysis, free from myth, illusions, and messianic hope.

One has the feeling that Santayana wrote "The Life of Reason" in order to discover himself, to give order and form to the impressions, conclusions, and intimations about life he had gained from experience and meditation. That is, of course, what all artists, philosophers, poets, and theologians do; but I believe there was in Santayana more than the usual serious self-communion. One finds in him no trace of vanity, of cocking an eye to a possible audience of influential but closed minds, of posturing for posterity, or impressing by erudition and long words. On the other hand, there is an intellectual self-reliance discoverable in almost no other thinker or essayist: he writes without footnotes and bibliographies; he almost never uses a quotation from another writer. He does not bolster up his ideas and opinions with pilferings from the accumulations of libraries. He is, in brief, independent, honest, and courageous.

Now, let us see what are some of his ideas. It is an ironic paradox that Santayana, who first built up a philosophy of reason in five volumes, has now come pretty much to distrust reason as an effective agent in the governance of human affairs. What he would now term a reasonable attitude toward life is one which holds that every man must forge his own philosophy. As for one George Santayana he has found it advantageous to sit like patience on a monument smiling at grief, checking his passions that he may savor and conserve — not waste — them, do unto his neighbor as he would wish to be done by, forego possessions and attachments as a check upon his freedom, and enjoy life as a spectacle (to write about) rather than submerge himself in the business of living. To arrive at this he has exam-

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ined the possible other courses and has found what he conceives to be the factors of satisfaction and happiness in each.

But it would be wrong to assume that "The Life of Reason" is in the nature of a preachment or an exhortation. It becomes a moral philosophy only by its implications as a history of human ideas. Santayana is a naturalist of the mind, a questioner, a tester, a sceptic, and he has written: "Scepticism is a moral force, a tendency to sincerity, economy and fine adjustment of life and mind to experience." The calibre of his reasoning, the light he throws upon human institutions, is seen to good advantage in his elucidation of the conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism in "Reason in Religion":

> This underlying Teuton religion, which we must call Protestantism for lack of a better name, is anterior to Christianity and can survive it. To identify it with the Gospel may have seemed possible so long as, in opposition to pagan Christianity, the Teutonic spirit could appeal to the Gospel for support. The Gospel has indeed nothing pagan about it, but it has also nothing Teutonic; and the momentary alliance of two such disparate forces must naturally cease with the removal of the common enemy which alone united them. The Gospel is unworldly, disenchanted, ascetic; it treats ecclesiastical establishments with tolerant contempt, conforming to them with indifference; it regards prosperity as a danger, earthly ties as a burden, Sabbaths as a superstition; it revels in miracles; it is democratic and antinomian; it loves contemplation, poverty, and solitude; it meets sinners with sympathy and heartfelt forgiveness, but Pharisees and Puritans with biting scorn. In a word, it is a product of the Orient, where all things are old and equal and a profound indifference to the business of earth breeds a silent dignity and high sadness of spirit. Protestantism is the exact opposite of all this. It is convinced of the importance of success and prosperity; it abominates what is disreputable; contemplation seems to it idleness, solitude selfishness, and poverty a sort of dishonorable punishment. It is constrained and punctilious in righteousness; it regards a married and industrious life as typically godly, and there is a sacredness to it, as of a vacant Sabbath, in the unoccupied higher spaces which such an existence leaves for the soul. It is sentimental, its ritual is meagre and unctuous, it expects no miracles, it thinks optimism akin to piety, and regards profitable enterprise and practical ambition as a sort of moral vocation. Its Evangelicalism lacks the notes so prominent in the Gospel, of disillusion, humility, and speculative detachment. Its benevolence is optimistic and aims at raising men to a conventional well-being; it thus misses the inner appeal of Christian charity which, being merely remedial in physical matters, begins by renunciation and looks to spiritual freedom and peace.

You will see from this that the dominant spirit of the United States, as it is of England and Germany, is Protestantism. Protestantism is a religious spirit best suited to a raw, new, energetic people. It becomes, as Santayana points out, unpleasantly materialistic by the very excess of its own virtues as an inspiration to progress and achievement. For himself, Santayana is steeped in the Catholic spirit and we find in his poetry no less than in his later essays the passive attitude toward life, the attitude of good humored resignation; but he is never blind to the merits of Protestantism. England and the English fascinate him; he admires the Englishman's bland ability to get on in the world, his self-control, his self-isolation, his manners, and his enterprise.

There is perhaps in no European literature a more illuminating and intelligent discussion of love, family life, industry, aristocracy, democracy and patriotism than is to be found in "Reason in Society"; there is no saner short history of religions than is to be found in "Reason in Religion"; there is no more provocative upsetting of petty complaisances than is to be found in "Reason in Common Sense". In "Reason in Art", Santayana pursues the dialectical method perhaps too

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far; but in this book he does away with a vast amount of lumber and gets at the essentials of great art and of the artist's relation to society, about which relation he has none of the common or artistic sentimentalism. Best to illuminate Santayana's attitude one should recall his answer to a critic who used the phrase, "one has a right to—"; to which Santayana replied that "right" does not exist in the abstract, that no one possesses "rights" except those which have been granted him or he has been able to exact. Santayana is not a sentimentalist or a mystic praying to the moon.

His poems are chill and formal, as they would be from his habit of checking his impulses or laughing at them. He has too much of the comic spirit in him to be a good poet; he is too much a man of cities to paint poetic landscapes; and he is too much a sceptic to put much fervor in meditative poetic sighs and grief at the tears of things. But in his poetry you will get, condensed, much of his philosophy, as in his essays, particularly his later ones, you will find him much of a poet.

The Life of Reason: or the Phases of Human Progress. Five volumes: I. Introduction and Reason in Common Sense. II. Reason in Society. III. Reason in Religion. IV. Reason in Art. V. Reason in Science. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Poems (selected by the author and revised). By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

AN ENGLISH NOSEGAY

By Blanche Colton Williams

"A WELL wrought volume!" The first sight and heft of "Georgian Stories, 1922" elicits approval. "An enticing lot of authors," follows a survey of the list set, border wise, on the jacket; "and their stories all of 1922, apparently," as the title page flashes by. Foreword, by G. H. P., and Editor's Preface further beguile and induct the reader.

But disappointment succeeds implicit promise. The dates of the several tales convey that the period covered is from 1906 ("The Coach", by Violet Hunt) to 1922. Where, then, are Kipling and Conrad and Jacobs and Galsworthy and Bennett and Wells? Did the compiler think better to illustrate the era of George V by omission of these authors? Charity urges that just possibly he did not obtain permission to reprint all the stories he would have liked to include. If he did, he is unique among collectors and is to be congratulated therefor.

A comparison of the table of contents with that of "The Best British Stories, 1922" (O'Brien and Cournos) discloses that six authors—out of twenty or more—appear in each: Stacy Aumonier, J. D. Beresford, Algernon Blackwood, Roland Pertwee, Elinor Mordaunt, and May Sinclair. Most readers and most critics will agree that matched one by one, or six by six, the examples in "Georgian Stories" are inferior.

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This nosegay from an English garden is touched by blight. The soil and the elements produced perfection neither of form nor of color. Texture or quality alone gives promise of what might have been. There are (1) freak flowers, (2) fungi, waxlike as Indian pipe stems, (3) luridly flamboyant specimens, hectic from disease. Of the first sort, "The Criminal", by Beresford, derives from seed sown by the dark satire of Poe; "Perez", by W. L. George, in wavering back and forth between the real life of Walsingham and the tale he was writing, is a poor narcissus. Now you watch the plant, now its reflection in the turgid stream; they blend; you are annoyed. The second variety is represented by "The Coach" and by Blackwood's "The Tryst", both heavy with the odor of death. And the third class is typified at its height by Oliver Onions's "Io" and D. H. Lawrence's "The Shadow in the Rose Garden", studies of insanity. The garden has interest, but it is the interest of deterioration, of crimson autumn, not the green leafage of summer. But come out of the garden. Figures are dangerous.

The stories are rarely the best, though a number attain the average, of their respective authors. And perhaps Arnold Lunn has written nothing superior to "A Scrap of Paper", which retails a tragedy of morals in a boys' school, just as Sheila Kaye-Smith has not surpassed her "Mrs. Adis". F. Tennyson Jesse's "The Man with Two Mouths" is a thriller, not quite up to "The Black Mask", which frequenters of the Princess Theatre some years back will recall with a shudder, but it adequately illustrates her particular ability in melodrama. Somerset Maugham's "Rain" will live rather through the play.

No story can survive without two essentials. The first is motive, or the basis on which the narrative structure rests. The second is illusion, or the power to convict the reader, a power which results from holding him in the fourth dimension presented and into which he has entered. Not more than half of "Georgian Stories" will stand the double test, and this proportion allows generously for diverse tastes.

If one persists in believing that a story is just that — a story, a thing of action nicely coordinate to an end — then the collection contains only six or seven fair examples: those of F. Tennyson Jesse, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Arnold Lunn, and Somerset Maugham, plus Katherine Mansfield's "Pictures", Elinor Mordaunt's "The Perfect Wife", and possibly Alec Waugh's "The Intruder". If a sketch, or satire, or embryo exposition, a bit of fluff, or a series of events — if any of these is permissibly to usurp the coveted honor of "story", which in its nature is the most entertaining and therefore popular form of literature; if it is argued that neither motive nor illusion matters; if it is affirmed that the only desideratum in a work of art is a sense of satisfaction; then to the seven instances may be added others. Satisfaction dependent not upon narrative, but upon theme, poetry of expression, imagination, results from acquaintance with Ethel Colburn Mayne's "Lovells Meeting", Algernon Blackwood's "The Tryst", E. M. Forster's "Mr. Andrews", and May Sinclair's "The Bambino".

If the collection may be judged as unclassified literature, which reflects the times, then the times are out of joint. Even the optimist must admit that however extreme authors may be they cannot but reflect their own age.

On closing the book, the reader returns to his first impression, "It is a

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well made volume"; and he adds, "externally".

Georgian Stories, 1922. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE TRAGEDY OF A POET

By George H. Sargent

FOR a young poet to shuffle off this mortal coil without warning and to leave his best friend the tasks of literary executor and biographer, seems unfair. But that is precisely what Richard Middleton did when, some twelve years ago, and shortly before he had reached his twenty-ninth birthday, he voluntarily quitted this life with a brief message to his friend Henry Savage.

There are certain things one has come to expect from a biographer. One is that he shall proceed, with meticulous care, to gather every fact (creditable, of course) relating to his subject; second, that through his use of this material he shall become a propagandist for the ideas held by the biographee. Mr. Savage's book, sympathetic as it is, does neither of these things. Its author has strictly observed the injunction of Othello regarding those "after letters to the state" which had to be written. He frankly admits that much of his purpose in writing the book has been the desire to make more widely known Middleton's excellences as a poet; consequently this memoir incorporates much of the poet's unpublished verse of a characteristic nature. To those who are familiar with Middleton's posthumously published work, the volume will add nothing but cumulative evidence. Those who do not know it will wish to do so after reading the memoir, and thus far Mr. Savage may appear as a successful propagandist.

But with most readers, who we will assume are more or less familiar with Middleton's poetry, the interest will lie in the revelation of this high spirited youth, childlike, perplexed, swayed by powerful passions, hastening to the tragic end — the end of Chatterton and John Davidson. Mr. Savage does not know, and apparently does not care, what day schools the juvenile Middleton attended, and has not bothered members of the family to secure information. His acquaintance with Middleton began when they met at the New Bohemian Club in London, at the Prince's Head, where the redoubtable Chesterton and Belloc and others gathered to carry out the purposes of the organization, "mainly devoted to the encouragement of intelligent conversation among journalists, bookmen, critics, artists and others". Middleton, then a clerk in an insurance office, had already begun writing poetry, or at least verse, and was one of the "others", "owing", as he said, "to the folly of editors". Mr. Savage's account of this London club makes one want to leave American shores and recalls Beaumont's lines:

> What things we have seen
> Done at the Mermaid!

It was early in Middleton's adventure into journalism with "The Academy" and later with "Vanity Fair", that he began to put into poetic form, and still more plainly in his letters to Mr. Savage, those "vain questionings" that had filled his mind from youth. "Casual and cheerfully unpunctual," was Frank Harris's comment on his journalistic work. Then Middleton fell in love, and with two ladies of the footlights at the same time. Mr. Savage makes it plain that

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Middleton's love poems written at this time were genuine heart outpourings, and not, as Randal Charlton called them, mere "metrical exercises". Later, when Middleton viewed the ladies through the eye of the intellect, he came to see them as "a lower order of thing than I had imagined, and quite incapable of appreciating dispassionate friendliness". Mr. Savage says this was not altogether true of them, nor of Middleton himself, for in his poem "To Althea, who loves me not", after singing of her "mean ignoble mind" and all the rest of it he breaks out with:

> Damn you, in some queer way I love you still!

In one of his chapters Mr. Savage shows that the triangle which perplexed Middleton at one period of his career was not at all what might have been expected, but those disturbing elements, "Love, Poverty and Neuralgia". The imputation of masochistic tendencies in Middleton's poetry is refuted by the original manuscript of his poem "To Pain", across which the author scrawled, "Neuralgia wrote this." At no period of his career, Mr. Savage holds, was Middleton insane. The descent into Avernus was hastened by a despair of the spiritual new birth which the poet had promised for himself earlier in the fateful year. The mystery of his actual end probably never will be solved, but Mr. Savage, by using his pen unsparingly, has done much to unravel the mystery of Middleton's life. That the poet died penniless appears to him merely an incident, not a cause; Middleton's letters show that lack of money did not disturb him. But when, after walking in quicksand, he found his feet unable to touch solid ground, he voluntarily hastened the inevitable end. Mr. Savage has drawn in obvious sincerity what one must recognize as a faithful picture of an interesting — doubly interesting because tragic — character. To attempt to help him out in his avowed purpose by quoting Middleton's poetry would be to defraud the reader of something which he will enjoy finding out for himself.

Richard Middleton. The Man and His Work. By Henry Savage. Small, Maynard and Co.

A JOURNALIST TACKLES HISTORY

By William Starr Myers

IT has often been remarked by trained students of history that their subject rests under the shadow of an unusual misfortune. This lies in the fact that anyone with a facile pen or an inquiring mind thinks he can write history and can deliver judgments with the finality of the trained investigator. And the worst of it is that the general public, well read or unread, accepts much of the resultant product without discrimination and without understanding. Therefore history is a subject concerning which many people think they know much, while a few people know that they know little.

The above thoughts are brought forcibly to mind when one takes up the three sizable volumes in which Ray Stannard Baker tells his story of "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement". This work covers minutely the period from the time when President Wilson sailed for France in December, 1918 to the signing of the Treaty of Versailles on June 28, 1919.

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The first two volumes contain Mr. Baker's narrative, and the third is filled with original documents. From the mechanical side, the printer and publisher have done their work with rare skill; nothing is lacking that may speedily prejudice the reader in favor of the production as an original contribution to one of the greatest and most important periods of world history. It is only when the reader follows the text that he perceives the work to be that of an amateur and not of a trained scholar.

There is no doubt of the honesty, sincerity, and deep conviction of the author. Mr. Baker states in his preface at the very beginning that his effort is not to persuade the reader to this or that point of view, but to explain and clarify. He has struggled nobly to carry through his plan with consistency and a rather unusual measure of fairness, but his lack of background and historical perspective, not to mention training in the fundamentals of historical research, is evident on many a page. In trying to be scholarly, he often has succeeded in becoming dull, a fact which possibly explains the indifference with which that portion of his narrative which appeared in the daily press was received by the reading public.

And this is not what should be expected from Mr. Baker for, whether one accepts his viewpoint or not, there is no doubt of his clever and interesting powers of narration in his true field of journalism. Such chapters as those dealing with the attempt to sidetrack the League of Nations while President Wilson was away from Paris on his hurried trip to the United States in February, 1919, and his successful fight to restore the Covenant to the Treaty of Peace, contain by their very nature a story of absorbing interest. Here the narrative rouses the sporting instinct for a good fight, irrespective of the reader's opinions or prejudices. The same may be said of the description of the struggle with the Italians over Fiume. But immediately one relapses into a feeling of disappointment at the inadequacy of the undramatic portions.

It is hardly too much to say that President Wilson was unfair both to himself and to Mr. Baker in expressing a desire that the latter write this important story. In doing so, he placed upon the author a burden he was not prepared to carry; the result is only another proof of the extreme difficulty in which that person is placed who is set to a task for which he is neither ready nor trained. Also this story, which should be told, and at an early time, is of the greatest significance to Mr. Wilson himself. Anyone familiar with the ex-President's historical writings during the past thirty years knows that, no matter what his rank may be as a politician or leader, as a student and writer of history and politics he stands supreme. Therefore the present work, if it could not come from the master hand of Woodrow Wilson, either should have been the production of one of the most experienced and highly trained of contemporary American historians, or else should have waited a while for the writing. A clever journalist, no matter how able and sincere, was not a suitable person to undertake the task.

In the last analysis the work will have great value as a storehouse for important documents. These documents doubtless will be accessible in other places from time to time; but as a collection they are convenient in form and will be the subject of much intensive study by historians for many

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years to come. It is herein that the real worth and value of this work must be found.

Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement. By Ray Stannard Baker. Three volumes. Doubleday, Page and Co.

FREUD CROSSING THE ALPS

By Edward H. Reede

THE effect of a higher altitude upon ideas conscripted in the lowlands of the Danube grows increasingly devastating. Instead of occasional defections, there appears to have been the desertion of a whole army corps. From Zurich issue copies of the latest psychoanalytical conclusions of Dr. Jung. "Psychological Types" seems at once both a portent and an omen.

The practical problem of analytical psychology lies deeper than sexuality and its repressions. Such a view-point is doubtless valuable in explaining that infantile and therefore morbid *part* of the soul, but, as a principle of interpretation for the totality of the human soul, it is inadequate.

Though this be but a Canutian gesture toward the rising tide of sex in popular literature, it may not be an empty handed one. It suggests familiarity with depth bombing. By odds it is the significant incident of the psychoanalytical year. Of Jung, it may yet be written that he found a mud hovel and left a walled city.

Scarcely less compelling to the attention is a new concept of the individual. So far as tattle can reflect profundities, his proposition is a resurgent James idea, revamped, mitred, and labeled. The "tough minded" and "tender minded", presented as the Jungian extrovert and introvert, are now seen, not as opposites, but as opposing aspects of one individual. Always a major gesture, be it "tough" or "tender", is balanced by the opposing minor function. The minor gesture is always in danger of repression through the dominant major. When repressed, it regresses, becomes infantile, develops eccentric phases, and formulates the neurotic symptom.

The dominating major interest of the introvert is the inner mythological self and its cleverness; of the extravert, the outer world of practical fact. The ideal individual would dominate both worlds equally. He would never pursue his myth without the cutting edge of fact in the sword belt, nor would he couch lance with fact without the magic armor of sentiment. On the contrary he who, like Babbitt, flees into the world of facts, finds the lane-o'-dreams girl an avenging Erinys on his heels. Or else, like Jurgen, he escapes into dreams only to be shadowed by the Nemesis of the fact.

Just as the unconscious world of mythological images speaks indirectly, through the experience of external things, to the man who abandons himself to the outer world, so the real world and its claims find their way indirectly to the man who has surrendered himself to the soul; for no man can escape both realities. If the man is fixed upon the outer reality, he must live his myth; if he is turned toward the inner reality, then he must dream his outer so-called real life.

As the "deductive presentation of empirically gained understanding" and the opinion of a highly gifted psychologist intimate with the "stuff of life", this book presents an authentic documentation of life as a totality. It deserves the interest of the novelist and the critic, and invites judgment.

Psychological Types or The Psychology of Individuation. By C. G. Jung, M. D., etc. Translated by F. G. Baynes, M. D. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

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THE STORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By Gertrude Foster Brown

"THE History of Woman Suffrage", volumes five and six, completes the only suffrage history in existence. The first volumes, written by Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Matilda Joslyn Gage, began with the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London in 1840 when several delegates were refused admission because they were "females". Two of them, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, then and there planned to hold a woman's rights convention on their return to the United States. Because of babies and family cares it was not until 1848 in Seneca Falls that the movement was launched.

In 1900 Miss Anthony, then eighty years old, resigned as president of the National Suffrage Association to write the fourth volume. Ill health caused her to invite the assistance of Ida Husted Harper who had just finished writing Miss Anthony's biography, and it is Mrs. Harper who has now completed the suffrage history. The two volumes recently published contain the history of the years 1900-1920 which brought the movement to victory.

When the history began, in every state women were denied the right of an education, the right to earn a living and claim their own wages, to enter a profession, to own property, to make a contract. They had no rights to the children they bore. When the history ends, in most states these discriminations have been removed.

The difference between these last two volumes and the first ones is marked. The earlier books are full of speeches and arguments for suffrage. The present volumes are full of action. Each state is given a separate chapter. Volume five is the history of the National American Woman Suffrage Association which carried on the fight for an amendment to the Federal Constitution side by side with campaigns to gain suffrage state by state. The leaders of the National Association foresaw that in order to get the federal amendment there must be men in Congress who represented suffrage states and were responsible to women as their constituents. They kept the suffrage amendment before Congress continuously from 1878 until it was finally submitted, and every year the National Suffrage Association appeared before Congress in support of the measure. At the same time the Association was sending money and workers to help win individual states. The farsightedness of this plan was amply proved.

Mrs. Harper has done her work admirably. One can pick up a volume anywhere and find interesting reading. Perhaps the strongest impression gained from the history is that of the enormous amount of work, the colossal expenditure of money and personal service given to the movement, and the unselfish and untiring devotion of the women leaders. Most conspicuous among them, in the last twenty years, are Anna Howard Shaw and Carrie Chapman Catt.

Nowhere else can the student go for facts and documents, not only as to progress in America but concerning the history of woman suffrage throughout the world. As time goes on, the movement for the emancipation of women will take its proper place in history, and these volumes will remain invaluable.

The History of Woman Suffrage. Volumes V and VI. Edited by Ida Husted Harper. Natl. Amer. Woman Suffrage Assn.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

WHEN a woman is jerked out of her domestic life and dropped into the disturbances of a political career, the world rather expects her to lose her poise and balance. There have been instances where this has happened, and comparatively few cases where the poise and balance have been maintained. Lady Astor is one of those few cases. The extent to which she has remained sensible through her fame and notoriety — they seem to go together when a woman becomes prominent — is clearly shown in "My Two Countries" (Doubleday, Page). This small volume contains nine of the speeches she delivered while visiting in America, most of which were reported in part in the daily press. In their entirety they are even more impressing than they were in a condensed form. There is no attempt to startle; no desire to make a big blaze in the heavens. There is nothing but common sense and good taste. America and England should both be proud of her restraint.

If there is anything at all about the Russian experiment in Socialist government that both friends and enemies will agree on, it is that this experience has shown the need of scientific engineering along economic lines. "The Next Step" (Nearing) is Scott Nearing's plan for just such an experiment on a world scale. "A plan for economic world federation" is what the author calls it. Very much in the manner of our business literature, a working plan for a worldwide producers' federation is laid out. Whether the state Nearing plans be necessary or inevitable or even desirable, this book will do far more to reconcile business men to a serious consideration of a new economic rule than will hair raising phrases like "dictatorship of the proletariat" or the more abstract writings of the Marxians.

Life seen in splotches of free, bold, brilliant color, struck off in dashing poster designs; a world of pictorial imagery in high and blazing lights — this is Hi Simons's reaction to existence in "Orioles and Blackbirds" (Ransom). He has the painter's eye, and like the overenthusiastic painter he seems at times to be possessed of his colors, drunk with his thick rich oozy pigments, dabbling in them and splashing them on when it were better to have stayed his hand. Yet if Mr. Simons is prodigal with his paint, his style has a certain ardor and swing that is almost Spanish in its high color and sunniness. In many of his short vignettes — "Berries", "Tree", "Moonset", "Eternally" — and in some of his prison songs, he has dashed off small pictures of a fresh and startling fidelity. It is a nervous, virile, exuberant talent, which needs only concentrate living to curb it into artistry.

Charles Edward Smith, surgeon of the old whale ship "Diana", records in "From the Deep of the Sea" (Macmillan) his adventures among the ice floes of the Arctic in 1866-67. Lost in the ice fields of Baffin Bay, with food running short, scurvy increasing among the men at a terrifying rate, the ship battered by icebergs, it was

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only by the extreme courage of the captain, the heroic work of the surgeon, that the "Diana" ever returned. When the ship put back into Hull, thirteen men failed to answer the muster. The captain too had died. The rest of the crew were a sorry spectacle, scurvy ridden, frostbitten, starved, bruised, but as unconquerable as their ship which rode into port under its own power. Dr. Smith's diary, illustrated with maps and sketches, and divided into chapters with explanatory notes, is perhaps one of the most complete records one can find of whale ship days.

Our well loved Bartlett seems mouselike beside the mountainous proportions of "Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" (Funk, Wagnalls) which has come to join our reference shelves. This revised and enlarged edition is the work of Kate Louise Roberts. It is a joy to find in one volume extracts from the classics as well as from foreign and English sources. Quotations are indexed according to subject matter, principal words, and authors; and an excellent system of numbering makes it possible to spot them at a glance. One may turn from Euripides and Shakespeare to such moderns as Barnum, Marshal Foch, Rupert Hughes, or H. G. Wells.

Our political Lady Macbeth, Congress, lighting its somnambulant way through session after session, not by candle light but with an apparently inexhaustible supply of verbal fireworks, prompts the question: How does it get that way? As though to help at least one hundred million Americans (to say nothing of Lloyd George, Georges Clemenceau, et al.) in the solution of this enigma, George Rothwell Brown contributes "The Leadership of Congress" (Bobbs-Merrill). He succeeds in a measure in explaining matters, particularly with regard to the speakership, its rise and fall. The book has a pungent flavor of authenticity that compensates for its protraction; and it helps one to arrive at his own conclusions.

Of course the Dowager Countess of Jersey cannot compete with Mrs. Asquith in the lists of autobiography. Being well bred by instinct as well as by education, she cannot give rise to a scandal — not even a pseudo literary one. "Fifty-One Years of Victorian Life" (Dutton) is an account of her private life as a public person; not a history of herself as a woman. Words are the accepted means of communication, and so she writes, but without pretense of using them as the material of an art; hence her book does not exist from the standpoint of literary criticism. The Victorian code of reticence is the foundation of her poise, which is pliant enough to amalgamate her sense of humor. Because she writes of wide travels in fluent English, and because contact with a serene and dignified personality is strengthening, this book, example of a widely practised intrusion into literature, becomes acceptable.

Some time ago there was considerable doubt expressed that the Y. M. C. A. had been a vital factor in helping the American soldier during the war. Much adverse comment flew round, complaints, insinuations — in short, the usual run of "sorehead" anathematizing. Sporadic rebuttals were forthcoming, but no concerted effort was made on the part of the "Y" itself to controvert these rumors. Without apparently intending to be such, "Service with Fighting Men"

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(Association) is the answer the "Y" gives, being a history of the part taken in the war by an organization laboring for the spiritual and personal welfare of our men. Because of its extreme length (over 1,200 pages) the book defeats one of its own ends, namely, the provision of a concrete idea of the hundreds of rôles played by the "Y". Yet the work is comprehensive, and as a sidelight on the war, if you can still stomach such stuff, is valuable.

That the trade union has come to stay is undeniable. Like it or not, here it is — a vast system controlled by a well organized legislative body, and having tremendous industrial potentialities. George M. Janes, in "American Trade Unionism" (McClurg), gives a brief résumé of the rise of the trade union, its organization, manipulation, and effect upon working conditions. The book, though short, is full of valuable material that cannot but arouse a desire for further knowledge in the mind of a wideawake student of sociology.

It would be a relief to come across a book of rowdy essays. Those that have been issued in the past decade have been of almost uniform delicacy, precision, and neatness. For instance here is Holbrook Jackson's "Occasions" (Scribner), still another volume of Fugitive Pieces in a Furtive Key. "The Pathos of Profanity" is really a thesis of worth while pretensions, introducing innumerable examples of classical impiety. As this solitary piece is distinguished by its matter, so is the intimate "On Reading Aloud" mildly distinguished by its homely manner (suggestive of Mr. Newton); aside from these there are no particular reasons why anyone should read this particular book. Close on the heels of "Occasions" comes a beautifully turned out new edition of the same writer's "The Eighteen-Nineties" (Knopf), an invaluable work on English literature of the Beardsley-Beerbohm-Wilde period. Mr. Jackson treats authoritatively and entertainingly of the early Shaw, the later Wilde, and the incomparable Max; of the precocious Beardsley (many of whose black and whites are reproduced throughout the volume), the irrepressible Kipling, and the small army of minor poets flourishing during the close of the nineteenth century.

The recent vogue of free verse somewhat diminished the output of the "Ring-around-the-Rosy" school, but now with the ban a little lightened one finds these poets still functioning, no whit cast down by their late ostracism. Almost a perfect specimen is Martha Prouty in "Songs of the South Shore" (Marshall Jones). Forget-me-nots, golden hair, butterflies, errant winds, lily buds, and a facetious light tripping measure as of the playground enthusiast who claps her hands and cries, "Now children, let's all be birdies!" It is pink and white, babbling, childishly unaffected; the words, "love", "pain", "passion" drop from the author's pen like smooth little milky pearls, totally innocent of their true weight and significance. In one of her infrequent approaches to common sense, the author muses:

> What a strange thing a poet is —
> When the green and gold stars and the fizz
> Of his rocket's gone
> The poet's forlorn.

Not half so forlorn as his reader, one hazards, caught and foolishly crowned with a chaplet of perennial flowers.

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Louise Pound, professor of English at Nebraska University, serves lovers of traditional song with delightful tidbits in her "American Ballads and Songs" (Scribner). If the English and other imported ballads current in this country may appeal more as interesting social documents, our own native ones — miscellaneous, criminal, outlaw, western, dialogue, and nursery — represent distinctive American ballad fancies. Many are richly and unconsciously humorous; the sob in their throat irresistibly calls forth laughter. The little volume has a pithy introduction, valuable notes, and an index. Its appeal is varied: practically any and every American should be able to enjoy it.

It would seem, from a reading of Mary Hastings Bradley's "On the Gorilla Trail" (Appleton), that African travel is hardly more dangerous these days than travel in Central Europe, and far more comfortable. The book gives an entertaining account of gorilla hunting in the Belgian Congo, where the author did not hesitate to take with her her little five year old daughter. Thanksgiving is Thanksgiving at Batwaland — the fact that roses and glowing volcanoes are substituted for snow, and chicken and strawberries for turkey and cranberries, being merely a detail. And, alas, even the great gorilla of Karisimbi "showed no fight". It all seems a far cry to Sir Mungo Park, Sir Samuel Baker, Livingstone and Stanley.

A new edition has been made of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "A Few Figs From Thistles" (Shay), prettily bound in green and black instead of the perishable paper cover in which it first appeared. Three more poems have been added to this slender collection whose table of contents even now boasts only twenty-three names; but poems are not judged by quantity and some of this poet's most charming verse is included. All of the selections have the light touch, the singing rhythms, and the delicate, mocking fancy that is characteristic of Miss Millay's style, and the four sonnets at the end are examples of her ability with a precise form. Many consider her the foremost American woman poet, and this little volume is substantial aid to their claim.

A unique little volume is H. Dennis Bradley's "The Eternal Masquerade" (Boni, Liveright). The main body of the book (the first and last chapters being a dull exposition of the disadvantages of war) is divided into chapters on each of the English kings — first a brief and personal criticism of the main events of their reigns and then an account of the changes in costume during that time. We accompany the English gentleman from the period of the pelt to that of the Prince Albert, and his lady is escorted through farthingale and ruff down to the variegated present. The author writes with more-than-modern frankness and a daring sense of humor, so that considerable excitement might be derived from reading certain chapters aloud to a maiden aunt. It is a history of England and a history of clothes, and quite as good of one as of the other.

Nowadays reference books are being made readable. Anyone who is writing a thesis on some phase of the English language will find valuable assistance in Professor George H. McKnight's "English Words and Their Background" (Appleton). Although the field has been well covered before

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by Mencken, by Greenough and Kittredge, and others, this volume, specializing as it does in derivations and word changes, has its own importance. It is an exhaustive and carefully planned study that must be the work of years and its value to students of etymology lies both in the breadth of its scope and the fact of its being thoroughly up to date.

Not the least distinguished among the English literary journalists who are enjoying a vogue in this country is John Middleton Murry. Nor does Mr. Murry exhibit himself in his latest volume, "Countries of the Mind" (Dutton), as the greatest. The book falls considerably short of the high felicity of its title. The essays have to do with "Shakespeare and Love"; Virgilia, wife of Coriolanus, whom Mr. Murry espouses as "a neglected heroine"; Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"; the poetry of William Collins, John Clare, and Walter de la Mare; Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta"; and a group of four nineteenth century Frenchmen, Baudelaire, Amiel, Flaubert, and Stendhal. Mr. Murry's important limitation, which offsets much of his graceful writing, his warm, responsive appreciation, and his erudition, is this: his criticism lacks the ingredient of "vital reference". There is nothing compelling about his efforts to realize himself and his subject, nothing but a level plain, perhaps a high tableland, where the air is clear and cool, but the view deficient in variety.

If the critical estimates are taken with a grain of salt, the two handbooks recently issued in the Distinguished American Artists series (Stokes), on the work of Robert Henri and Childe Hassam, have a certain value. For those unacquainted with the achievement of these artists, it may be interesting to learn that one likes to paint flags, the other, children. For those already initiated, there is further information of the sort that publishers like to print on the jackets of new books. But it is perhaps from the photographs, rather than from the text, that the reader gains his truest impression of the range and power of each artist. The handbooks have two distinct merits — convenience in size and lowness in price.

"Yesterday and To-Day" by Ralph Nevill (Dutton) is a Baedeker of the beau monde. Platitudes, anecdotes, and statistical descriptions masquerade insouciantly behind the imposing title. London's gay skyblue yesterday is sadly contrasted with its blue law today, and there is a plea, childishly importunate and childishly disjointed, for greater personal liberty and imitation of the French. As a contribution to the biography of London, the book has its slight value; aside from this it is a bulky vacuity. The style might be compared to newspaper fashion notes, but there is little mention even of fabrics or colors which the reader's imagination might elaborate.

The Latin viewpoint in interpreting the Monroe Doctrine, and the recognition of the importance of that interpretation as affecting North America's plans for closer commercial and economic relations with Central and South America, together form one of the major topics treated by Graham H. Stuart in "Latin America and the United States" (Century). The author deals separately with various Latin countries and outlines the friendly interest Uncle Sam has taken

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in each struggle for independence. One of the things the reader misses with real pleasure is the conglomerate mass of tabulated figures which most writers appear to believe that readers cry for in books of this kind.

Beyond the limited three-dimensional space that we know and think we understand, is a transcendental space of four or more dimensions that furnishes the explanation of the basic facts of life; that gives assurance of immortality and perhaps of reincarnation; and that provides the universe with meaning and a purpose. Such is the fundamental thesis of Claude Bragdon in his "Four-Dimensional Vistas" (Knopf). This volume, which relies upon a mathematical concept to support a mystical philosophy, presents clearly, intelligibly, and with persuasive arguments a number of theories which will be of interest to all who have ever wondered about the supreme mysteries of life and destiny.

In "Essays and Miscellanies", Volume III (Harper), Joseph S. Auerbach has written with a nice sense for word values of subjects whose timeliness was but no longer is. Two of the papers, however, escape this criticism. One is the charmingly human essay "Mum's Boy"; the other a dignified plea for freedom of book publication made before the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, with Theodore Dreiser's fine novel, "The Genius", for its text. Echoes of the late war sounded in other addresses seem unreal and chauvinistic in 1923. A small group of poems is modestly placed at the end of the volume.

Dr. Schnittkind has added the sixth volume to his series of anthologies of college verse, "The Poets of the Future" (Stratford). Unfortunately its omissions are its most obvious feature; all three of the undergraduate poets who received prizes from the Poetry Society have been left out, and, interesting as it is to hear from Elon College and Baylor University, one hardly feels that it is a representative collection that has nothing whatever from Yale or Princeton or Smith. This volume is encouraging in that a few really beautiful things can be discovered among the mass of mediocre material — several charming love songs, some delightful fantasy (such as "Dreams" by Lois Osgood), and one or two serious poems of importance. Technically, most of the selections are cast in simple, conventional forms; there is little vers libre and even less blank verse. The sonnet and ballad are represented by single examples but very successful ones: "Not That Thy Beauty" by Arthur Schneff and "A Maid's Smile and A Ship" by Dorothy C. Bailey. The subjects are all the usual ones; it is the fault of the grouping that "God" is tiresomely prevalent in one section and there is an epidemic of "Mother's" in another. The volume proves among other things that one never takes life so seriously as one does at college, viz. the young woman who says:

> A world with no room for the hunger in things,
> But only for pillows and plenty;
> A world with more cabbages in it than kings —
> O Youth! Let me die when I'm twenty.

"The Immigrant's Day in Court" by Kate Holladay Claghorn (Harper) is the ninth volume of the Americanization Studies prepared under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation and deals with those problems of the peasant immigrant that are likely to bring

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him into contact with the law of the United States. It is a comprehensive presentation, excellently balanced in attitude as well as in apportionment of material. The facts on which the survey is based are succinctly presented and illustrated by cases that serve at once to make them significant to the reader and to hold his attention by giving the necessary human interest. The net of graft and crooked dealing spread for the immigrant by courts and individuals alike is exposed, but without sentimentality or oratorical arraignment. Suggestions for the betterment of conditions are made but not pressed. The book is a clear and judicious exposition of an important phase in the problem of Americanization.

Certain after dinner speakers of established reputation, with the habit of success, certain of themselves and of a sympathetic audience, can throw technical unity to the winds and ramble along quite charmingly. G. B. Burgin, who has written some sixty-odd novels and two successful volumes of memoirs, has attained something of the same effect in "Many Memories" (Dutton). Out of a life spent in Canada, Constantinople, and in more or less literary circles in England he draws a gentle narrative — much anecdote, some puns, and many "that reminds me" jokes. Possibly a man as sure of his readers as Burgin can afford to devote an entire chapter to a string of comic-weekly witticisms, and another to interviews with himself. Still, after almost three hundred pages the book ceases to be spontaneously amusing. Possibly it should be read only at random, a few pages at a time; but if so, it must compete with "Don Quixote" and "Pickwick" and "The Spectator".

"The Devil was let loose in the world, and he is the only one who has harvested any gains." Such is the opinion regarding the world conflict set forth by C. F. G. Masterman in his volume on "England After War" (Harcourt, Brace). As one may judge from the above quotation, Mr. Masterman bitterly condemns the stupidity and the futility of the struggle; he laments the state of decadence and disintegration into which Europe at present is falling; and he pleads for a state of affairs in which the present nauseating materialism may be replaced by "mercy and pity, a resolute sense of justice, a purity which is passionate, a love of simplicity and an appreciation of the greatness of human life". The book is written thoughtfully and with a force bred of sincerity; and, while it contains much material that is far from new, it abounds in impressive and significant commentary on the postwar condition of England and of the world in general.

When the late James Huneker described De Casseres as "the most audacious, erratic Imagist of them all", he stated a clear case with one possible exception. The "erratic" might have been italicized. In "The Shadow-Eater" (American Library Service) De Casseres proves conclusively that he is most of all erratic. He is, deliberately or unintentionally, an etcher cribbing Nietzsche, and were he not such a distinct personality himself, his results would be convincing. As it is, through these incoherent, strangely obscure poems, there runs a pattern that chameleon-wise adopts a different hue with each twist and turn. Versatility might serve as a pigeonhole for De Casseres if it were not that he concerns himself with the several subsidiary angles of only one fan-

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tasmagoric viewpoint. Wallace Smith, illustrator of Ben Hecht's "Fantazius Mallare", has in his one drawing for this book fallen completely under De Casseres's devastating spell.

Time was, when woman played an insignificant rôle indeed in the major aspects of life's general scheme. Even the dictionary dismissed her ladyship with: "Woman — the female of man (see man)." Today woman is the most talked of, sung of, written of creature in the universe. Concomitantly, she is lauded and reviled — especially the young woman, and more especially the young woman who classifies as a flapper. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale has joined the swelling throng which choruses: "What's Wrong With Our Girls?" and in a book with this title probes into the autochthonous conditions which have helped create the undesirable features of this type. Mrs. Hale agrees with those who contend that there is much to be criticized in the behavior of our young girls, but lays the blame on their environment; and more, offers suggestions for improving the surroundings of our young girls so as to permit them to grow into normal, healthy womanhood.

Here is a novel way to treat an old subject. A. Hyatt Verrill, author of "In the Wake of the Buccaneers" (Century), in order to write about pirates and suchlike sails on the "Vigilant" — a ship built for a privateer a century ago — and visits the old buccaneer haunts. His voyage carries him from Panama across the Caribbean to the West Indies, where the freebooters buried their treasure, stopped for supplies, and hid away from chase. Describing the islands as they are today, Mr. Verrill intersperses the geography with pirate history wherever an old haunt calls up memories. In this way the reader is made to feel like one of the crew of the "Vigilant" on a sight seeing tour de luxe. While the reading public has been flooded with pirate books of late, Mr. Verrill's work is easily one of the best of the lot.

In "A Book of Danish Verse" (American-Scandinavian Foundation) one can only marvel at the apparent ease and understanding with which S. Foster Damon and Robert Silliman Hillyer translated from the originals. If anything has been lost in the translation it is not perceptible here. Further, the table of contents is complete, as one familiar with Danish verse will find. From Adam Oehlenschläger, the greatest poet yet to spring from Denmark, down to his latest rival Johannes V. Jensen, the pages reveal the best that the Danes have produced. Jensen's "The Red Tree" has an atmosphere so poignant, a background so securely fixed, that in one solitary line the bitterness and despair of the lonely winters and the epic glory of the Iron Nights are recorded imperishably. This little volume gives a clear, comprehensive insight into the songs and sagas of the people of the north.

Innumerable books have been written on the subject of the French Revolution; innumerable interpretations of it have appeared; but the last word about it is yet to be uttered. For this reason, we cannot but welcome such a work as "The Story of the French Revolution" by E. Belford Bax (Labor News Co.). Here we find a brief but vivid description of the outstanding events of the Revolution; we are given graphic pen pictures of characters

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such as Robespierre, Danton, and Mirabeau; we are treated to interesting comments as to the cause and significance of the Revolution, and find that, in the author's opinion, it marks the final division point between mediævalism and the modern era and that it is to be explained primarily as a middle class revolt into which the proletariat was drawn only incidentally.

"The Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley" (Doubleday, Page) is a packet of personal correspondence bound between boards to make a publisher's holiday. On February 16, 1897, we learn from Lord Wolseley's note, "Lord Weymouth fainted after dinner at the Peels'. He looks delicate but is very good-looking." On August 7, 1890, we are given to understand that "the Queen was very gracious at dinner last night, and looked very happy and well. The Princess of Wales looked lovely, though dressed upon a very hot night in a bright velvet dress." . . . So much for the Lord's English. Lady Wolseley is the sort of woman who underlines at least one word in each sentence, places parenthesized question marks after statements to render them the more ironical, and manifests a Margot-like cattishness when describing the ladies at Count ——'s dinner, or Ambassador ——'s soirée. Opening the book at random, we find this characteristic passage (page 148):

> I have made a round of studios with Lady——. I don't *dislike* her now, but I don't care about her. . . . She is so strong about *class*, while she does nothing to dignify the class she is proud of belonging to; for she *is* proud of it. . . .

The correspondence dates from 1870 to 1911, and includes references to practically everyone listed in Burke's Peerage. These references, however, in addition to being decidedly unimportant, are signally uninteresting.

Professor Albert Léon Guérard has rendered a double service by his "Short History of the International Language Movement" (Boni, Liveright). He has told, in crisp, vivacious English, the story of the various languages in their races for world supremacy; and he has shown that an artificial, international language is a delusion of the leisure class among the philologically employed. He set out to do the first; the second was furthest from his intention. It is consequently done with the naïveté that always goes with unconscious success. Had Professor Guérard tried to show that an international language is unfeasible, he would not have been so convincing; for he would have been more embarrassed — embarrassed with the wealth of argument. As it is, he has just gone on pleading the cause of a world language for 268 pages, and the further he goes the more clearly he disproves his pet point. But it is an exceedingly interesting book; and it is suggestive. It suggests that equally interesting books might be written on the history of the attempts to establish perpetual motion, on the lives of those who have tried to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, and on the careers of college professors who have endeavored to become millionaires by raising chickens in off hours.

In "Memories of Travel" (Macmillan) we have the statesman turned tourist, the publicist lecturing in genuine Burton Holmes fashion. Viscount Bryce, in sixty years of travel, covered most of the interesting points on this giddy globe, from Iceland's vistas to the languorous isles of the

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Southern Pacific; from the mountains of Poland to the plains of Palestine. The accounts of the eminent Englishman's various ventures abroad have been collected from notes, miscellaneous papers, and similar data. There is no particular distinction apparent in Lord Bryce's style, but his work is marked by a strange mixture of prosaic statistics and imaginative description.

The main fault with William Robertson's selections for "The Golden Book of English Sonnets" (Dodd, Mead) seems to be that it is just another book of poetry. While it is true that the editor has included names comparatively new in this field, such as Rupert Brooke, Richard Le Gallienne, and Wilfrid Blunt, for the most part the poets are almost wearisomely familiar. One looks in vain for such representatives as Charles H. Sorley, the twenty year old boy who was killed at Halluch in 1915, and whose poetry, while necessarily limited in quantity, surely for its quality deserved a place here. All the literary gentry from Francis Bacon to Shakespeare have been included. One is irritated not so much by what has been selected as by what might have been.

"The United States" by William Henry Hudson and Irwin S. Guernsey (Stokes) is a history of our country "from the discovery of the American continent to the end of the World War". While brief enough to satisfy the reader who prefers the few important facts of history to the innumerable non-essentials, it is yet sufficiently comprehensive in scope to cover all subjects of general interest, and sufficiently detailed in treatment to suit the average person in search of information. For the student desiring to make an intensive study it will be found inadequate; but it fulfils excellently its function of providing a general acquaintance with the outstanding facts of American history.

The "Letters and Papers of John Addington Symonds" (Scribner), compiled and edited by his friend and biographer Horatio F. Brown, consists of some two hundred and fifty extracts from some twenty-four hundred letters of friendship, about four hundred of them to Henry Sidgwick, most of the rest to the present compiler. Their main subject matter — thirty years of a poet's dying of consumption — is not enticing. Yet, certain stray pictures included, of Gladstone badgering Tennyson, of Roden Noel, Coventry Patmore, Browning, Morris, Clough, Stevenson, Wilde, Kipling, and others, as men and poets, together with Symonds's pervasive generosity toward younger and foreign strugglers for literary recognition in the "tight little Isle", deserve our lasting gratitude.

In spite of its Greenwich Village appearance "Chinese White" (Melomime), with fragmentary, sophisticated verse by Gladys Oaks and grotesque illustrations by William Gropper, has about it an amusing, bacchanalian air. It reminds one of the excessive worldliness of an inebriated Venetian gondolier or the tolerant yawnings of an Italian impresario at an amateur recital. The author wisely makes no pretense at either continuity or balance — her offering being solely a handful of brightly colored confetti scattered carelessly. The illustrator has caught the idea and his drawings round out the book into what it perhaps aims to be — a diverting bit of poetic hokum.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

The monthly examination and analysis of librarians' reports, continued over a period of years, is far from being the tedious and thankless task which it might seem to an observer on the sidelines. It would be difficult, for example, to devise a more comprehensive and accurate object lesson in the psychology of literate America than precisely the monthly comparison of the relative popularity of current literary offerings. One early finds it a fascinating game to watch for new titles appearing in the reports and to observe their progress from obscurity to the fierce white light that beats upon the monthly score; to note how differently each performs, some gaining the throne at a single bound, others climbing with slow but steady progress, some holding public favor month after month and year after year, while others emerge but once from oblivion and as quickly are submerged.

It seems, at times, almost possible to forecast the progress of certain books and types of books. Take "Black Oxen", the chief newcomer in the March fiction score. Mrs. Atherton has gone straight to one of the oldest folk myths for her theme, thereby (given adequate craftsmanship in its handling) gaining a popular audience as certainly as Zane Grey does when he retells the "Ulysses" myth in terms of today. Modern science has made the "Wandering Jew" theme at least as plausible as "Cinderella" or "Jack the Giant-Killer", and people in the mass are as eager today to believe in miracles as they were in King Tut's time. Hence it was a certainty, once "Black Oxen" began to be named in the library reports, that its appearance in the monthly score of popularity would early be inevitable.

It is this same love of the folk myth that accounts (as this reporter sees it) for the extraordinary tenacity of the hold with which Mr. Bok's remarkable autobiography retains a place in the monthly score. This "Jack the Giant-Killer" story made its first appearance in these lists away back in 1920. For thirty months it has held its place in the sun, a record so far unequaled by any other book or author, and there are as yet only faint indications that the demand has reached the saturation point. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Babbitt	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	Wanderer of the Wasteland	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	This Freedom	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
4.	The Cathedral	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
5.	The Dim Lantern	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
6.	Rough-Hewn	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
7.	One of Ours	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
8.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	BONI
9.	The Enchanted April	*"Elizabeth"*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	Certain People of Importance	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3.	Self Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion	*Emile Coué*	AMER. LIBRARY SERV.
4.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
5.	The Outline of Science	*J. Arthur Thomson*	PUTNAM
6.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
7.	Upstream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	BONI
8.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
9.	The Letters of Franklin K. Lane	*Lane and Wall*	HOUGHTON
10.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR MR. KENNETH ANDREWS:

Early in the war I gave up taking Press Cuttings and have never resumed the habit, so that I rarely see printed criticism, but someone sent me your critique in a recent number of the American BOOKMAN [December], thinking it would interest me. Well, it did! I found some pleasant reading about my work, some that was valuably humbling, and much that was suggestive. But there were certain impressions of me personally which I don't feel to be true; and there was one statement of fact which I know to be false. You say: "He is not above writing *to order*" (italics mine) "serials which will appeal to the many thousands who build up the circulation of popular American magazines." Whether or not I am above it, I never in my life *have* written anything "to order". This is in no sense a proof of virtue, it is due to my not being dependent on my pen for bread and butter. I never consider the destination of anything I write (whether novel, play or story) until after it is written. Then, as a rule, I give it to my agent who markets it. If my agent concludes any negociation for sale of a story before he receives it, he makes it clear, first that there may be no story to deliver, and, secondly, that it must be taken (or left) just as it is — absolutely without alteration; and no consideration of suiting any particular public ever comes into play, nor has any suggestion of that sort ever been made to me. I do not know where you get your impression from — possibly from the inexcusable habit certain magazines have of advertising that "so and so" is writing especially for them. In my case that would always be a false statement. I do not write especially for anybody, or for any public. Please forgive my being anxious to correct you on this point, but it is one on which I feel strongly; because I should be really ashamed of myself if, in my fortunate circumstances, I had not preserved a complete independence in regard to the quality of my work. All my work, however indifferent, has been the best, according to my own taste and judgment, that I could do at the time. So much for that!

The other matters are trifles, comparatively. You talk of my being "never quite comfortable in the theatre". I am not conscious of this; at least not for the reasons you suggest. Not being persuaded of the "distinction of my appearance", I am not worried by that; "grey hairs" are not sufficiently uncommon in my country to be a source of *gêne* either in the theatre or out of it; and I certainly don't speak in a more "West-end manner" than most of our dramatists and actors. If there is the awkwardness you feel about me in stageland, it must be caused by the fact that I was first (for many years) a novelist, and came to the theatre conscious that there is a limitation set to creative freedom by the forms and physical conditions of drama. I have never quite lost that consciousness. I am probably more hampered creatively by stage conditions than I should have been if I had been first a dramatist. I cannot quite shake off a sense of cramp in writing for the theatre.

There is one other remark in your article that I don't understand. "And he did not spend his apprentice years at the feet of Pinero, he spent them in the commercial theatre where plays are drawn up according to box office specifications." I never had any apprentice years, I never had anything at all to do with the theatre till in February and March 1906 I wrote "The Silver Box", being at the time in a mood of revolt against the artificiality of such plays as I had seen. You imply very kindly that I am a master of stagecraft. I'm sure I don't know whether that's true, but if it is, I have gradually muddled out a mastery for myself. I am in no sense a student of drama, nor a great playgoer, nor a believer in learning the job of playwriting except by practice. As to "box office specifications" — if I knew anything about them or paid any attention to them, I suppose I should not have had in London only two commercial successes out of my fifteen long plays produced there. With apologies for not having been able to avoid the pronoun "I",

Believe me
Very truly yours
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

TO RUPERT HUGHES:

Your open letter to me in the January BOOKMAN asks questions which make me willing to try an answer in spite of my usual antipathy to the job of answering critics. Both you and any who may have read your letter will excuse me, I am sure, if I do not fall as readily into personalities as you have done. By giving away the secret that you like to ransack literary his-

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tory for instances of other great authors who have been misjudged in their days by other stupid critics you furnish me with a personal retort so easy that I should blush to use it.

I am willing to answer your letter because I myself feel that several writers have a kind of grievance against my "Contemporary American Novelists". Having chosen not to write so exhaustive — and impossible — a treatise as might properly be called "The Contemporary American Novel", I chose instead to single out the ten living novelists who seemed to me most "distinguished or significant" and to lay my chief critical emphasis upon them, mentioning or discussing others merely as illustrative of the general tendencies which I believed I saw and which I tried to indicate. This scheme meant, of course, that the novelists who fell just outside the group of ten most interesting to me had to get along with less space in the book than they might have deserved if the system had been one of strict proportional representation. For the injustice worked by my scheme I am of course to blame, since I chose it; but I am sure I should have worked more injustice and rendered less service, such as it is, if I had tried to give every novelist his precise pound or ounce of flesh and had thus made hash of the whole enterprise. To those novelists who feel that they have been neglected in my book I can only say that I wish them better luck at the hand of some better critic.

As to you, who are so sure that time will right you, I need not, I suppose, go further into specific details than to assure you that I have read your novels as I have read the novels of every other writer whom I mention in my book; that I have carefully noted your account of your artistic aims as you set them forth in "An Autobiography by Request"; that I do not so much as hint at prophecy regarding you; and that when I speak of "disposing of" you or of other authors I refer only, as you will know if you have read my book, to the disposition of them in this particular work and not to any assignment of them to their proper chapter and page of the volume in which posterity will cherish the age we live in. So learned and disinterested a man as you tell me and the world you are will prefer that I talk about what I mean by "true distinction" in the broadest terms, without allusions to the items of controversy which you have brought up.

I cannot do this more concisely than by first quoting a few sentences from my next book. "Literature, which collects, transmutes, and utters life, may represent the good, may speak the truth, may use the modes of beauty — any one or all of these things. Call the good the bow which lends the power; call the truth the string which fixes the direction; call the beautiful the arrow which wings and stings. But there is still the arm in which the true life of the process lies. Or, to change the figure, one of those gods who in the mythologies model men out of clay may have good clay and a true purpose and may shape his figure beautifully; but there is still the indispensable task of breathing the breath of life into it before it will wake and go its own course and continue its breed to other generations. Life is obviously what makes the difference between human sculpture and divine creation; it is the same element which makes the difference between living literature and dead literature. . . . Not goodness alone nor truth alone nor beauty alone nor all of them in one of their rare fusions can be said to make great literature, though these are the tools of that hard trade. Great literature may be known by the sign that it communicates the sense of the vividness of life."

I do not claim that all of the novelists whom I selected for special discussion in my book always communicate the sense of the vividness of life. As I have tried to point out, some of them communicate it clumsily, some of them cantankerously, some of them superficially; some of them have managed to be widely praised and read without, to my perception, communicating it importantly at all. But they do seem to me to have come nearer to doing it, or to have done it in a way more typical of this age, than the novelists whom I did not select. I had, in accordance with my principles, to leave outside those who out of interest in the good had made themselves merely edifying; those who out of interest in the true had made themselves merely banal; those who out of interest in the beautiful had made themselves merely pretty. I had, in accordance with my taste, to leave outside those novelists whose books read like newspapers — books, that is, which may be exciting and timely and full of facts and accurate enough but which nevertheless, like newspapers, fail to show that their materials have been collected and transmuted and uttered by any powerful, charming, amusing, or eloquent individual.

Though I do not deny that I believe strongly in my critical principles, I am quick to admit that I may have applied them badly in this case or that. At such points I cannot expect that other persons will agree with me, least of all those persons who imagine themselves the victims of my errors. I am sorry when disagreement of the sort arises, for I have as little interest in argument as any man who ever strayed into the fields of criticism. But I am consoled by the conviction that criticism does not finally

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prevail against time and can indeed do very little to delay or accelerate time's verdicts.

Can you and I not agree, Mr. Hughes, that both great authors and stupid critics now and then go wrong? Can we not agree to leave our controversy, as we must, to be settled by time, the one critic we both believe in? I will if you will.

CARL VAN DOREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

In THE BOOKMAN for January, 1923, there is an article on the short story, which fits itself to the pattern in such cases made and provided. That is to say it begins with the assertion that the short story is a lost art, and proceeds to propose measures for reviving this art. The reiteration of this formula is beginning to make a red haze dance before my eyes. We writers are, in our hearts, astonishingly humble folk; we know our limitations much better than anyone else. Nevertheless, the worm turns; and one of these days one of us will come along with a brief discussion of A Certain Condescension in Critics that will be fairly blasting in its vehemence.

In the meanwhile, and strictly in the first person singular, I hereby register my protest. The critic does not thus frankly use the personal pronoun. He speaks of "art" and "distinction" as though they were gods and he their only prophet. If he permitted it to be understood that his utterances are, after all, merely one man's opinions, there would be no quarrel with him. But he disguises this fact in a jargon of his own, hypnotizes himself with words, and issues sweeping condemnations as authoritatively as though he were eternity itself. Upon what meat have these our critics fed?

I have no personal quarrel with these gentlemen; they have been much more kind to me than I deserve. I should have criticized my own writings much more acutely, and much more rigorously than they. But the recital of one experience with critics may be permitted me. My first two books dealt with the sea; the general verdict of the critical world was favorable, and almost every critic commented upon my obvious familiarity with the sea and the ships that sail thereon. Even the English critics emphasized this point, in their reviews. But a third volume was laid in a small, middle western town, and critics repeatedly asserted that the local color was not authentic; that I was not sure of my ground; and that I had been mistaken to forsake a field with which I was familiar.

As a matter of fact, my only knowledge of the sea was gained on a voyage to Liverpool and back. As for the small, middle western town, I spent twenty years in the one of which I wrote. The experience seems to suggest that critics are still fallible.

The critic of the short story, professional or professorial, has fallen into the habit of stating that the good short story has become extinct, as though it were an admitted fact. Each assigns his own cause or causes, but no one of them undertakes to establish the assertion itself. Most of these dogmatists attribute a large share of the blame to the magazines; the particular article in question suggests an endowed magazine as a remedy.

Now I am speaking as much in defense of editors as of writers. I have known a few of these editors. The critic paints them as seducers of the innocent; this has not been my experience, and after all, a little experience is worth a world of dogma. It is probably true that the system of contracting for stories before they are written tends in the long run toward careless writing; but this system is primarily the creation of the author, not the editor. Most editors will make such a contract; some even suggest it. But they sigh with almost audible relief when a contract is refused. . . .

If there is any justice in this complaint of the critics that the magazines discourage good writing, then it must be true that the magazines would refuse to buy a good short story. I do not believe this to be true; I know no one outside the critical field who believes it to be true. The proposition is probably not susceptible to proof, one way or another, because it hinges on the question, "What is a good story?" and the answer to that question no one knows until he has been told by the verdict of at least some small measure of eternity.

It is certain that the critics do not infallibly know a good story when they see it. Mr. Rupert Hughes, in the same number of THE BOOKMAN, produces a few instances to prove this fact. The critics are certainly as likely to be wrong as the editors. The recognition of a work of art at first glance is astonishingly difficult. Certain works of fiction we believe to be also works of art because they have endured the test of years; but this test, in the nature of things, cannot be applied to the fiction in this week's "Saturday Evening Post" until too late for next month's critical magazines.

It becomes pertinent to inquire into the nature of those works of fictional art which have endured this test. They have — and this is a generality to which there are few exceptions — one quality in common. This quality may be described in many ways. You may call it universality. You may say that they portray human nature with an accuracy that may be recognized at a distance of a century, or ten, or twenty of them.

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You may say that they evoked, evoke, and will evoke common emotions in the breast of the reader. But whatever this quality is called, it is this which made, makes, and will make these works of fiction — popular.

Popular! There comes the rub; that word "popular". Critics too often forget that immortality is simply another word for continued popularity. . . .

If these things be true, they do not prove that popular fiction is therefore good; but they suggest very pointedly that fiction which has had a chance at popularity and failed to achieve it is not good. The only argument which can be opposed to this assumption is the critical verdict; and the critical verdict — give them the benefit of the doubt, which they refuse to us, and concede that the critics of today are as good on the whole as the critics of any other day — has been notoriously unsound in the past. There is no prestige of success behind it. Unless he can give reasons for his verdict, the critic deserves no consideration. . . .

But the critic does not face his task thus straightforwardly. It is so much easier for him to be dogmatic. He says this book or that lacks "true distinction"; lacks "the authentic gesture". Ah, there's a phrase he loves. What will be eternity's verdict on such a phrase as that? Perhaps some critic of a century hence will dig it up and dust it off and give it a new vogue, but this is unlikely. The genus critic will no doubt always be too much absorbed in announcing the errors of the artists whose work he discusses, to delve into the history of error in his own craft.

Back to the critic's premise. That no good stories are written nowadays, because the magazines would not print them if they were written. This is a pronunciamento as difficult to disprove as mine would be if I were to announce that the Aurora Borealis is caused by waves of electromagnetism from the magnetic pole. The good story and the Aurora Borealis have this in common: that no one knows very much about them.

But it is permissible to submit a selection of short stories, conceded to be good, to the tests of today. Any list would do; here are twelve stories selected some years ago by consultation with many minds in a position to exercise mature judgment. They are: "The Outcasts of Poker Flat", "A Lodging for the Night", "The Man Who Would be King", "The Brushwood Boy", "Without Benefit of Clergy", "Heart of Darkness", "A Municipal Report", "A Christmas Carol", "The Gold Bug", "The Fall of the House of Usher", "The Luck of Roaring Camp", "The Belled Buzzard".

Imagine these stories crossing the desk of Mr. Lorimer in Philadelphia. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is a beautifully told tale of sacrifice; the author would receive a check within a week. "A Lodging for the Night" might be doubtful. For all its beauty, it is not so much a story as a sketch. But "The Man Who Would be King" would be featured on the cover. "The Brushwood Boy" would not be long weighed in the balance. "Without Benefit of Clergy", for all its theme, would attain merit because of the beauty of the workmanship. "Heart of Darkness", accepted. "A Municipal Report", featured. And so on down the list. Of them all, only two would ever be in doubt, and these two would have better than an even chance of acceptance. Not more than two or three of these stories would be rejected by any single editor in the country.

Yet these are good short stories. What becomes, then, of the complaint that the magazines discourage the writing of good short stories? It goes the way of most critical pronouncements.

Remains still the critical assertion that no good short stories are written today. A good short story is one with popular appeal, which has also a universality about it, through which it may make as keen an impression a hundred years from now as it does today. Popular short stories are being written and published every day; this requirement is easily met. And as for the test of universality, it would be easily possible to select a dozen stories from the last year's numbers of almost any magazine, which appear to have this quality, and which will continue to appear to have it till the years have proved otherwise. Your critic may dismiss them with a catchword; but he cannot destroy them with any reasoned and convincing criticism.

There is an ancient warfare between author and critic. I am not one of those who believes that all critics should be destroyed by slow torment. But I do believe that the critic best serves the process of producing artistic fiction by finding work to approve; by disapproving only when he can also make plain why he disapproves, and can point out the path the writer should have trod. Matters have come to such a point that if we believe the critics, the profession of letters is no longer a reputable one; the members of the profession are prostitutes; the editors are procurers; and the reader is consorting with fallen men and women whenever he picks up a magazine.

On the unsupported assertion of the critics, I find this too much to believe.

Yours very truly,

BEN AMES WILLIAMS.

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TO A CHILD

(Written on the fly leaf of "Puck of Pook's Hill" and given to a child)

By William McFee

IT tells of peace, it tells of strife,
It tells of high and low,
It tells of all the throbbing life
They lived long long ago;
Of matrons fat and maidens slim,
Of castles high and cathedrals dim.

It tells you tales of this our land
That Englishmen call "home",
Where lived the mighty men who manned
The outer walls of Rome;
Of Julius Cæsar (in evening dress)
Out for a stroll on Shoeburyness.

It tells of Knights and Squires fine
Who never were afraid,
Who rode (first class) to Palestine
Upon a fierce Crusade.
Some of them never came back I hear,
And widows at home were cheap that year.

It tells of men who ventured out
On high discoverie,
Who strove in many a dusty bout
Upon the stormy sea:
Who fought for gold with many wiles
In lands beyond the Happy Isles.

So take, Maid Margery, this book
And p'raps, when trees are green,
Asleep within some shady nook,
You'll find the fairies seen
By little man and little maid,
Adrowse beneath the woodland glade!

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF THE SPRING

By Annie Carroll Moore

WHEN I saw "Moonshine and Clover" and "A Doorway in Fairyland" clinging to the shelves of their London publisher last November and learned that both books were to be published in New York in early spring, my mind leaped to the delightful prospect of contrasting new stories of Laurence Housman with his tales of a generation ago, in a spring review of children's books for THE BOOKMAN.

So I asked to have the new books sent to the steamer that I might read them for the first time on the homeward voyage. But never "A Doorway in Fairyland" nor a glimmer of "Moonshine and Clover" appeared on the "France" at Plymouth, and I have actually waited four long months to look inside their covers and behold "The Blue Moon" rise from "A Doorway in Fairyland", while "The Field of Clover", "The House of Joy", and "A Farm in Fairyland" yield tribute to both books, neither of which, as a matter of fact, offers any new stories at all.

The publishers have wisely recorded in each volume the titles of the four collections from which the stories are taken and the original dates of publication, but they have not been so careful as one could wish about the form. The paper, the sacrifice of initial letters, and the poor reproductions of the "dear wood engraver", as Clemence Housman is called by her artist brother who made the original designs, lead me to register a strong protest on a tendency to make an ordinary looking book out of an unusual one in the rapid publication of folk and fairy tales.

It is twenty-nine years since "A Farm in Fairyland" appeared as a new book, and I well remember that it found a relatively small number of readers among the children of an American public library during the years it remained in print. Within the past fifteen years, however, changes have been taking place under my direct observation which lead me to predict a large and expectant group of readers for "The Galloping Plough", "The Rooted Lover" (in which a ruddy faced plow boy turns into a red poppy), "The Prince With the Nine Sorrows" (a story blessed with a "family fairy"), "The Luck of the Roses", "The Wishing-Pot", and "A Capful of Moonshine". "How is it that one gets to see a fairy?" Toonie asks the old fagot maker on Drundle Head; and the old man, ignorant of spirit photography, replies: "There are some to whom it comes by nature; but for others three things are needed —a handful of courage, a mouthful of silence, and a capful of moonshine."

To quote from "Rocking-Horse Land" (a delectable birthday story destined to be a favorite in library story hours) is to deprive the reader of the joy of discovery. Girls of high school age, from twelve or thirteen on through the teens, will readily associate several of these stories with their reading of poetry, with old French ro-

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mances, with such books as "The Children of the Dawn", Kipling's "Brushwood Boy", "The Happy Prince" of Oscar Wilde", with Barrie, with Laurence Housman's garden play "Prunella", with that more recent out of door fantasy conceived, not by an artist, but by a scientist, "The Treasure of the Isle of Mist"; and, as it becomes better known, with Eleanor Farjeon's "Martin Pippin".

Aline Kilmer loves the Housman tales. She tells me that she came by "The Field of Clover" when she was twelve and "A Farm in Fairyland" a year later, but she waited for "The Blue Moon" until she was nearly eighteen. She has kept on reading the stories ever since she began and is now sharing them with her children.

The story which stands out to me and to all the story tellers in the New York Public Library, because we heard it perfectly told in a setting which gave it something of its own background, is "A Chinese Fairy Tale". Others may ask whether Laurence Housman invented the whole story — it has a very intricate plot — or whether he invested an old Chinese legend with his own experience of an artist's life and aspiration. I shall never seek to know. I am quite content to accept it without speculation as the life story of a true artist to be told only by the rare story teller who is an artist in her own right.

Marie Shedlock told the story of "Tiki-pu", as she calls it, in the art gallery of Pratt Institute Free Library as a tribute to a librarian who, if she was not the first to discover, was the first to make a living connection between the art of reading with appreciation — as distinguished from the mere act of reading a book or seeking information from books in a library — and the other arts, including the art of the story teller. Mary Wright Plummer rarely missed an art exhibition, a dramatic or a musical event of any significance. When she learned that an English story teller was telling dramatic stories in French as well as in English at a series of matinées for children at Sherry's, she knew at once that she wanted to hear the stories and see the children.

The library story was unknown in 1900, but these miniature dramas — "The Tin Soldier", "The Swineherd", "The Princess and the Pea" — seemed to belong naturally among the resources of a children's room. Why should not they be given a chance there? No one who heard a story told as these stories are told could possibly forget it. Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" might live forever, not merely in the *hearts* of children, as was said when he died, but in their *minds*. Everything about children interested Miss Plummer, but she was always concerned with their minds. Characteristically and courageously (for the story telling of the time was laden with information, elocution, and propaganda), Miss Plummer invited Miss Shedlock to come over Brooklyn Bridge and tell her stories first to the trustees, directors, and teachers in various departments of Pratt Institute, which at that time included a kindergarten and a high school so far in advance of the time as to anticipate in practice many things strongly urged by Quiller-Couch in "The Art of Writing" and "The Art of Reading". Story telling for the grown people soon led to a memorable story hour for children. The circulation of books was stopped one Saturday morning and the children came to their room to listen to stories while the books stood listening also.

There was never any doubt in my

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mind after that morning that a children's library should have a regular story hour, but finding a story teller of the right sort was not an easy matter. Poor story telling is more disastrous than poor story writing, which can be skipped or left entirely alone without affecting anyone else. I had been conscious from the first months of my personal work in a children's room of the need for investing reading with dramatic interest and pictorial tradition, if it were to have any real meaning in the daily lives of hundreds of children who were coming to the library — many of them from very sordid homes — with all the freedom of voluntary and familiar association.

For a year I carried on an experimental story hour, inviting different people to come to tell stories while I listened with the children. I learned a very great deal from listening. In the spring of that year Miss Shedlock came back again and told Hans Andersen's "Nightingale". It woke the story teller for whom I had been waiting so long, and on May Eve, a Robin Hood story from Howard Pyle and a true story out of her own childhood marked the first of Anna Cogswell Tyler's distinctive contributions to story telling. Two years later she was appointed to assist in an organization of the work with children in the New York Public Library which called for a projection of the library story hour and reading club to meet the varying needs and desires of children from the picture book age on through a continuous range of old and new fairy and folk tales, myths and legends, poetry and romance, mystery and drama, history and biography. Miss Tyler's natural gift of understanding adolescent boys and girls in their relationship to the theatre and to other forms of recreation, as well as to the schools, the museums, and their own homes, has contributed much to the fund of actual knowledge of those associative tastes in which appreciation takes root. Her direction of the work has been continuous for nearly the entire period of fifteen years to which I have referred, and the impact from her groups of readers may be traced all over Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island. Miss Tyler's selection of "Twenty-four Unusual Stories" is an admirable book to include among the books of a summer camp for boys or girls.

While the library story hour has been under my immediate observation as registering fresh powers of appreciation and a vastly extended range of interest in reading among the youth of the time, I am conscious that the schools, notably the English departments of private schools and high schools, have enlivened their courses and are giving more attention to those interests in reading which spring from the love of the thing itself rather than as a means to an end. The same thing is true in the placing of exhibits, in the Museums of Art and Natural History, and the more humanized lectures and stories for small groups given in connection with them. The tendency here is still too strong to give more information than exposure to the subject warrants. I know of no better antidote for too much museum at one time than reading out of such a book as W. H. Hudson's "A Traveller in Little Things". There are some half dozen short chapters about little girls, including "A Little Girl Lost", which are more revealing of Hudson's understanding and love of children than a whole book on the subject by somebody else.

That reading has been coming into even closer association with the drama

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in the experience of boys and girls in their teens than in that of their elders, must have been observed by all who are having any opportunity to talk with them. The boys and girls seem to me to have the signal advantage of a more informed approach to dramatic stories and plays as well as a clearer sense of beauty and form.

Investing books and reading with a dramatic quality and pictorial appeal may well be thought of as promising something for the theatre audiences of the future, as well as for the writer and reader of stories and plays. The circumstances which determined the writing and the first production of Walter de la Mare's "Crossings" should make other boys eager to read this play and to act it as soon as it becomes available.

Those who have indifferent knowledge of boys and young men are often surprised that they care so much for beauty and romance. Not so the story teller, nor the writer of the books boys care most about. All sorts of vacuous impressions prevail concerning boys and girls of high school age, most of which can be replaced with finer and truer ones by forming a genuine friendship or two. "Barrie Marvell" is Charles Vince's search through childhood, and he remains always a little boy hearing the night winds blowing and trying to get the smell of the sea in his far off garden. The chapter on "Words and Words" is a perfect account of a child's discovery that he could make words of his own. I walked out from Quality Court with this book under my arm, only to lose it in Paris before I had finished reading it. It is a very nice book to read aloud and holds admirable child psychology. I could say much more in praise of this book and also of Mr. Vince's "Street of Faces" which deserved an appreciation it failed to get at the hands of American reviewers. Both books are so well made that it is a pleasure to turn their pages.

"Wizards and Enchanters" is the title of an absorbing chapter in Edmund L. Pearson's "Books in Black and Red". In it he pays tribute to "Davy and the Goblin", and the other stories he still cherishes in "St. Nicholas" of the 1880's. The well chosen familiar illustrations in this book reinforce Mr. Pearson's reminiscence.

"A Century of Children's Books" ends with the Edgeworths. Florence Barry began the book before the war while a student in Sir Walter Raleigh's class. Her appreciation of the subject in its relation to children and childhood is fresh and unstudied. It is a pity the footnotes and parentheses which so persistently pursue the text were not relegated to the back of the book, for the comment and the selection chosen for quotation are in the main excellent. Such a book should always have some pictorial accompaniment to stay the mind of the reader.

To quote a whole galley of "A Child's Day" is almost irresistible, for I find that Walter de la Mare's verses which were first published with photographs are very little known. Winifred Bromhall is making the pictures for it and the book bids fair to find its place quickly with American children.

> Softly, drowsily,
> Out of sleep
> Into the world again
> Ann's eyes peep.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And all that my song is meant to say
> Is just what she did one long, long day
> With her own little self to play with only
> Yet never once felt the least bit lonely.

"Fifty New Poems for Children" is an attractive little book. The poems have been carefully chosen from books recently published by Basil Blackwell

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and there is an index and bibliography of the authors — Robert Graves, Eleanor Farjeon, the Nightingales, and child verses of E. Wyndham Tennant are to be found in it. After seeing the woodcuts of Charles T. Nightingale which illustrate Madeline Nightingale's "Ring a Ring o' Fairies" it seems a thousand pities to have used but one, and that on the outer cover of "Fifty New Poems", where it will be quickly defaced. These delicate woodcuts are so much a part of the verses that they should be regarded as inseparable from them.

A new edition of "The Wind in the Willows" is said to have brought joy to Kenneth Grahame, since Nancy Barnhart's pictures in color and line have caught the very spirit of his fantasy. That "The Talking Thrush", a volume of East Indian stories, retold by W. H. D. Rouse and illustrated by W. H. Robinson, is again in print will be welcome news to story tellers.

"Three to Make Ready", a book of plays by Louise Ayres Garnett, includes a dramatization of her "Muffin Shop" and appears just in time to be included among the books for girls' summer camps.

Moonshine and Clover. By Laurence Housman. Harcourt, Brace and Co. London: Jonathan Cape.

A Doorway in Fairyland. By Laurence Housman. Harcourt, Brace and Co. London: Jonathan Cape.

Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard. By Eleanor Farjeon. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Twenty-four Unusual Stories. Arranged and retold by Anna Cogswell Tyler. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

A Traveller in Little Things. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Barrie Marvell. By Charles Vince. E. P. Dutton and Co. London: Philip Allan and Co.

Books in Black and Red. By Edmund L. Pearson. The Macmillan Co.

A Century of Children's Books. By Florence V. Barry. George H. Doran Company. London: Methuen and Co.

A Child's Day. By Walter de la Mare. Henry Holt and Co.

Fifty New Poems for Children. Brentano's. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.

The Wind in the Willows. By Kenneth Grahame. Illustrated by Nancy Barnhart. London: Methuen and Co.

The Talking Thrush. By W. H. D. Rouse. Illustrated by W. H. Robinson. E. P. Dutton and Co. London: J. M. Dent and Sons.

Three to Make Ready — Hilltop: Muffins: The Pig Prince. By Louise Ayres Garnett. George H. Doran Company.

AFTER MUCH THEATREGOING IN NEW YORK

By Cale Young Rice

OPEN the gates! Open the skyward gates!
My soul is sick of the Highways of Seduction,
With their pawnbrokers of passion, pose, and pander.
Give me again the stars, illumining God,
Not tinsel constellation touting trade.

Open the gates — that face toward freedom
From the stupid narrow stench of gaudy decadence.
For I have tryst with a petrel on a wave
To leeward of a green isle that I remember
Six thousand miles across Pacific seas.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

THE BOOKMAN *presents the seventh instalment of its series of literary club programs. Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to evolve for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see* THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, January); II. Contemporary American Poetry; III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any questions confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE group of poets presented this month forms the third part of a study program of present day poetry. The committee have tried, in mapping out this program, both to show the varying trends of modern American poetry and to combine these differing elements into some sort of ordered pattern which might be easily followed. For this reason, the poets whose work is to be considered have been divided into groups. ("The New England Group", consisting of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, and Amy Lowell, may be found in the March number. "The Middle Western Group", including Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, and Edgar Lee Masters, appeared in April.) Of course, the same poet may logically belong to two or three groups. In such a case, the determining factor has been his most pronounced work.

The program is intended for a season's study. Yet in order not to make it too long, it has been considered wise to include only those poets already well known to the public. The committee wish it clearly understood that, in choosing these poets, every decision was made by ballot, the majority ruling.

The names of easily procurable books and magazine articles dealing with individual authors are listed after the account of the poet to whom they refer. As a general bibliography the following books are suggested:

Anthologies

The New Poetry. Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. MACMILLAN.

Modern American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. HARCOURT, BRACE.

A Miscellany of American Poetry, 1919. HARCOURT, BRACE.

American Poetry, 1922. HARCOURT, BRACE.

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References and Guides

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. Amy Lowell. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

The New Era in American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. HOLT.

New Voices. Marguerite Wilkinson. MACMILLAN.

An Introduction to Poetry. Hubbell and Beaty. MACMILLAN.

Poetry in General

Convention and Revolt in Poetry. John Livingston Lowes. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

A Study of Poetry. Bliss Perry. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

The Principles of English Versification. Paull F. Baum. HARVARD.

Lyric Forms from France. Helen Louise Cohen. HARCOURT, BRACE.

The American Rhythm. Mary Austin. HARCOURT, BRACE.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY

Committee: Amy Lowell, chairman; Grace Hazard Conkling, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, Louis Untermeyer.

Lyric Poets

(*First Half: Women*)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The appreciation of poetry is a most personal matter. The following program represents the painstaking effort of the above group of distinguished poets and critics. It includes only names of living Americans, and most of the younger poets were omitted as not having yet won their spurs. When this program was submitted for approval to the executive committee, suggestions and emendations were many. In few cases did the comments of any one member of the executive committee agree with those of another. For this reason, we have decided to publish the program as originally outlined by the poetry committee, without change. The biographies and quotations from critical material have been added by the editors of* THE BOOKMAN, *and for these the poetry committee is not responsible.*

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

The Shoes that Danced. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Miss Branch is a lyrist of charm; her verse is characterized by deep melody. A charitable vision of mankind tends to make her philosophical and her poems brood rather than lilt. Their solid content, however, does not prevent them from being filled with color and an occasional note of restrained passion.

Slender, rather fragile, with graceful hands and fine sensibilities, Miss Branch is essentially of New England. She does not seem of the sturdy farm stock with which we associate a Robert Frost; but of the quiet gentle ladies who sat in front of their fires with their slippered feet on hassocks, or moved efficiently behind white doorways and green shutters, performing their household tasks. She was born in New London, Connecticut, and was graduated from Smith College in 1897. Her later life has been devoted to the founding and running of a unique settlement house in the crowded Avenue B section of New York. Christodora House, it is called, "The House of Poets". Here she and other poets supporting her administer to the needs of the poor, and raise funds by the sale of poetry in loose leaf form, as well as by other means. At Christodora House, too, young poets gather for advice and assistance from Miss Branch, who is at once a rare poet and a fine friend.

"In the work of Anna Hempstead Branch we encounter a lyricist of entirely different temperament. She is not a fanciful singer but a philosophizing one. Often, indeed, her ruminations lead her into long and circuitous divagations; she weighs down her simple melodies with mysticism and overintellectualizes what should have been a brief passage of the harp. This too-determined emphasis on the symbolic and the sermonizing interferes seriously with her natural beauty of expression. It almost ruins one of Miss Branch's finest and best-known poems; after a direct and excellent opening, she heads toward philosophic generali-

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ties, drops into platitudes and ends on a note of Christmas card moralizing." — *Louis Untermeyer in "The New Era in American Poetry".*

"In the poetry of today we have both conservative and ultra-conservative poets. The moderate conservatives, poets like Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Anna Hempstead Branch, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Ada Foster Murray, Katharine Lee Bates, and a number of others who have been mentioned in preceding pages, are content simply to hold fast to all that is good in the traditions of English poetry. They are men and women of genuine culture, the heirs of the ages claiming their heritage. They are not in the forefront of what is called 'the new poetry movement', nor are they in sympathy with all of its manifestations. But their best work is done in accordance with the same underlying principles that are the credo of 'the new poets', although they do not go to extremes in practice or in theory and although they do not bring into contemporary poetry anything 'new' except what is new in their own personalities, the thing which makes all poets, as Lord Dunsany says, 'incomparable'. These moderate conservatives make beautiful original patterns in poetry and use images and symbols and rhythms that are the result of sincere reactions to stimuli and the sincere expression of emotions felt. They avoid artificial, stereotyped diction. They use the language of the best contemporary speech in most of their verse. They are seldom diffuse, vague, sentimental. They are capable of concise lyrical expression and do not revel in decoration for its own sake and without due regard to its structural importance." — *Marguerite Wilkinson in "New Voices".*

REFERENCES:
The New Era in American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. HARCOURT, BRACE.
New Voices. Marguerite Wilkinson. MACMILLAN.

SARA TEASDALE

Rivers to the Sea. MACMILLAN.
Flame and Shadow. MACMILLAN.

Of all our soft voiced singers of women's wiles, struggles and passions, Sara Teasdale is probably the most popular female poet. Yet in spite of her popularity, she has preserved her sense of artistry. Her lyrics are often memorable, often beautiful, and only occasionally usual. If she harps somewhat too often on the same string, she still harps extremely well. Sweetness with Miss Teasdale is seldom cloying. A wise heart, vision, a sense of beauty in simple things: these are hers, and added to them an intellectual grasp of verse technique which gives her the ability to conceive in sentiment and execute in art.

A quiet, gentle voiced, gentle mannered lady with hair between red and gold is Sara Teasdale. She seldom seeks company, yet sees her friends often; her chief surprise for the acquaintance is her sudden sallies of droll and even biting wit. This one finds but infrequently in her poems. Born in St. Louis, she has traveled much abroad. The influence of Italy is noticeable often in her love songs. She lives now in New York City with her husband, Ernest B. Filsinger, a tall dark business gentleman who writes heavy tomes on international trade. Miss Teasdale is a woman of poise and a poet of great distinction. It is unusual for a purely lyric poet to repeat the fine melody of his lyricism so often and so successfully as has she. Her poetry has received the highest critical praise.

"There are, of course, half a hundred more minstrels in these States who please the populace with their amiable tinklings. But these have scarcely a transient claim on our attention. Written around respectable rhymes and irreproachable sentiments, their lines are full of a simpering regularity; they suggest a melody that somehow is not music. They remind one of nothing so much as an air by Chaminade played on a metronome. Or, when they attempt *fortissimo* effects, of the song of the sirens played on a steam calliope. Such familiar blatancies need not detain us; they are evanescent space-fillers and trade goods that are no more related to poetry than they are to immortality. The work of the poets mentioned in the preceding paragraph is lyricism of an entirely different caliber. In taking care of the sounds, these singers have not neglected to look after the sense. Their stanzas are as intellectually candid as they are lyrically refreshing.

"No one of these word-musicians has more completely and melodiously mastered her craft than Sara Teasdale, possibly the most gifted singer of them all. With the utmost simplicity of phrase and style, she achieves effects that are little short of magical; her stanzas, usually without a single figure of speech, are more eloquent than a poem crammed with gorgeous tropes and highly colored similes."—*Louis Untermeyer in "The New Era in American Poetry".*

REFERENCES:
The New Era in American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. HOLT.

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New Voices. Marguerite Wilkinson. MACMILLAN.
A Critical Fable. Anonymous. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Sara Teasdale's Poems. Marguerite Wilkinson. FORUM, February, 1921.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Renascence and Other Poems. KENNERLEY.
Second April. KENNERLEY.

Sensitive, poignant, passionate, singing, yet by no means sentimental, Edna St. Vincent Millay in her lyrics and in her sonnets is a poet of great feeling and of peculiar magic of phrase. Her fancy is cut by an occasionally almost savage irony. Her mind often turns to youth's disillusionment. She sees truly and clearly. If her sentiments are at times unconventional, so are her poems original. They are fresh, stimulating, clear cut, often inspired. They have the flavor of champagne rather than milk and honey.

So little of New England is to be found in Miss Millay's personality or in her work that it is a surprise to find she was born at Rockland, Maine, in 1892. Slim, with a face that is beautiful rather than pretty, with large eyes, dreaming mouth, slender expressive hands, she has a presence that is at once wistful and compelling. She was graduated from Vassar College in 1917. Since then she has spent much of her time in Greenwich Village, where she was associated with the Provincetown Players. She acted in their company and they first presented her superb one act satirical fantasy, "Aria da Capo". Having spent three years traveling abroad, Miss Millay has returned to New York City. She is a striking combination of the wide eyed child and the subtle, sophisticated woman. Her prose, often written under various pseudonyms, has a quality of impish cleverness that is not so frequently found in her poetry. She is said to be about to publish a first novel.

"It would seem difficult to find a less literary language than Miss Teasdale's, yet in the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay one finds more untutored simplicity accompanying an indefinable magic. Because of her very naïveté, her pages vibrate with a direct and often dramatic power that few of our most expert craftsmen can equal.

"In her more austere and formal lines, Miss Millay is almost as authoritative. Genius, not a mere pretty talent, burns through them. Her sonnets, with the phrasing cut down to the glowing core, exhibit the same sensitive parsimony that one finds in the best of the Imagist poems plus a far richer sense of human values." — *Louis Untermeyer in "The New Era in American Poetry".*

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GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Afternoons of April. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Wilderness Songs. HOLT.

With a sense of the intimate graces of nature and a distinct gift for the melodious lyric, Mrs. Conkling in later years has matured, and in the more recent poems we find a note of philosophical interpretation of life and of the pageantry of woods, trees, clouds, and hills.

Born in New York City, Mrs. Conkling has lived much of her life in New England. It is the scenery of New England that most often embroiders her poems. She is a graduate of Smith College and was a student of music for several years in Europe. For some time she has been a teacher of English at her alma mater. She is a quiet woman, exceedingly proud of her family, which she now feels includes two literary members besides herself: Hilda, who at eight years of age was known as a poet of rare power, and Elsa, who writes compositions that would do credit to one several times her age.

REFERENCE:
A Critical Fable. Anonymous. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

The Noiseless Type of Writer

IT is the emigrant and the emissary who come into the United States from the Old World; it is the middleman among Americans, the man who can pay the price, the representative of the bourgeoisie, the well meaning citizen who would like to assimilate a little European culture, who returns the call of these two extremes. On the basis of averages, this should equalize the international viewpoint. It does, in truth, just the opposite: it leads many of us, even among contributors to the Congressional Record, to fancy that Europe is made up of the hodman and the hetman, the pauper and the prince, the illiterate and the lecturer. It is a pity; for if the European teacher, merchant, farmer, and preacher, the Old World landlord, physician, lawyer, and sheriff could come west in the same numbers in which their American colleagues go east, the appreciation of the two worlds for each other would be immensely more intelligent.

The war has changed this system of visits: it has increased the number of emissaries from all countries but one, placed the emigrant on a quota footing, and sent still bigger barges of middle class Americans over to see still more ruins. The "one" country referred to is Germany. Who cannot remember the days, and they were rather good ones, when the arrival of a big German meant a big time? When Prince Henry of Prussia was in the United States, fifteen years ago, as much was written about his dentist bill as would be written at present about the entire German Cabinet if it decided to tour the States as a *Gesangverein*. And today? For all that anyone knows, that same Prince Henry may be in this country at this moment. A year ago, Gustav Frenssen, a writer of enormous popularity, arrived in New York. He slipped into the Pennsylvania Hotel and tried to stay there. It was hard to find him; harder still to get him to talk. I succeeded in both only by trial and error. The war came very near making the Germans speechless, at least while in this country.

Months ago, it was my privilege to state, in print, that Herbert Eulenberg was coming to the United States to take up where Gustav Frenssen left off: to lecture in the interests of the starving children of the Central Powers. I got my information from the "Berliner Tageblatt". To my knowledge, it is the only note that has appeared in the English language press concerning the visit of Herr Eulenberg, who was here for months, and who lectured and read from his works, though so far as mass noise goes he might just as well have been leaning up against one of the pyramids meditating on the significance of the changes wrought by time.

Herbert Eulenberg was born at Mühlheim-on-the-Rhine in 1876, took his doctorate in law at Bonn, practised law for a while, then became manager of the leading theatre of Düsseldorf, and lives at present as a free lance near that city. His "Anna Walewska", a tragedy based on a Polish theme, appeared in 1899. Since then he has published a colossal

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amount of material — dramas, novels, poems, and critical works. He is a man of emotion, passion, dreams, and visions, in his creative works. His comedies are so many little "Babbitt's". He has written one drama on Samson, another on Cassandra. One of his short stories is entitled "Thou Mayest Commit Adultery" (1909). He believes in a timeless art. The "time" of his drama "Bluebeard" is, according to his stage directions, "whenever you hear it or read it". He is one of those Germans whom, the Germans themselves claim, only they can understand, though he annoyed his countrymen right frequently, before the war, by telling them that the French had a higher form of civilization than they. This much is certain: Herr Eulenberg takes up much space in continental letters, is never dull, and can give vent to numerical convictions. When Oscar Wilde, for example, was being transferred from Wandsworth to Reading jail, the train stopped at a certain station, during which delay in justice Wilde and his fellow criminals were studied by some onlookers. One of them exclaimed: "Why there's Oscar Wilde", then walked up to the author of "Dorian Gray" and spat in his face. Eulenberg writes: "Society let the man who did that go free; it should have hanged him seven times over."

And another thing is certain: Herbert Eulenberg is at present very much in this country, for his books are now here, some of them for the first time. There is his "Schattenbilder". The word means, in this case, not chimeras but shades, dealing, as it does, with the "shady" manner in which society has been accustomed to treat genius. But in this case, man's inhumanity to man has made countless thousands read. Eulenberg brought out the first edition of this work in 1909. The edition before me bears the imprimatur of Bruno Cassirer: Berlin, the date, 1923, and the statement that this is the eighty-second edition. It consists of forty-nine essays on forty-seven geniuses, for three of the forty-nine had to go to Goethe. If an American publisher cannot afford to bring out an English edition of this book there is something wrong somewhere. For what Eulenberg has done is to turn an agile and yet disciplined imagination loose on loose thinking.

Let us begin with Switzerland, a country for which the world has an almost inestimably high regard. Well, everyone knows and is glad to admit that the Swiss people are a good people. But what have they produced that is great? According to Eulenberg, very little except the mountains. The observation is worthy of note for a seemingly irrelevant reason. Only a short while ago Giovanni Papini published his "Minds" in which he claimed that Switzerland had produced nothing great, except Arnold Böcklin. Papini made bright copy out of his thesis that Wilhelm Tell's apple served the most stupid purpose that has ever been dramatized. He knew his Eulenberg when he wrote that. Eulenberg was much criticized for his remark until he informed the Swiss that it was not his idea; that it came from Böcklin, himself a Swiss of the Swiss, who once said of Basle that "it is a city with over four hundred clubs and fewer than four real men". And so the matter stands, the hard and important facts being that nothing gets around so quickly as an ungracious jibe at civic pride, and that the whole world lends itself to Babbittism if seen through Böcklin-Eulenberg-Papini-Lewis eyes.

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Nineteen essays of "Schattenbilder" are on non-Germans. The one on Zola closes as follows:

> The death of Zola was a greater loss to France than the battle of Sedan. For the reformation he introduced was left unfinished at his death, and it is much to be doubted whether France will ever produce a genius who can carry on the uncompleted task. For this reason France can never do justice to the memory of Zola, not even if, instead of placing his bones in the Panthéon, it were to give them a resting place by the side of those of Napoleon.

Eulenberg bases his admiration for Zola on the contention that he was the man who taught the world that one can tremble with veneration at the sound of a train rushing along through the night just as much and just as sincerely as on the entering of a temple, when bated breath is the unwritten order of the hour and reverence comes without command. Yet Eulenberg wrote such a drama as "Zeitwende" (The Turning Point: 1915).

He is always *aktuell;* he manifestly believes also in a "timeless" criticism. Here are a few of his propositions. He contends that the Rhineland has never produced any great men, unless we regard Heine as great; that Germany's leaders in art, science, and literature have come mostly from Saxony, Silesia, and Swabia; that Germany has never had a real revolution. He writes:

> Our Cromwell was Martin Luther, who translated the Bible; our Camille Desmoulins was Immanuel Kant. The revolution of 1918 was a mild affair. This is due, not to our fear of powder, for in three successful wars under Bismarck and one unsuccessful one under Hindenburg, we displayed the traditional *furor teutonicus.* It is due to our fear of the Princes.

He insists that two of the most valuable services Goethe rendered to Germany were the discovery of Rembrandt to his contemporaries, and the discovery for all Germans of Molière; that Napoleon, though there was something of the American in him, never made a greater mistake than when he thought he could do for Europe what Washington did for the then disunited states of North America; that the only sin Giordano Bruno ever committed was in seeing with his two eyes as far as the telescope of the twentieth century sees; that St. Francis of Assisi, owing to his attitude toward woman and his love of nature, should mean more to a German than any other saint; that the greatest intellectual sacrilege ever committed was the way in which Homer was taught in the prewar Prussian *gymnasium;* that if you wish to understand the Renaissance, you have to take Count Gobineau by the hand and follow him through it just as Dante took Virgil by the hand and followed him through hell; and that when Lord Byron met Shelley in hell, the first thing he said to him was: "Percy, treated as I have been by the English people, this place, except for the fact that it is a bit overheated, seems to me like a sanatorium."

The smooth faced, round headed, checker suited Rhinelander who has been jotting down this kind of *mot* has just completed a lecture tour in the United States. He did it without the aid of the English language press. Nor did the press of his own language make any unnecessary noise about him: the largest German daily in the east gave him one purely "literary" article of one column. And now he has been succeeded by Alexander Roda Roda, who, though the leading humorist of all Germany, contributing editor of "Simplicissimus", and dramatist of note, steals into his room at the Astor through a side entrance, and is silent.

The whole situation is suggestive of

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more ideas than can be recorded here. Suffice it to say, without either affectation or paradox, that Herbert Eulenberg, of Kaiserswerth near Düsseldorf, might have spoken, and Herr Roda Roda of Munich might speak, the lines from old Massinger's "Lover's Progress", which run:

They say you are bountiful;
I like the noise well, and come to try it.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

Notes from France

THE publisher Crès may be thanked for some of the best presented French books of today — not so much editions de luxe as clean, well printed, well composed volumes. His list of publications is a long one, including the reprints of a number of masterpieces, many of them presented decently for the first time. Recently published is a book on modern artists, by André Salmon, called "Propos d'Atelier", which is particularly interesting because Salmon has been the most active champion (with the late Guillaume Apollinaire) of those modern painters who have just taken possession of their success. The young, but not the youngest — those who will represent the present time as Manet, Renoir, Cézanne represented theirs. André Salmon has a robust faith in the present time. He loves and defends it, and has fought like a Crusader for the recognition of these new masters. Today, the victory is won; but Salmon's writings, gathered in this book, are still hot with the spirit of controversy, of revolution, of new affirmation.

Of these masters the best known today are Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Segonzac, L. A. Moreau, Marie Laurencin, Van Dongen, Lhote, Vlaminck, Marchand, Friesz, Dufy, etc. All are in great demand, whereas ten years ago most of them were regarded as crazy extremists. Their ascension to fame was much more rapid than in the case of their elders — Courbet, Gauguin for instance. Is it due to a quicker discrimination on the part of the public? Isn't it partly due to the tireless pugnacity of writers like Salmon (who is primarily a poet and a novelist) and to the critical intelligence of books like "Propos d'Atelier"?

There is a greater interpenetration of the arts than before. We read art criticism by that other novelist, Edmond Jaloux, who has just given us "Les Barricades Mystérieuses" and "Les Profondeurs de la Mer". The first of them (Grasset) is a story of masculine sentimentality and feminine unconscious cruelty, dealt with in a careful enough form. Jaloux has often been compared to Turgenev. This likeness is apparent in "Les Profondeurs de la Mer" (Plon), one of Jaloux's best novels. As in "La Fin d'un Beau Jour", there is an analysis of the mind of a superior man, which relieves us from the eternal pictures of insignificant, average, common or low models, in which so much talent has been spent of late. Novelists have been hypnotized by the fact that there are one thousand average people to one superman. But there may be one million more things to say about the superman. . . .

In the "Revue Hebdomadaire", and soon to appear in book form, we have the lectures on Dostoyevsky given last year by André Gide. No other writer has been so thoroughly studied, admired, and commented upon by a foreign disciple as Dostoyevsky by Gide. And this is no mere literary comment,

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It affords an introduction to Gide's own metaphysical and religious attitude, which critics had been expecting for many years. A curious kinship between Dostoyevsky and Blake seems to us a delightful help toward Russian and English understanding which only a Frenchman could undertake.

On another and more recent Russian novelist, Dmitri Merezhkovsky, Jean Chuzeville has written a study (Bossard) that exposes the original method of this writer, choosing large historical subjects in order to give the maximum universal value to his work as psychologist and story teller.

Leaving pure literature aside, there is a new book by Albert Sarraut, the French Minister of Colonies, head of the French Delegation at Washington a year ago. "La Mise en Valeur des Colonies Françaises" (Payot) is a very thorough survey of present day conditions and opportunities in the vast colonial domain of France — second in the world for surface, population, and trade.

Among books being printed as we write these notes, and that will be out about the time when they appear, let us mention the "Traité de Versification" by Jules Romains and Chennevière, embodying the lessons in poetical technique given during the present year. "Thomas l'Imposteur", a story by Jean Cocteau. And a book on Shelley, by André Maurois who wrote "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble", now a schoolbook for French students in English universities.

We made no mention in these notes of the recent book by Victor Margueritte, "La Garçonne", because it has little relation with literature, and its sale has no relation whatever with literary success. The author was excluded from the Legion of Honor because of the pornographic character of some of his pages. This rather helped the sale, of course. But nobody seriously pretended to raise the great problem of "the freedom of art", the reestablishment of censorship, etc. Jean Galtier-Boissière, in his lively little magazine "Le Crapouillot", puts the whole matter in the right light when he says: "Victor Margueritte was condemned exactly as a seller of Camembert cheese who flooded the five continents with rotten cheeses would be excommunicated by the Chamber of Commerce." So much for "La Garçonne".

The nine volumes of the "History of Contemporary France" are now obtainable. They were published under the direction of Ernest Lavisse, France's foremost historian, who died a short time ago. The whole collection starts with the French Revolution and ends with the Peace Treaties of 1919; the last volume, dealing with the world war, was entrusted to three noted writers: Henry Bidou, Auguste Gauvain, and Charles Seignobos, Ernest Lavisse himself contributing the conclusion to the series. Bidou is a man of extraordinary versatility and of high talent: a literary, dramatic, and musical critic, he wrote, during the war, military articles that were far better than those elaborated by professionals. Compare today a study on military operations by Bidou and one by Cherfils or Repington, and you will easily see on which side there was intelligence and foresight. His contribution to the "History of Contemporary France" is probably the best account of the war that has been published. The collaboration of Gauvain, the political editor of the "Journal des Débats", a serious and independent Paris evening paper, and of Seignobos, the old but tireless liberal, shows that the book is really as impartial as can

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be expected from a survey of quite contemporaneous events.

History, and the French Academy, have lost M. Frédéric Masson, who made a specialty of books on Napoleon and his time. "Napoléon et les Femmes", "Joséphine Impératrice", "Napoléon et sa Famille", "L'Impératrice Marie-Louise", "Le Sacre et le Couronnement de Napoléon" are a few of them. With the death of Frédéric Masson, one of the last literary champions of the "Imperial Epic" disappears.

The main literary topic in the Paris papers is Ernest Renan, whose centennial is being celebrated. Pages of reminiscences, essays, and comments of all sorts are devoted to the author of "Les Origines du Christianisme". The weekly "Nouvelles Littéraires" had its issue of February 24 practically filled with the subject — including an article by Maurice Barrès, quotations from Anatole France, and a very complete bibliography of Renan's works published between 1846 and 1923. The publisher Grasset brings out a book by Pierre Lasserre, called "Renan et Nous", and the publisher Garnier will print another work by the same author, "Renan et son Temps".

Renan was born in Tréguier, Brittany, in 1823, and died in Paris in 1892. He was, at that time, administrator of the Collège de France, the highest institution of learning in the country. His works of erudition having to do with Semitic literature are not so widely read as his "Life of Jesus", which provoked a storm of controversy between Catholics and their opponents. The discussion about Renan is still hot, as we saw the other day when the question came up of transferring his remains to the national temple of the Panthéon.

The book by Charles Andler on Nietzsche (Bossard) cannot be ignored by those who are interested in knowing again or better the great German philosopher. So much nonsense has been related and written about Nietzsche during the war and since, that such impartial comments as Andler's, or the "Life of Nietzsche" by Daniel Halévy, seem sane and pure antidotes for certain political and doctrinal ravings — pro and con — of people who have never found themselves alone with a page of Nietzsche's.

The "Cahiers d'Aujourd'hui", a periodical edited by George Besson, devotes an issue to Léon Werth, a writer of merit and a critic of extreme virulence and uncompromising pugnacity. A contribution by Léon-Paul Fargue makes us regret that this poet — a unique figure in the Paris literary world — indulges in only two or three pages of production every year. We should possess, of him, other volumes than reprint after reprint of his admirable "Poems".

From other French periodicals, I detach for American readers interested in what is written about their country first a short political survey by Claude Berton in the "Revue Hebdomadaire" of February 3, then the review of American publications which appears at intervals in "L'Europe Nouvelle". In the same magazine (February 10) a detailed study by Charles Le Verrier on Willa Cather's "One of Ours". And also regularly on Thursdays the American page in the "Figaro", conducted by Louis Thomas.

The "Revue de l'Amérique Latine" is carrying an inquiry on: "Was the discovery of America a happy thing for the natives and for Europeans?" Interesting answers, not always so optimistic as one should expect. . . .

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There are various signs of a revival of Franco-Spanish literary exchanges. That Ventura García Calderón has been put in charge of a weekly page of foreign literary news in "Comœdia", that Francis de Miomandre has been translating plays of the Catalan Jacinto Grau, that Valéry Larbaud delivered four lectures on modern Spanish novelists at the Vieux-Colombier, are some of these signs.

On May 15 a new literary prize will be awarded, called "Prix du Nouveau Monde". It amounts to 7,000 francs and is offered by M. F. Keep of Washington. We do not know if the jury's choice will be to our own particular liking, but we approve unrestrictedly of that jury's composition. More representative names could not be gathered, where young French literature is concerned, than those of Jean Giraudoux, Max Jacob, Valéry Larbaud, Paul Morand, Jean Cocteau, Jacques de Lacretelle, and Bernard Faÿ, who is responsible for the success of the whole scheme.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Important New German Books

KARIN MICHAELIS, the famous Danish novelist, is now in Germany. She and her American husband, Charles Stangeland, have made their temporary home in quaint old eighteenth century Potsdam, which counts as an outermost suburb of Berlin. Mrs. Stangeland is collecting impressions for a new book about Germany, and has plenty of tragic and startling material.

Rosa Mayreder, the Austrian woman philosopher whose book "Kritik der Weiblichkeit", under its English title "A Survey of the Woman Problem", had much success in England and America the year before the war, has just published a new book "Geschlecht und Kultur" (Sex and Civilization). The author calls her book an appeal to the "evolutionary conscience": it is a plea for marriage in its purest form as love match in the highest sense. Frau Mayreder is almost as enthusiastic for monogamy as an important social and ethical factor for the state as was the late Grete Meisel-Hess. The subtle and inquiring mind of this woman thinker leads her to explore fascinating subterranean tracts in the history of primitive society. Enthralling, for instance, is her research into the origins of the paternal instinct. She has chapters on such intriguing subjects as "The Double Standard" and "The Nature of Love"; and she discusses the "Father and Son as Enemies" complex which has obsessed the modern dramatic world for some time. Frau Mayreder is not precisely easy reading, on account of the depth and concentration of her thought, but her style is commendably clear and lucid. Her book is published by Diederichs at Jena.

A companion to Spengler's famous "Untergang des Abendlandes" (Downfall of the Occident) is "Die Philosophie am Scheidewege" (Philosophy at the Crossroads) by Julius Schultz (Felix Meiner, Leipzig). The scope and interest of this book is indicated by the titles of the five divisions: "The Two Fundaments (Practical People and Lookers on)"; "The Two Views of Life (Æsthetic and Practical)"; "The Two Ethics (Feminine Christianity and Masculine Antiquity)"; "The Two Metaphysics"; "The Two Conceptions of History".

Thus Herr Schultz follows through all divisions of civilization the radical contrast between the æsthete and the

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man of affairs; and his final conclusion can be summed up in an epigram. He says: "Civilization is a poison", and explains that nations pay for their ascent to the heights by an inevitable descent unless they are saved by a radical admixture of new blood capable of imbibing a higher civilization. In many ways the book runs parallel to Spengler, but it was composed independently and previously and lay in the author's desk for five years awaiting the psychological moment for its appearance. An absorbing work.

Interesting in quite another way is "Der Sternhimmel" by Arthur Drews (Diederichs), which seeks to reduce the whole New Testament and many or indeed all primal myths and beliefs to elaborate astral-mythological symbols. Drews makes out a case which it would take another astronomer-astrologer to contradict — if indeed it be possible to overthrow these arguments, supported by tremendous erudition. This destructive searcher of the skies is portrayed as a mild eyed greybeard of idealistic and poetic aspect in the frontispiece to his book, which has a cover of pale blue stamped with the Assyrian lion of the publishers in gold.

Anna Kappstein has followed up her clever, human, and sympathetic little book on "The Art of Marriage" with a new booklet, also published by the Felsen Verlag, on "The Art of Travel". It is full of idealism, sentiment, and good sense about the ethical values of holiday making. Many are the hints for a successful holiday, both practical and æsthetic, which may be gleaned from these entertaining pages.

Georg Kaiser, "the dynamic dramatist", has just published a most interesting drama "Die Flucht nach Venedig". The principal characters are Alfred de Musset and Georges Sand. The dialogue is unfortunately so staccato that it is at times difficult for the reader to catch the meaning, and on the stage it would certainly prove at times unintelligible. It has, however, been performed with great success in Prague, with a beautiful actress as Georges Sand, who appears in the first act in dashing masculine attire. Kaiser has almost finished the manuscript of a new play on the theme of Joan of Arc, under the title "Gilles and Jeanne". The first performance of this new work is already fixed to take place in Leipzig at the beginning of April.

A little late, but none the less to be reckoned to the honors paid that freest of singers, him whom enthusiastic Germans call "The Eternal Youth", comes a translation-transmutation of Shelley's poems by Alfred Wolfenstein, himself a lyric poet. The younger school of German poets, worshipers of the tender souled Hölderlin, are well able to appreciate the fire and glory of Shelley's song, and he has a great following here. Paul Cassirer published the book.

Hugo Hein, writer and bibliographer, has died in the hospital of a little town in Saxony at the age of eighty years. He was the author of the "Bibliotheca Germanorum Erotica et Curiosa", a work in eight volumes equally famous in all literary histories at home and abroad. Hard times fell upon the old author, who was obliged to sell his valuable library in order to exist.

The impossibility of making a living which besets the unfortunate German author of today is engaging the helpful brains of a good many people. A new scheme is now mooted, which has the advantage that it does not require help from abroad for its fulfilment. The propounder, Franz Dülberg, re-

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minds the reading public, that unfortunate camel, that in every restaurant nowadays ten percent is added to the bill to compensate the waiter for the abolished tip. The same system is to be applied to literature. Ten percent is to be added to the price of every successful book — that is, every one which reaches a certain circulation. Of the sum thus obtained, a certain percentage goes back to the author, a small percentage is swallowed up in administration, and the remainder goes to form a fund for publishing books of real literary or scientific value which a publisher under present printing conditions, with a weekly rise in paper prices and printer's wages, would have been unable to risk. Herr Dülberg, starting from the premise that a popular novel might sell 40,000 copies at 2,200 marks apiece, calculates that out of the ten percent increase implied by the extra two hundred marks the author himself would receive nearly two and a half million extra profit, and it would also be possible to issue four books of belletristic or scientific value: he proposes a drama, a volume of poems, a scientific treatise, and a beginner's promising book of short stories. It seems a stimulating idea — save that the German author is asking himself how much longer the public will agree to pay the high prices of books. Will the ten percent prove the last straw? Books must always be regarded as a luxury which it is easier to do without than good clothes or even theatres.

Apropos of the price of books, a well known publisher has compiled statistics for the cost of a novel of average length, printed on "wood-free" paper in an edition of 3,000 copies, in 1914 and today. The printing and typesetting cost 1,000 marks in 1914, today 1,600,000; the paper cost then 500 marks, today 1,680,000 marks; and the total cost of the edition, in 1914 about 3,500 marks, would now amount to 6,250,000 marks! The publisher then draws the conclusion that books are, in comparison, cheaper today than in 1914, for whereas a publisher formerly needed to sell only 1,900 copies in order to cover his expenses, he must today sell 2,470 before the costs are covered. Such a book sold formerly at 4 marks, today it must cost 5,600!

The German Pacifistic Student's League has just given an Ernst Toller Evening. The large concert hall was filled to overflowing. Dr. Alfred Kerr, the theatrical critic, gave a fiery and enthusiastic address upon Toller and his work. He reminded any half-hearted elements that might be among the audience that this young idealist, without whose leadership the Munich Communistic Revolution would have been a much bloodier and more disordered affair than it actually turned out, was one of the first war volunteers in 1914. He still serves out his sentence, and whereas reactionary assassins have been permitted remands on leave, Toller was forbidden permission to attend his first nights or to visit his sick mother. Fritz Kortner, the powerful if overloud portrayer of many Shakespearian rôles at the State Theatre, lent his mighty rolling voice to Toller's passionate prison poems. As a close the entire assembly sang the "Workmen's Song" from "The Machine-Stormers". The enthusiastic young students hoped that their demonstration might in some way benefit Toller. It was to be hoped, remarked Dr. Kerr, that it would not injure him.

In the Weimar Nietzsche Archiv some unknown musical compositions of Friedrich Nietzsche to the words of Alexander Pétofi, the great Hungarian poet, have been discovered, just in time to be used at the Pétofi Centenary

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Festival, where they will be heard for the first time.

The four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Copernicus (at Thorn in Posen) has been celebrated with much ceremony and many articles in the German press. In reading of the distinguished and erudite men — men such as Tycho Brahe and Melanchthon — who stormed against Copernicus for his "blasphemous and absurd attempt" to remove the earth from its time honored position as central point of the universe and degrade it to a mere star among stars, one is irresistibly impelled to compare the case of Einstein today, honored all over the world but attacked by fellow German scientists, one of whom went so far as to protest to the Nobel Prize Committee against the awarding of a Nobel Prize to Einstein.

Another centenary, which should have been celebrated in 1916, is that of the heroine of the movement for liberty in 1848, Malwida von Meysenbug. Thanks to war conditions, the five volume centenary edition of her complete works has only just appeared, published by the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart. Her most important book, still full of living inspiration for lovers of liberty today, is the "Memoirs of an Idealist" which was said by Carl Schurz to be the best book ever written in Germany by a woman.

A modern German woman writer of a very different stamp, the novelist Clara Viebig, is being published in a complete edition of eight volumes by the same publishing house. Clara Viebig wrote her first novel twenty years ago and achieved an immediate success. She is a fine story teller and an excellent psychologist. Since her favorite setting is in one or other of the German frontier lands and her favorite theme the struggle to retain the motherland, she is sure of grateful readers at home for some time to come.

An interesting work of criminal literature is "Psychologie der Simulation" (The Psychology of Malingering) by Emil Utitz (Enke, Stuttgart). One of the most difficult problems of the physician is to distinguish between cases of malingering and genuine pathological or nervous states. This book treats of the subject in a fashion interesting as well as instructive, since it includes the whole field of malingering in social life. While thoroughly scientific, it is free from the claptrap of the scientific vocabulary.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WE have wondered recently why some eminent moralist does not attempt to draw an ethical mean between the viewpoints of the older and the younger novelists. Take "Black Oxen" and "His Children's Children" and place them over against "Flaming Youth" and "The Beautiful and Damned", for example. What deductions can we make? To us, personally, all four books are thoroughly unmoral, in the finer sense. Indubitably Mrs. Atherton and Mr. Train are more respectable in their viewpoints. Indubitably "Flaming Youth", though honest, is shocking. We do not like it. It shocks *us*. Mr. Fitzgerald, on the other hand, has always seemed to us straightforward, honest, and gifted with an unusual sense of seeing things as they are, and not with a somewhat unpleasant smirk. From the standpoint of sex appeal, there is far more of it in "Black Oxen" than in any story or novel Mr. Fitzgerald ever wrote.

The recently discovered portrait of Keats has now been placed by Sir Sidney Colvin in the National Portrait Gallery, and visitors to London this year may be glad of the hint. For it is a drawing with great associations. While the author of "Endymion" was living with Charles Brown at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight in 1819, Brown sketched his friend from life, and the result was happily preserved. The portrait is an interesting memento of a literary collaboration they attempted together, the tragedy of "Otho the Great". They wrote it for the stage as they sat opposite to each other at the same table in their lodging. Brown planned the scenes: Keats did the actual writing. But, as Sir Sidney Colvin drily observes, "The collaboration of genius and mediocrity rarely succeeds", and "Otho" was a dismal failure.

The best editorial on censorship we have ever seen was published recently in the New York "World". We wish we knew who wrote it. We reprint it here with three cheers!

CENSORSHIP FROM THE INSIDE

When the City of Minneapolis struck from the list of magazines suitable for juvenile prisoners the Saturday Evening Post, the Red Book and the Ladies' Home Journal, there was natural astonishment at the news. None of these journals has been considered radical. None has been considered flagrantly indecent. Surely there was some error.

On the contrary, there was merely a little logrolling in the City Council. A motion to eliminate the Saturday Evening Post was made by a Socialist Alderman on the ground that it teaches disrespect for labor unions. A motion to eliminate the Red Book was made by a conservative Alderman on the ground that it makes heroes of criminals. A motion to eliminate the Ladies' Home Journal was made by a labor-leader Alderman on the ground that it was namby-pamby and a bad influence anywhere. The three did not agree on the magazines to be cancelled but they agreed to uphold one another. All three publications were barred.

Three boys' magazines and Good Housekeeping remain for the perusal of youthful delinquents. It would be impossible to decide on what general principle Good Housekeeping is admitted while the Saturday Evening Post, the Red Book and the Ladies' Home Journal are discredited. There was no general principle. There were simply three men with violent prejudices and a willingness to pay with votes for votes. What magazines enter the juvenile ward in Minneapolis depends on the tastes of the men who are delegated to pass judgment.

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This, in little, illustrates the working of one censorship. Perhaps it is about what we should have if there were a censorship over the State of New York.

Occasionally from California, with many ideas and much charm, comes the Norris family to visit New York City — Charles Norris, with greying hair slicked back neatly, smiling, debonair, said to have come all the way across continent to see the moving picture version of his novel "Brass" (will it not be shown in California?); Kathleen Norris, tall, regal, vivacious, with the beginnings of a new long novel of Irish-American life tucked under her arm, and a smile that is always present. She will spend four years, she tells us, on the writing of this new novel; and it will be written with the same meticulous veracity that was the first characteristic of "Certain People of Importance". With Mr. and Mrs. Norris, the night we encountered them,

Kathleen Norris

was the daughter of Frank Norris, a beautiful young girl who seemed, fortunately, far more interested in dancing than in the fact that she was the daughter of one of America's great literary figures. We are always reminded, when we talk with such suburbanites as the Norrises, that after all a ranch in California is the ideal suburban home. After all, for a writer, six weeks in New York City is long enough for one year. Longer than that in the catastrophic scenes of Forty-fourth street or Gramercy Park would make mere scribblers of the best writers. We have only one word of advice now for the ambitious young writer: "Keep away from New York City!" It is, we believe, the best counsel.

Montreal is one of the kindliest of towns. We found it like a New England village, then suddenly sprawling into a French town, or again like an American city with large stores and busy streets. There is an unusual combination of quaintness and comfort there. The Canadian Authors' Association is a large, enthusiastic, and hustling organization. Miss J. G. Sime, its president, author of numerous short stories and of several novels, took us to a quaint old French café, where we found ourselves face to face with Good Friday, which, you know, is a Fast Day. John Murray Gibbon, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, author of "Pagan Love" and other novels, proved a genial host, too. Here was Colonel George H. Ham, who knew Winnipeg in the days of settling, who has been a well known spinner of yarns for many years and has recently written a new little book, "The Miracle Man of Montreal", which has been published both in French and English. Here was Mr. Lighthall, a local poet of distinction, and three gentlemen from McGill University: B. K. Sandwell, formerly editor of the Canadian "Bookman"; Cyrus Macmillan, a writer of folk tales for children, and Stephen Leacock, the economics professor, otherwise known as the author of a score or more of humorous volumes. Leacock is a ruddy, stocky man, with a

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brisk manner of speech. He is genial, he is more the humorist than the professor in his conversation. His literary god is Dickens. He admires Irvin Cobb. He is as capable of lecturing to the University of Virginia on abstruse economical problems as he is of talking to the Society of Colonial Dames on wit. Take it by and large, Stephen Leacock is typical of the Canadian. He is from a good solid old Canadian family. These northern neighbors of ours are more leisurely than we are, mellower. Their taste in reading, as we judged from talks with booksellers, is a trifle more solid. Yet they are not so difficult to know as the English. We hope some day to return to Montreal. It is a cordial and fascinating place.

Practically all of the reviews of reviews from our readers this month concerned "Black Oxen". This was a trifle dull for us. However, Birdie W. Wells of Wheeling, West Virginia, shall be awarded the prize book, for her review of the same Mrs. Atherton's review of "Anne Severn and the Fieldings".

May Sinclair in "Anne Severn and the Fieldings" has given us a rare picture of love and unselfish devotion.

The story is fascinating although confined to Anne's association with one family. The interest is mainly in the psychology so perfectly portrayed.

Gertrude Atherton dips her pen in vitriol and proceeds to deface this canvas — primarily because it is small! She also derides the psychology in May Sinclair's book. That she has read the story superficially is evidenced at the outset as she persists in calling Eliot Fielding, Ernest.

An eminent reviewer gives very high praise to Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, "Black Oxen", but says in effect that all that keeps it from being great is *her lack* in depicting the psychology of her heroine.

Is it "Wounded pride, which like the general sacks the city he cannot keep?"

It would be a thousand pities if the public should be deterred from reading an idyl such as is rarely met these days.

Gertrude Atherton will have to condemn many classics and much that is modern also, if dealing with only a few characters and circumscribed action is unpraiseworthy, per se. What would become of "The Scarlet Letter", "Growth of the Soil", and "Maria Chapdelaine"?

Anne Severn is a perfect woman, nobly planned, who immolates herself on the altar of love. Cast in less heroic mold but an exquisite ideal is Maisie, and so through the list of thoroughly satisfying characters.

I do not think this attack, even from so virile a pen, will harm such a masterpiece. Surely "Anne Severn" will soon come into its own.

The prize for next month will be a copy of Sir Philip Gibbs's "The Middle of the Road".

We went down to Brighton, in Sussex, for the first performance of "Oliver Cromwell", John Drinkwater's new play. So did many of his friends and admirers, for the London production is not due for three months. Drinkwater was in the theatre, but the audience didn't know it. He remained concealed at the back of the manager's box, as well he might. For when we went to find him during the first interval, to congratulate him on what to us seemed the most effectively beautiful scene we had witnessed on the stage for many a day, we found him as nervous and anxious as though it were his first play! He was as grateful for our praise as though it mattered. "I haven't seen anything of the performance myself," he said. We relate this not only because it is thoroughly characteristic of Drinkwater, but because it will dispel from the minds of many folk the idea that a successful author must necessarily have a swollen head and a mighty conceit of himself. At Israel Zangwill's flat in the Temple, St. John Ervine discussed with us this very point. "Every serious dramatist is upset by a first

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night," he said: "it is the young 'highbrows', the sad eyed 'little theatre' bamboozlers, who respond to the call for the author with a cigarette between their lips. The others hardly ever take a call." Oscar Wilde, of course, was the exception who proved the rule. He was no "sad eyed 'little theatre' bamboozler", nor did he ever fail to take a call, always with a cigarette. Ervine told us that for his part he always spends his own first nights at home.

In one's search for the curious and exotic café, it is astonishing how many familiar faces one sees, even in the most unfamiliar places. However, few real secrets are revealed in these columns, in spite of the urgings of our fashion editor (she of the hats) who insists that we should be no respecter of confidences. Against the probably better judgment of most of our acquaintances we did not care for the Russian Eagle, when it became suddenly in vogue last winter. The food is expensive and not so good as that at the humble little Russian Inn. We prefer Union Hall with its strange, haunting gipsy melodies or Moskowitz's (where young Dos Passos could be found before he set sail again for Portugal), with its Yiddish ballad singing and tinkling czimbalom, or Barron Wilkins's in the heart of Harlem, with its dark dancers and its superb jazz orchestra, its hard boiled eggs served in the shell and its hard boiled — oh well! There is no more charming hour to discuss literature than that nearest dawn, and where one discusses, does not much matter. The new Egyptian cafés according to the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen do not call for much admiration. One prefers indigenous to topical cafés. We had almost forgotten the Japanese restaurant in the Fifties — where one suddenly feels that here is one place to which Americans never come — or practically never! This is a month when we have worshiped at the shrine of Cosmopolis. Perhaps it is the latent influence of the Moscow Art Theatre. Who knows?

Colorado gleanings come to us from Blanche Y. McNeal:

The annual F.W.W. short story prize contest given for the members of the Denver Woman's Press Club, by Lillian White Spencer, in honor of her father, Frederick W. White, is always an outstanding event of the club year. Mr. White, dramatic critic and editorial writer, better known as F.W.W., is esteemed as the man who wrote literature for the daily press, and this memorial by his daughter for the encouragement and financial benefit of young writers, is indeed most fitting. Mrs. Clyde Robertson received the prize. At the contest meeting, greetings were read from Bide Dudley and Wilbur Daniel Steele. Both Mr. Dudley and Mr. Steele congratulated the club on its progress and its ideals.

In the passing of Enos Mills, Colorado lost one of its "big four" writers, as she has classified Enos Mills, William MacLeod Raine, Robert Ames Bennet, and Courtney Ryley Cooper. Mills put Colorado on the literary map and so leaves, as a heritage to the country at large, a knowledge of and a greater love for the Rocky Mountain region.

Frances Belford Wayne, Denver newspaper woman, recently received the Citizenship Medal from the University of Colorado. This honor was given to her in recognition of the constructive tone and humanitarian appeal of her work as a journalist. Please note: — given in recognition of the *constructive tone* and the *humanitarian appeal* of her work as a journalist. Does it not seem, in spite of thunderings to the contrary, that here and there the good old world is moving on?

Mrs. Wayne is one of three women in the world to receive this recognition, the other two being Madame Curie and Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt.

The inscription on the medal — "At the hands of the state she has deserved well" — voices the approval and appreciation of such endeavor.

Doing the rounds of the art exhibits, we were much impressed by the

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work of Max Weber at the Montross Gallery. Not only did it take one right into the *dernier cri* of Paris production but it reached a fine color quality and semi-abstraction of design that made a good compromise between the realist and expressionist schools. It is a good thing however that Mr. Weber has abandoned Picasso's idea of oversizing his figures. We know of nothing more startling than seeing that enormous woman, who seemed to be carved of stone and yet was intensely fleshy, seated at one end of the Rosenfeld gallery in Paris. New York is again very fortunate in having the work of Vincent Van Gogh at the Montross Gallery. His paintings are intensely personal and vibrant with emotion and superb color; the kind that strikes the whole range of a man's soul. America should certainly see to it that we acquire his landscapes. Van Gogh died before he had reached the same passionate freedom in his figure subjects. Some American artists are showing in the same gallery. Arthur B. Davies's "In Praise of Green" has a very invigorating feeling of the purity of youth and of fresh growing things. Kenneth Miller is there as a fashionable portrait painter, and the contrast between his study of a girl and his distorted grey nudes is most alarmingly great. Allen Tucker and H. Varnum Poor make excellent foils for one another, the former delighting in pure color crudities and the latter in subtle color harmonies. Bryson Burroughs has two charming decorative things lacking, however, color depth; and Paul Dougherty's "Marine" is made up of restrained and muddy color. Maurice Prendergast has one delightful small painting of a lovely fluid quality which his larger absorbent canvases lack, and Charles Prendergast shows a wood panel of soft Persian coloring. Walt Kuhn has a wild looking young lady who seems not to be quite all there, which impression possibly is acquired by the formula used. Horatio Walker is represented by a much bevarnished family of pigs who are quite of a bygone period.

In an editorial in the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post" appeared the following:

> And as our exteriors grow more and more alike the novelist is bound to go deeper and deeper in search of the vital distinctions that make the constant drama of life. He knows that under the indifferent bustle of a modern city, where nothing seems to happen that is not trivial, intense emotions are playing, not less, but more violent because convention restrains them. Perforce he must and will dip into the subconscious if the trail leads there. Science has given him what his predecessors lacked — a faith in his own intuitions. Experimental at first, his way of looking at life in ten years will be as familiar as the Elizabethan drama. We may hope in so rich a field for great books.

All very well — but where are the characters that we may remember? Characterization has given way to soul studies — and how indefinite and unhappy a thing is a soul.

There is always a certain pathos about the performance of a play by one who has not lived to enjoy its success. "The Immortal Hour" by Fiona Macleod (William Sharp), played to the music of a young English composer, Rutland Boughton, has just beaten the record for romantic British opera, having passed its hundred and fifty-sixth performance, the number reached by Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ivanhoe". Sharp has been dead eighteen years. He had a taste of the sweets of dramatic success in his lifetime, however, for the Stage Society, of which he was president, performed

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Fiona Macleod's other play, "The House of Usna", at the Globe Theatre, London, in 1900. The author supervised the production himself but, as his widow tells us, "only one or two of the audience, other than the occupants of our stage box, knew that the author 'Fiona Macleod' witnessed the performance". Mrs. Sharp now resides in Kensington, and she informs us that "The Immortal Hour" was altered and rewritten several times. Her husband described it as "a fragment of the as yet unwritten 'Book of Dalua', or 'Book of the Dark Fool', of whose fulfilment the author sometimes dreams". But it was to remain a fragment and a dream.

Something polished, amiable, and pontifical (in the nice sense of that word) impressed us in the case of Hilaire Belloc. He talks with dignity and lightness; and in public appearances, such as that in Carnegie Hall, New York, holds his audience rigidly attentive while he expounds the strange mixture of his politico-historical doctrine. The war had to end with an imposed peace if justice were to be regarded; men are coming to a detestation of parliaments; the European peasant is materially much better off as the result of the war; Islam is a portent as great as when it stood outside the walls of Vienna two hundred years ago; art is a concomitant of revealed religion and a refinement of the true spirit of nationalism. Probably no single one of his hearers agrees with more than half he says; and yet he stills their restlessness to a solitary interruption (rather feeble) and a single indignant departure. The hardness, the lucidity, the precision of a man whose father was French and whose great-grandfather was a general under Napoleon are of interest. For the rest, he is of good height, full habit, broad face, and tall forehead — with an *"ils ne passeront pas"* look

Hilaire Belloc

about the eyes that have regarded with scorn so many modern heresies, and a deep cornered mouth where laughs have come and gone and come and go constantly.

From Indiana Margaret M. Scott gossips of James Whitcomb Riley:

We gave our Scotch-Presbyterian conscience a holiday on a recent Sunday and drove to "The Heart of the Highlands", the Brown County, Indiana, home of Marcus Dickey. We were hoping we could persuade this too modest friend, disciple, and biographer of Riley to say something about himself, Riley, or his new volume, "The Maturity of James Whitcomb Riley", brought out by the publishers as their contribution to the state wide observation of "Riley Week".

Dickey first saw Riley in 1886. He came to the little town where Dickey lived and gave one of his readings. "I was instantly attracted to him", Dickey says, "and the next day I bought 'The Boss Girl'. I read his prose stories and his poems, and began collecting his works and every mention of

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him and his works I could lay hands on. I don't know just why I did — but I did. The 'urge' was there, and I obeyed it. Now I think I can understand it — an unseen force was directing me. In the '90's I met him and became manager for his public readings. Yes, I really believe that an unseen force had been directing me for twenty years before I undertook to write his biography. Mrs. Dickey and I were three years gathering the data for it, and Riley passed away before we had written anything.

"You will recall that an Indianapolis firm some years ago got out a glass paperweight with Riley's likeness showing through. I purposely had that paperweight at hand all the time I was writing his life, so that I could the better portray the Riley spirit. I wanted to present Riley as I knew him, from the sympathetic standpoint rather than the cold chronological standpoint.

"I am well aware that my life of the poet does not answer the old approved standards of biography. Sometimes, perhaps often, my two volumes are wanting in what the exacting critic calls dignified construction. I believe I could have written a life for that critic, but I have the conviction that, had I so written, I would have failed to answer the desire of our vast Riley audience. As it was Riley's desire to write for what he once termed 'the Lincoln folks' — the vast population that cannot or does not read the grand old masters — so it has been my desire to tell of the simple things in our poet's life. A Yale professor writes me that my book is a 'real Riley portrait'. I ask no higher praise.

"We have a self-righteous class in certain Hoosier communities who harp on the poet's failings. As he once intimated, they probably hope to minimize their own failures by magnifying his. Fortunately those who dishonor him in that way are in the minority.

"An old Greenfield judge, back in the 'sixties, was one of the self-righteous number. 'Why do you permit Jim Riley to loaf around your shop?' he remarked to the town barber one day. 'He'll never amount to anything.' The interesting career and fame of the poet are the answer to the false prophecy. The poet succeeded, not *because* of his faults, but *in spite* of them; and no friend or foe ever confessed them with more shame and sorrow than he did. His success is a perpetual inspiration to the youth of the land, whose lives are beset by the evils of fate and temptation. From nothing to something, Horace Greeley said of himself, and we may say the same of Riley. No man of Hoosier fame ever rose to such heights from such unpromising conditions. Today his tomb is on the 'Crown' in Crown Hill Cemetery, and this year, in the Riley Hospital for Children, the state is building a monument to his memory."

Asked how it came that Riley loved children so much, Mr. Dickey explained that it was not that he loved children — individually or collectively — so much but that he loved what they stood for — *childhood* — more!

We asked him another question before the interview was concluded: what was he going to write next? After a short rest, he says, he plans to write a series of reminiscent anecdotes about Riley for magazine publication.

George W. Sutton, Jr., who is now editing "The Black Mask", has written the following tragedy for us. It is important, for it shows that fundamental spirit which all editors must necessarily one day come to have for their public.

FATE—AND MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

(*A Fable of Modern Literature*)

There was once a Rascally Editor who worked for a Stupid Publisher. The R.E. hated the S.P. with a venom which seared his soul and caused him to lie awake nights planning the undoing of his hated employer. It was a fiction magazine.

One day Fate delivered the Publisher bodily into the hands of the Editor. When the Publisher told the Editor that his doctor had ordered him to go to Europe for nine months, the small souled Editor nearly fainted with happiness, for he knew that his hour of triumph was at hand. And it was.

The big idea began to operate before the Publisher's ship had reached the three mile limit.

The scheme of revenge was simplicity itself and will be readily understood by all who have had anything to do with editing or reading for modern fiction magazines. Every editor,

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reader, and office boy knows that more than 99 percent of all stories which float into a fiction magazine office are arrant trash, which never will and never should reach the light of day anywhere. Having been editorially connected with fiction magazines for over ten years, the Rascally Editor knew this. In fact, in changing frequently from one job to another, he had met some of the stories numerous times.

For several weeks prior to the Publisher's departure, the Editor had saved up the most ridiculous, amateurish, silly, badly written, implausible, and foolish stories out of all the hundreds that came in.

The first issue of the magazine which appeared after the Publisher had gone was the most amazing number of that magazine — or any other — that ever descended upon the quivering newsstands. It contained twenty stories, all of them the most idiotic gems of imbecility and conceited moronism that the astute and Rascally Editor could pick out from the daily deluge of manuscripts. You see, the Editor refused to consider half measures. He was going to bust the Publisher and bust him good, at once, immediately and forthwith.

The newsstand returns from that issue were gratifying. At four and a half cents a pound, the expense ran into thousands of dollars. The circulation fell way off. Letters from "Constant Reader" and his many relatives began to flow in. The Editor chuckled with ghoulish glee. Never had he had such a good time since, in his childhood days, he had visited the Chamber of Horrors in the Eden Musée.

But there was a fly in the ointment. This alighted in the form of a scented note from a fair, young thing who signed herself "A New Reader". And this inane, feminine person declared in writing — and in purple ink, at that — that that issue of the Editor's magazine was the most interesting she had ever read and she backed up her opinion by enclosing stamps for a year's subscription.

The second month the circulation continued to fall. Letters of protest continued to arrive but, toward the end of the month, at least a dozen other letters flittered onto the Editor's desk proclaiming the magazine as the literary masterpiece of the day.

Then, although the Editor tried violently to pick out stories which were worse than anything that had ever yet appeared in print, the circulation remained steady, at about 25 percent of its former volume. During this period it was gradually changing character and the large number of old readers who were discontinuing its perusal were being equalized by new readers who had just discovered that here, at last, was a magazine exactly attuned to their literary requirements.

At the end of six months the circulation curve showed a dangerous upshoot and, on the day that the Publisher set foot again on the shores of his native land, with the clever remark, "Paris may be all right, but give me little old New York any time", the circulation had risen to three times its previous high mark.

When the Publisher heard the news he fairly bounced with delight and sent for the Editor to congratulate him. But that worthy was nowhere to be found. Three weeks later they dragged his body in from the river where he had gone to seek nepenthe for his dastardly, but disappointed, hopes.

The Publisher studied the magazine to see what had brought about this

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wondrous change. He was unable to discover. While he was thus engaged a card was brought in to him from a fifteen year old girl who wanted a small editorial position. As it was near press time, and he had no opportunity to pick and choose, he placed her in temporary charge of the publication with orders to follow exactly the style of stories which had appeared during his absence. This she had no trouble in doing because she thought they were wonderful and it was easy for her to pick them out of the mass of submitted manuscripts.

That policy has been adhered to to this day. The magazine is now running well over a million per issue. Its Publisher owns a Rolls-Royce and a country estate, and daily lunches at the Algonquin where he receives the adulation of the hordes of writers who are struggling around in the morass of real literature, and the envious glances of the critics of the Vicious Circle who wonder how he gets away with it.

And that's that.

(Moral: Give 'em what they want.)

The first night of "The Enchanted Cottage" was a gala event in more ways than one. The play is Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's contribution to the fantastic. It is moving, beautiful, and well acted. Moreover, it is the first of Mr. Brady's plays in which the name of his son has appeared as coproducer. The production was made by Jessie Bonstelle and Mr. Brady, Jr. Those who knew that the extraordinarily effective third act of "The Insect Comedy" was the work of this young man had looked for his early entrance into the producing field. He is to be congratulated on a good job. The performance was smooth, the setting and lighting excellent. Here was Edna Ferber, and gay Alexander Woollcott; James Montgomery Flagg, a gaunt contrast to comfortable Cosmo Hamilton, now seen again at Broadway first nights. We wonder what he thought of his old friend Sir Arthur in this instance. We saw Robert C. Benchley sitting alongside David Carb, who has just finished a play all about good Queen Victoria; the Gillmore sisters, Margalo and Ruth, Margalo rehearsing for "As You Like It", Ruth rehearsing for summer stock; Grace George, being obviously proud of her son; Norman Trevor, dignified and dark; and beautiful Margaret Mower. We are just young enough to be thoroughly captivated by this play of love and illusion, dreams and honeymoons.

We recently had an amazing experience. We encountered a character from a book we were writing, an unusual character, too. He was, whole cloth, our hero. Looks, clothes, philosophy, environment. Somehow, we were uncomfortable. How often, we wonder, does this happen? Zona Gale, we hear, had a letter from a Miss Lulu Bett, who accused the authoress of stealing her life for fiction material. We were so anxious about our hero that we told him just who he really was. "Perfectly natural," said he; "I'm exactly the sort of person you'd like best to be." Alas, perhaps the gentleman was right! He was a prizefighter and a gangster.

Jacinto Benavente, small, wiry, dark, and not at all overwhelmed by the rush of America, arrived and was promptly given over to the maws of our hospitality. The great Spanish playwright, winner of the Nobel Prize, made one illuminating remark to our interviewer. He made many; but it was one which struck us most forci-

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bly. "The new German dramatists", he said, "seem more concerned with psychoanalysis than with playwriting." After all, that remark, Señor Benavente, might well be applied to American dramatists, to say nothing of American novelists. Benavente was much impressed by our activities in the theatre, by Fifth Avenue shops, by

Jacinto Benavente

this, by that. Take it all in all, he acted as a distinguished foreign literary visitor should. He is said to be at work on a new play for Nance O'Neill, whose performance of "The Passion Flower" is still remembered as a great theatrical event.

We have snatched glimpses of a variety of authors, young and old, in one place or another this month. Dr. James Harvey Robinson, a slight grey man, somewhat abstracted we thought, proved genial enough when we had shaken his hand. His "The Mind in the Making" is still in great demand among the non-fiction books. Then there was Elliot Paul, skipping about in Greenwich Village and finding it not so different from his native Beacon Hill. His new novel, "Impromptu", all about Boston, has but just appeared and, curiously, it is bound in lavender. Mrs. Kenneth Brown (Demetra Vaka) is a forceful person. She has excellent ideas concerning American culture as well as the culture of the East. Dark, vivid, with much nervous energy, she does not hesitate to challenge statements and to argue with force. Her latest book, "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul", contains some of her philosophy as well as a brilliant narration of events among the harems, so to speak. Two Williamses we have recently seen — and no relation, either: Sidney, of the Philadelphia "North American", who has written a new mystery story more thrilling, it is said, than his last "The Body in the Blue Room". Crossing Fifth Avenue, we met Wayland Wells Williams, a trim figure, with a chaste scarf, a cane, and — no, we don't remember — spats? He has been called, by A. Hamilton Gibbs, Esquire, "The Galsworthy of New England", because of his latest novel, "Family". We hope that Mr. Gibbs is a discerning critic. Mrs. Arnold Bennett, in black cloak, with a necklace of large yellow beads, said how-do-you-do yesterday. She is a woman of striking appearance, with a mellow firm voice. She is French. She has come to this country to give readings and lectures next season. We can imagine that her readings of French poetry will be characterized by charm and intelligence. Salisbury Field, the playwright, whose "Wedding Bells" was a comedy of charm several years ago and who has written the new Alice Brady vehicle, "Zander the Great", looks for all the world like a respectable banker. This is something of a relief, after recent meetings with one or two gentlemen of the theatre. Mr. Field was in the midst of rehearsals at the Empire Theatre and was as freshly enthusiastic as if he were an

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unseasoned young author putting on his first play. Lewis Beach, too, we saw again, the young man who wrote "A Square Peg", that superbly successful failure this year. He is young, rubicund, short, not thin, and wears glasses. Irvin Cobb has just distinguished himself further by winning the O. Henry Short Story Prize for 1923. We heard him telling stories not long ago. It was one about the gravy, we think, that most thoroughly amused us, alarming as it was. Thomas Beer, the short story writer, has returned from England where he went to gather further material for the biography of Stephen Crane on which he has been laboring for several years. Like most returned travelers from literary London, he tells us that Frank Swinnerton is the kindliest person in that capital. Shaw, he met only in passing; in fact, he said, G. B. S. quite accidentally trod on his foot. Mr. Beer has preserved the shoe with its mark in a glass case.

Nothing is quite so universal as the love of drama in one form or another. It seems to us, too, that nothing changes with quite the rapidity that the form of the drama changes. Suppose you were to read as pleasant contrast two books that have appeared this year, "The Print of My Remembrance" by Augustus Thomas, now officially grand vizier of the theatrical world, and then turn the luxuriously illustrated pages of Kenneth Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones's "Continental Stagecraft". Here you have a sweep of custom, charm, anecdote, vision, daring, and experimentation in the theatre. Thomas is an impressive figure, whether you see him in the back of a box at a first night, or rising at a dinner to pay a tribute to a fellow actor. Powerful, bearing his years as a great pine does a snow storm, he is graceful, tactful, witty, and more than wise in the ways of the stage.

One of the weekly London papers recently printed some facetious studies of "Husbands Who Do Not Count", and the series opened with Mr. Beeton. Well, the gentleman whose wife wrote the great cookery classic *did* count, for he gave the first lift on life's ladder to an employee of his named James Bowden. Bowden became a partner eventually in the famous publishing house of Ward Lock and Bowden, and started that successful magazine, "The Windsor", before he set up in business for himself as a publisher alongside Chapman and Hall in Covent Garden. Bowden died a few weeks ago at a ripe old age. Some people have praised him for first printing the work of Mrs. Clement Shorter, the Irish poetess who was known as Dora Sigerson. Others have blamed him for discovering the servant girl's novelist, Charles Garvice. But James Bowden was remembered by many as a kindly bookman of the old-fashioned sort, one who had seen Charles Dickens, and who could recall many a good story of the great novelist which Mrs. Beeton's husband had related to him in the faraway 'seventies. Beeton's own memory went back to the days when to catch a glimpse, over the garden wall, of Dickens playing shuttlecock on the lawn at Devonshire Terrace was an unforgetable experience. And, best of all, Dickens was actually to be seen on summer evenings taking his ease among his family in a lounge chair before a white canvas tent that had been rigged up in the same garden, smoking his pipe while the children played with their pets.

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